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 exchangeWhile 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 rainSo many souls to changeSo mother and child while travelling to Deli
Have to jump off a burning train
While the puppet rich bible class third world society
Meets to discuss it's slogan campaignYou are complicit in this conspiracy
You are unable to get free
They send the rich ones to University
And the rest get comics and TVSo many souls to changeYou are shocked with shots of corpses
And seduced by scenes of greed
So your overloaded conscience
Goes out looking for some kind of reliefAnd the church, the government and charity
They collectively agree
You cannot simply print more money
Just to save some poor country from diseaseSo many souls to changeSo 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

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