

# Tracy Chapman, So

So you make a little money  
Off of somebody else's sweat  
So some people starve a little  
While you get fat  
While you get fat

So you grind and grind  
And you push and shove  
And claim that those most worthy  
Will get what they deserve  
What they deserve

It can't be true  
It can't be true  
Because I've seen too many hungry faces  
I've seen too many with the likes of you  
It can't be true

For you everything has it's price  
You give nothing away for free  
If silence were truly golden  
I guess no one could sleep  
No one could sleep

You have money at your fingertips  
People at your beck and call  
And you're fool enough  
To think for a price  
You can have the whole wide world

For all our sake's  
And all our lives  
We must hope the words  
That come from your lips  
We must hope those words are lies

For all our sake's  
And all our lives  
We must hope the dreams  
Soulless visions that you have  
Are never realized

So  
You've got a big house  
And you drive a fancy car  
So what if your pockets are full  
If you have an empty heart

You snap your fingers  
And all the waters part  
So what if the people bow down  
If they show you no regard

Your left hand  
Always watches your right

So what if you trust in God  
If you can't sleep at night

You think you've made it  
You think you've got what everyone wants  
So what if you're a big fat man  
With an empty little heart

Who has made a little money  
Off of somebody else's sweat  
Who watched the people starve  
While you got fat  
While you got fat  
You got fat  
You got fat