

# So Many Souls To Change

**Del Amitri**

As the sun rises over Mexico  
And sets on the African plains  
On a tourist jet, the in-flight magazines  
Sets out your rate of exchange While the unhealed and homeless are wondering  
If they will ever feel safe again  
They give you drinks and show you sailors  
Dancing in the warm New York rain So many souls to change So mother and child while traveling to Deli  
Have to jump off a burning train  
While the puppet rich bible class third world society  
Meets to discuss it's slogan campaign You are complicit in this conspiracy  
You are unable to get free  
They send the rich ones to University  
And the rest get comics and T-V So many souls to change You are shocked with shots of corpses  
And seduced by scenes of greed  
So your overloaded conscience  
Goes out looking for some kind of relief And the church, the government and charity  
They collectively agree  
You cannot simply print more money  
Just to save some poor country from disease So many souls to change So when you die and go to heaven  
Looks like there could be hell to pay  
As the saints and angels ask how anyone  
Could treat mortals that way

Songwriters

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