

Bang?

Humble Pie

Well, here's your news report
I'm your straight face for today
And I'm sorry if it's short
But I have to get away
And be sick Well, first the powers that be
Line their pockets with your bread
And it ain't too hard to see
That you're worth more to them dead
Don't you know the taxman
Mourns you to the nearest bank Your news report
Your news report
And it's short, short, short Get off my brother I want to know why people die
Because they've been forgotten
It's your callin' fallin'
And if you're young, son, you're the one
To lead us into Hades
And if you're shot down, then you're called brave
As they shove you in your grave
And nothing is saved Well, while you're getting fat
Wiping gravy from your sleeve
There's a child who's like a rat
Tryin' to beg for what you leave
Ah, but you won't be deceived by what you fear Your news report
Your news report
And it's short, short, short

Songwriters

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