

# Charity

Pete Herbert

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

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Twisting me round  
I don't want your charity  
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