Feed Of Man

Wilco

If you beat up, you butcher, and you bleed a man
You bang up and badger and blood-let a man
And then I come along
On the feet of man
And halfway laugh and cry
About the meat of manAnd I do what I can
To bale string and tie
Some ballad truths
Up and cured out
For the feed of manFolks try to tell me
That it's on God's orders
That you bleed your man
It's on God's good word that you
Bleed your man
On God's plan print
That you dead a man
Or spit and curse and whip your manI say I'll help you squeeze and fix yourself up a
A new kind of God of some kindOne that tells you
Fertilize and multiply
One that tells you
Outsow and outblow
Outplant and outgrow
Outdo, and outrun, and outclimb, and outspread
Every other tree and bush
And brushy fruits and flower petals
Outfruit them all
For the feed of man
Outstalk and outhunt and outthink
For God's own sweet sake, outthink! Outthink!
Outthink the fruits
Outgrow these animal kinds and shapes of man
It you miss and go down
Your dust will turn up on that long hot job
Once more againTo help in the feeding and the seed of man
And not in the bleeding and the end of man

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