

Charity (High Rankin Remix)

Skunk Anansie

Why do I sense, benevolence
You stand tall at my great expense
Thick words of gratitude, what a price to pay
Stuck in my throat, I sell every word I say But I don't want your charity
Twisting me round
I don't want your charity
Keeping me down Why does your world keep burying
Gorging much deeper, than it's ever been
Rubbing still harder, salt on my hurt
Licking my burns while I grovel in your dirt But I don't want your charity
Twisting me round
I don't want your charity
Keeping me down You pity me with your tasteless gestures
Gratitude for kind
But your bludgeoned, intentioned objectives
Are screwing with my mind, screwing with my mind But I don't want your charity
Twisting me round
I don't want your charity
Keeping me down But I don't want your charity
Twisting me round
I don't want your charity
Keeping me down...

Songwriters

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