Bread

Chris Burns

Sleeping at night in a plaster board box
Scratching the earth with the nails on my fingers
And the ground pukes up rocks and rocks and more rocks
And when the seeds finally reach the ground
It's all been for nothing
I hear the cries of children at night
I watch their faces grow sallow with hunger
Who draws the line between what's wrong and right
And when I ask what my life is for
It's all been for nothing
Save your regrets for the dead, but for the living
Give them love and give them bread
One more hungry mouth to be fed
Remember the living
Give them love, give them bread
Standing in the light of the kitchen screen door
Like some kind of untouchable stuck in Calcutta
I almost forget what I'm standing here for
And I don't know what to do but I know
I won't leave with nothing
Where are the days when life was carefree?
Why must I suffer this, what was my crime?
Begging or thievery, which shall it be?
Is there no other choice for me?
I can't live with nothing
Save your regrets for the dead, but for the living
Give them love and give them bread
One more hungry mouth to be fed
Remember the living
Give them love, give them bread
Justice only comes to the dead
Remember the living
Give them love, give them bread
Then one more hungry mouth to be fed
Remember the living
Give them love, give them bread
I hear the cries of children at night
I watch their faces grow sallow with hunger
Who draws the line between what's wrong and right

When they ask me what life is for
I must give them something

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