

So

Tracy Chapman

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

Songwriters

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