

Bread

John Brown's Body

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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