

# Charity

## 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 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 I don't want your charity  
Twisting me round  
I don't want your charity  
Keeping me down I don't want your charity  
Twisting me round  
I don't want your charity  
Keeping me down, down  
Keeping me down, down, down  
Your, your charities is keeping me, keeping me down

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