

*Deze liedjes kunnen gebruikt worden voor het maken van een bezinning, viering, avondwoordje, ... .*

*Je kan er ook actief mee aan de slag bij een activiteit voor je leden. Een mooi voorbeeld hiervan vind je bij het [stellingenspel armoede](#).*

|                                      |
|--------------------------------------|
| <b>Children of the street (4:46)</b> |
|--------------------------------------|

|  |
|--|
| muziek: P. Wouters - tekst en melodie: Oscar Dirk.Bohnen |
|--|

Children of the Street, wherever you live  
Shuddering in the rubbish  
Like landed stranded fish  
Children of the street shuffling in the filth  
Surviving misery  
Dreaming of quality  
Refrain:  
Prices on your head, dead or dead  
They sell you skin like a seal  
No morning meal, go on and steal  
Just another day, that's your deal  
Children of the street, there's no Batman no Zorra  
There's a lot of sorrow  
No hope for tomorrow  
Children of the street, for you no aces  
They know your faces  
To put you in a hole  
Refrain

*Vrije vertaling:*

*Kinderen van de straat, waar jullie ook wonen  
Bevend in het afoal  
Zoals aangelande gestrande vis  
Kinderen van de straat, schuifelend in het vuil  
Jullie overleven miserie  
En dromen van gelijkheid  
Er staat een prijs op jullie hoofd  
Ze verkopen jullie huid als zeehondjes  
Geen ontbijt, steel maar voort  
Er komt weer een nieuwe dag, je kan niet anders  
Kinderen van de straat, er is geen Batman of Zorro  
Er is veel verdriet  
Geen hoop voor morgen  
Kinderen van de straat, jullie hebben geen geluk  
Ze kennen jullie gezichten  
Ze steken jullie weg*

## **Boudewijn De Groot - Woningnood (2:11)**

De wijk wordt gesaneerd en de huizen moeten plat  
En de mensen staan te kijken en ze zeggen: "Zie je dat"  
In die ouwe afbraakwoning woont toch nog een heel gezin  
Stel je voor, zo'n vochtig huis, nou ja, wat zien ze daar nu in  
Kijk, dat stel is amper twintig en die hebben al een kind  
Nou, die denken zeker dat ze kunnen leven van de wind  
En dan knikken ze tevreden, en dan gaan ze gauw naar huis  
Naar hun baan en naar hun auto, naar de televisie thuis  
Het waren slechte huizen en ze woonden clandestien  
Ze hadden daar geen licht en ook geen water bovendien  
Maar ze waren daar gelukkig met vier muren en een dak  
Verder hadden ze aan luxe en aan dure meubels lak  
Maar het huis moet afgebroken want er komt een groot kantoor  
Het gezin staat nu op straat, maar ja, het geld gaat altijd voor  
En dat kan je makkelijk zeggen in je eigen mooie huis  
Met je baan en met je auto, bij de televisie thuis  
Ook al waren ze nu dakloos, 1 ding hadden ze geleerd  
Om gewoon te mogen leven moet je eerst geregistreerd  
Eerst een huis en dan pas trouwen, dus dan moet je een paar jaar  
Enkel vriendelijk en gelaten zitten kijken naar elkaar  
Als je dan het wachten moe bent en er komt dan toch een kind  
Moet je zien dat je dan zelf maar iets om in te wonen vindt  
Want de mensen roepen: "Schande", en ze blijven veilig thuis  
En bespreken de problemen op de televisiebuis  
En 't gezin trekt dan weer verder naar een andere afbraakbuurt  
En ze worden na een tijdje dan ook daar weer uitgestuurd  
En sta je met je meubels en je kind dan weer op straat  
Dan zal het niet veel helpen als je je beklagen gaat  
Want als je dan die ambtenaren op de toestand wijst  
Dan zeggen ze: "Het spijt me, u staat achter aan de lijst"  
En dan denken ze tevreden aan hun eigen mooie huis  
Aan hun baan en aan hun auto, aan de televisie thuis

## Wigbert - Broodgrens (4:22)

Laatst liep ik in de stad  
Ik had geen cent op zak  
Restaurants zaten vol  
En m'n maag voelde hol  
Mensen op het terras  
Hand om het koele glas  
Kelners met dienbladen vol  
Onder de snikhete zon  
Broodgrens, broodgrens  
Het minimum budget syndroom  
Broodgrens, broodgrens  
Ah, je wordt het nooit gewoon  
Reclameborden bij elke stap  
Als een misplaatste grap  
Op zoek naar een kruimel tabak  
Maar er zit een gat in m'n pak  
Winkeliers bieden al  
Wat je maar denken kan  
Dingen die iedereen  
Voor vanzelfsprekend neemt  
Broodgrens, broodgrens  
Het minimum budget syndroom  
Broodgrens, broodgrens  
Ah, je wordt het nooit gewoon  
Broodgrens, broodgrens  
Het minimum budget syndroom  
Broodgrens, broodgrens  
Ah, je wordt het nooit gewoon, nooit gewoon  
Broodgrens

#### 4 Non Blondes - Dear Mr. President (4:43)

I'm looking outside of my window  
the view that I see  
is a child and mama  
and the child is begging for money  
tell me why, tell me why  
the woman is blind  
is she so broke  
the kid's dealing crime  
it's such a beautiful city,  
but the word is burning it down  
I go to my room to turn on the TV  
I sit myself down  
and I start laughing hard  
'cause this man he's asking for money  
he say "if you send me lots of cash  
I'll send you stuff to make you rich  
fast"  
it's such a wonderful country  
but the man he's burning it down  
yea yeayeayeaye  
yea yeayeayeaye  
it's such a wonderful country  
but the man he's burning it down  
yea yeayeayeaye  
yea yeayeayeaye  
and it's burning down  
and it's called the US of A  
One day I'm going to have lots of  
money  
but I'll have to give it up for this rich  
society  
oh please Mr. President will you lend  
me a future  
'cause you'll just get it back  
from the little blind woman  
with the kid on the corner  
and the people full over, doin' crack  
yea yeayeayeaye  
yea yeayeayeaye  
it's such a wonderful country  
but the man he's burning it down  
yea yeayeayeaye  
yea yeayeayeaye  
and it's burning down  
and it's called the US of A

I'm walking outside on a sunny day  
with no one around  
and I wonder what's wrong  
then I hear this loud piercing siren  
oh my God the bomb has just dropped  
and everybody climbed right on top  
screaming  
what a wonderful country  
but the man he's burning it down  
he's burning it down  
yea yeayeayeayeaya  
yea yeayeayeaya  
it's such a wonderful country  
but the man he's burning it down  
yea yeayeayeayeaya  
yea yeayeayeaya  
and it's burning down  
and it's called the US of A

## Armand - Ben ik te min (3:26)

Wil je blijven? OK!

t Heeft toch geen enkele zin.

Als je me maar niet ziet als het jochie met de rozen,

Want dan stort je hele droomwereld in.

Jij was, zoals ze dat noemden, het idealistische type.

Maar daar heb je nu verrekt weinig meer van.

Je bent nu net zo materialistisch als ik.

Maar hoe wil je t, hoe wil je t in godsnaam anders dan?

Ben ik te min, ben ik te min

Omdat je ouders meer poen hebben dan de mijne?

Ben ik te min, ben ik te min

Omdat je pa in een grotere kar rijdt dan de mijne?

En toch wil je blijven, maar je pa, die wil t niet.

Ik denk, dat je beter kunt gaan.

En je moeder, die doe je ook veel verdriet.

Als je thuiskomt, zegt ze: Kind, wat doe je me aan?

Jouw moeder, die ik moest aanhoren

Met haar achterlijk gezwam over de studie van je broer

En dat je pa zon succesvol zakenman was,

Met andere woorden: Wat ben jij een boer!

Refrein

Maar kijk uit! Je bent het niet gewend

Om te vreten van de straat.

Als je lichamelijk maar niet belangrijk vindt,

Want dat is t in feite niet waar t om gaat.

En als je t aankunt, nou, kom dan gerust weer.

En anders, dan sodemieter je maar op!

Want t is echt niet, dat ik niets om je geef,

Maar zo duw je je hoofd in een strop!

Refrein

**Dr. Alban - Rich man / Poor Man (3:12)**

Calling the leaders of all African states  
Please change your system as I would say  
Cause the poor man they don't like it  
Mi say the poor man they don't love it  
We have to suppress this oppression  
We have to change this Babylon System  
Even with this strong revolution  
Create employment for the poor man  
MiGowa mi Haige me  
MiGowa mi Haige me  
10% of the people, man dem have plenty  
and 90% of the people, man dem go half belly  
Mother can't get nuttin' so give dem pickeney  
What have we gwan'do when we have no money  
We am go pick up the knife & pick up the gun & plan robbery  
Have police around me junked up in a penitentiary  
Some of the people led and mi say some ordinary  
but tell yo Daddy Boastin a lot mi difficulty - Come down!  
MiGowa mi Haige me  
MiGowa mi Haige me  
The rich man would live  
and the poor man would die  
It is easier for camel to go through the eye of a needle  
Than a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven  
hear me now  
MiGowa mi Haige me  
MiGowa mi Haige me  
The rich man would live  
and the poor man would die

### Spring - Te Min Voor Anja (3:37)

Daar op het einde van de straat  
Waar die grote villa staat  
daar woonde Anja  
ze was amper 15 jaar  
Haar pa was rijk en welgesteld  
dat had ze mij een keer verteld  
Ja zo was Anja  
en ik was verliefd op haar  
Maar het leven kan soms hard zijn  
want haar vader mocht me niet  
Hij vond mij maar een verdomde  
armeluis  
en als ik dan een bezoek bracht aan die  
wondermooie griet  
smeet die ouwe mij gewoonweg uit  
zijn huis...  
Te min voor Anja  
Te min voor Anja  
Ik was doodgewoon geen rijkeluiszoon  
maar wel te min voor haar  
Te min voor Anja  
Te min voor Anja  
Ik was wie ik was  
een arme paljas  
levensgroot gevaar  
voor haar  
voor haar  
een week geleden op een feest  
waar ik even ben geweest  
daar danste Anja  
en dan voelde ik me raar  
ze keek me aan  
en kwam naar mij  
mijn liefde was ineens voorbij  
maar niet voor Anja  
ik was nu alles voor haar  
maar het leven kan soms hard zijn  
want ik zag haar niet meer staan  
da's de trots van een verdomde  
armeluis  
Dus ik liet haar snel mijn rug zien  
alsof zij nooit had bestaan  
ik verliet de keet  
en ging gewoon naar huis  
Te min voor Anja



Te min voor Anja  
Ik was doodgewoon geen rijkeluiszoon  
maar wel te min voor haar  
Te min voor Anja  
Te min voor Anja  
Ik was wie ik was  
een arme paljas  
levensgroot gevaar  
voor haar  
voor haar  
maar het leven kan soms hard zijn  
want ik zag haar niet meer staan  
das de trots van een verdomde  
armeluis  
Dus ik liet haar snel men rug zien  
alsof zij nooit had bestaan  
ik verliet de keet  
en ging gewoon naar huis  
Te min voor Anja  
Te min voor Anja  
Ik was doodgewoon geen rijkeluiszoon  
maar wel te min voor haar  
Te min voor Anja  
Te min voor Anja  
Ik was wie ik was  
een arme paljas  
levensgroot gevaar  
voor haar  
voor haar

## Guus Meeuwis - Op straat

Zie je daar die oude man  
graiend in een vuilnisbak  
zoekend naar iets bruikbaar  
voor in zijn oude plastic zak  
net iets teveel meegemaakt  
waardoor hij dakloos is geraakt  
praat in zichzelf  
over hoe het vroeger was  
refrein:

En dan zeg jij  
dat je eenzaam bent  
omdat het even tegen zit  
loop even met me door de stad  
en kijk wat er gebeurt op straat  
dan zal je zien  
dat het met jou zo slecht niet gaat  
Zie je daar dat meisje  
ze is net zeventien  
heeft nu al zo'n tien jaar  
haar ouders niet gezien  
muurtje om zich heen gebouwd  
omdat ze niemand meer vertrouwt  
vraag je haar wat liefde is  
dan noemt ze jou de prijs  
refrein

Zie je daar die oude vrouw  
die rustig voor de regen schuilt  
deze bui is minder  
dan de tranen die ze heeft gehuild  
die vroeger een gezin bezat  
maar later klap op klap gehad  
nu sjouwt ze haar verleden  
in een zelfgemaakte tas  
refrein

Zie je daar die jongeman  
hij is bijna al zijn tanden kwijt  
hij beet zich stuk  
op het vergif van deze tijd  
elk uur een marteling  
altijd zoekend naar één ding  
kruipt eens per dag door het oog van  
de naald

## INB - Geef hun hoop

H u n H o o p  
**Hun**

### **Hoop**

Geef een beetje geld, aan arme mensen  
Leef met z'n allen, want samen zijn we sterker  
Geef hun een kans om een beetje te geven  
Een euro per maand en je redt een mensenleven

Mijn hart gaat uit naar de derde wereld landen,  
De wateren vergiftigd en de mooie ogen branden.  
Van kleine kinderen, zonder familie en ouders, broers en zussen proberen hun zelf in stand te houden.  
De meeste zijn ziek door het drinken van het water, en huilen dag en nacht bij het grafsteentje van hun vader.  
Er is eten te weinig, en ze leven in hoop, wachtend op een wonder op drinkwater en brood.  
De stichting geeft hun hulp, doet alles voor die mensen, ze vechten voor die kinderen en geeft hun die wensen.  
Ze verkleinen die grenzen om te leven in een hel, help en stort wat geld in het leven dat ze knelt.  
En laat ze beter leven in het leven dat ze leven, en geef ze een beetje zodat ze kunnen leren lezen en schrijven.  
Toon een klein beetje respect, om mee te leven in hun leven ja daarom deze track. ( deze track )

Geef een beetje geld, aan arme mensen  
Leef met z'n alle, want samen zijn we sterker  
Geef hun een kans om een beetje te geven  
Een euro per maand en je redt een mensenleven

De derde wereld landen worden vaak vergeten, kleine kinderen die alleen op de straten leven. We kopen nieuwe nikies en alleen maar merkdingen, maar wat is belangrijker: kleding of wat zwerfkindjes?  
Leven zonder geld, dat bestaat uit armoede, kinderen drogen uit, niks dat ze kan voeden.  
Roepend om hun moeder, die aan het sterven is. Er word veel steun gevraagd, terwijl je dat nergens vindt. Je kijkt er niet naar om maar open je ogen vaker, ej want laat het je niet schrikken als je het dodenaantal leest.

Ze hebben geen geld om naar een school te gaan. Terwijl ze wat geld willen om daar op te gaan. Leven met de pijn waar ze tegen vechten. Geef een beetje geld, dan kan je levens redden. Geef hun hoop, help ze door het leven gaan. En met een klein beetje hulp kan dat wat beter gaan. ( beter gaan )

Refrein ( 2x )

Geef een beetje geld, aan arme mensen

Leef met z'n allen, want samen zijn we sterker

Geef hun een kans om een beetje te geven

Een euro per maand en je redt een mensenleven

## Frank Boeijen - De woede van de armoede

Je zag het in de ogen  
In de blik van de bedelaars  
In de zweren van de kreupelen  
De woede van de armoede

In de schreeuw van de moeder  
In de schaamte van de vader  
In het verzet van de zoon  
De woede van de armoede

De woede van de armoede  
Doe je ogen dicht  
De woede van de armoede  
Is geen gezicht  
De woede van de armoede  
Wat kun je doen  
De woede van de armoede

In het gejank van de honden  
In de modder in de straten  
Op de vuilnisbelt aan de rand van de stad  
De woede van de armoede

In het rottende vlees in de zon  
In de ogen van de bange ratten  
In de onvruchtbaarheid van het land  
De woede van de armoede

De woede van de armoede  
Doe je ogen dicht  
De woede van de armoede  
Is geen gezicht  
De woede van de armoede  
Wat kun je doen  
De woede van de armoede

In de uitputting van de grijsaards  
In de uitbuiting van de arbeiders  
In de luiheid van de rijken  
De woede van de armoede

In het onrecht in de derde wereld  
In de angst van de toerist  
In het schuldgevoel van de getuige  
De woede van de armoede

In de machteloosheid van de helpende hand  
In de uitzichtloosheid van de toekomst  
In de last van het verleden  
De woede van de armoede

In het verzet van de vrijheidsstrijder  
In de wreedheid van de dictator  
In naam van God  
De woede van de armoede

De woede van de armoede (de woede van de armoede)  
De woede van de armoede (de woede van de armoede)  
De woede van de armoede (de woede van de armoede)...

## Billy Joel - Allentown

"Well we're living here in Allentown  
And they're closing all the factories down  
Out in Bethlehem they're killing time  
Filling out forms, standing in line"

Well our fathers fought the Second World War  
Spent their weekends on the Jersey Shore  
Met our mothers at the USO  
Asked them to dance  
Danced with them slow  
And we're living here in Allentown.

But the restlessness was handed down  
And it's getting very hard to stay  
aaah aaah ooh ooh ooh.

Well we're waiting here in Allentown  
For the Pennsylvania we never found  
For the promises our teachers gave  
If we worked hard  
If we behaved.

So the graduations hang on the wall  
But they never really helped us at all  
No they never taught us what was real  
Iron or coke,  
Chromium steel.

And we're waiting here in Allentown.  
But they've taken all the coal from the ground  
And the union people crawled away  
aah aah aah.

Every child had a pretty good shot  
To get at least as far as their old man got.  
If something happened on the way to that place  
They threw an American flag in our face, oh oh oh.

Well I'm living here in Allentown  
And it's hard to keep a good man down.

But I won't be getting up today  
aah aah aah.

GUITAR SOLO  
aah aah aah oh oh oh.

And it's getting very hard to stay.  
And we're living here in Allentown.



## Phil Collins - Another day in paradise

"She calls out to the man on the street  
'Sir, can you help me?  
It's cold and I've nowhere to sleep,  
Is there somewhere you can tell me?'  
He walks on, doesn't look back  
He pretends he can't hear her  
Starts to whistle as he crosses the street  
Seems embarrassed to be there"

Oh think twice, it's another day for  
you and me in paradise  
Oh think twice, it's just another day for you,  
you and me in paradise

She calls out to the man on the street  
He can see she's been crying  
She's got blisters on the soles of her feet  
Can't walk but she's trying

Oh think twice...

Oh lord, is there nothing more anybody can do  
Oh lord, there must be something you can say

You can tell from the lines on her face  
You can see that she's been there  
Probably been moved on from every place  
'Cos she didn't fit in there

Oh think twice...

## Si Kahn - Aragon Mill

At the east end of town  
At the foot of the hill  
There's a chimney so tall  
It says Aragon Mill.

But there's no smoke at all  
Coming out of the stack  
For the mill has shut down  
And is never coming back.

And the only tune I hear  
Is the sound of the wind  
As she blows through the town  
Weave and spin, weave and spin.

There's no children playing  
In the dark narrow streets  
And the loom has shut down  
It's so quiet I can't sleep.

The mill has shut down  
'twas the only life I know  
Tell me where will I go  
Tell me where will I go.

And the only tune I hear  
Is the sound of the wind  
As she blows through the town  
Weave and spin, weave and spin.

I'm too old to work  
And I'm too young to die  
Tell me where will I go now  
My family and I.

## Joni Mitchell - Big Yellow Taxi

They paved paradise and put up a parking lot  
With a pink hotel, a boutique, and a swinging hot spot  
Don't it always seem to go  
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone  
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

They took all the trees and put 'em in a tree museum  
And then they charged all the people twenty-five bucks just to see 'em  
Don't it always seem to go  
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone  
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

Hey farmer, farmer, put away your DDT now  
Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds and the bees, please  
Don't it always seem to go  
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone  
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

Don't it always seem to go  
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone  
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

Late last night I heard the screen door slam  
And a big yellow taxi carried off my old man  
Don't it always seem to go  
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone  
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

Don't it always seem to go  
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone  
They paved paradise and put up a parking lot

## Judy Collins - Coming of the Roads

Now that our mountain is growing  
With people hungry for wealth  
How come it's you that's a'going  
And I'm left all alone by myself

We used to hunt the cool caverns  
Deep in our forest of green  
Then came the road and the tavern  
And you've found a new love it seems

Once I had you and the wild wood  
Now it's just dusty road  
And I can't help but blaming your going  
On the coming, the coming of the roads

Look how they've cut all to pieces  
Our ancient poplar and oak  
And the hillsides are stained with the greases  
That burned up the heavens with smoke

You used to curse the bold crewmen  
Who stripped the earth of its ores  
Now you've changed and you've gone over to them  
And You've learned to love what you hated before

Once I thanked God for my treasures  
Now like rust, it corrodes  
I can't help bur blaming you going  
On the coming, the coming of the roads

## **Spearhead - Crime to Be Broke in America**

*about exploitation of the lower class*

I take the needle off the record  
And shove it in my arm  
Whenever I feel life is  
Comin' on too strong  
They left me in a clinic fulla  
Cynical motha fuckin' bureaucrats  
And other kinda ding bats

Livin on the tracks  
The tracks in my arm said  
It all depends which side the tracks your on.  
Tellin' me what to wear  
Tellin me cut my hair  
And tryin to convince me that they  
Really really care  
All about my health and about my wealth  
But still they built the stealth  
'cause everybody's  
Just lookin out for they self

So then I ask 'em  
Can I have a clean needle  
"hell no that's illegal!"

(chorus)  
'cause it's a crime to be broke in America!  
And it's a crime to smoke dank in America!  
(repeat)

"yeah hit those drums now"  
They lockin' brother's in the poorhouse  
Who can't afford moorhouse  
Politicians nervous  
It's the only free service they provide  
You wanna go inside  
There's a hot meal waitin' for ya  
A deal we can score ya  
On a bed for a night or two

Or three or four months.

They say they lockin' us up in cells  
To protect us from ourselves  
It smells like they got anotha  
Plan in store house  
Or should I say warehouse  
Fulla niggas and other misfits  
That couldn't turn tricks in the courthouse  
It's a justice whorehouse

(chorus)

It's a crime to be broke in America!  
And it's a crime to be black in America!

But there's a mutiny on the bounty  
In ever single county  
We remember attica  
But don't forget to pat a few  
Other on the back as a matter of fact  
Sister asatta shakur and geronimo pratt  
'cause amnesty international  
Is fightin' for political  
But if your analytical  
You know it's much more critical than that  
Percentages black is really, really whack  
Can I kick a few facts yes?

Sx percent in college  
From livin on the block  
Twenty five percent in prison  
The school of hard knocks  
Fifty percent in poverty  
Is livin on the rocks  
Five hundred brothas on a death row box

The punishment is capital  
For those who lack in capital  
Because a public defender  
Can't remember the last time

That a brother wasn't treated like an animal.

They say they blame it on a song  
When someone kills a cop  
What music did they listen to  
When they bombed Iraq?  
Give me one example so I can take a sample  
No need to play it backwards  
If you wanna hear the devil  
Cause music's not the problem  
It didn't cause the bombin'  
But maybe they should listen  
To the songs of people starving..

(chorus)

'cause it's a crime to be broke in America!  
It's a crime to smoke dank in America!  
It's a crime to be black in America!  
It's a crime to be black in America!  
It's a crime to be Puerto Rican  
African  
Native American  
Asian Hatian  
A woman

## Harry Chapin - The Day They Closed the Factory Down

*about the small town struggles when the local source of employment is shut down*

She said, "I watch him walk down Main Street A sweet one man parade.  
He'd tip his hat and just like that another score he'd made  
I'd watch the girls all watch him; moths drawn to the flame.  
The money showed, the laughter flowed from the way he played the game.  
He played the game.

"Some said he was a rambler, some said he was a rake .  
Some said he was a gambler, some said he was a fake.  
But I knew him like no one else, a gentleman was he.  
His days belonged to himself, his nights belonged to me.  
Belonged to me.

"And they're talkin' in the town square,  
In the taverns and the shops  
I hear them talkin' everywhere.  
Their talkin' never stops.  
But all their words of wisdom won't make you go away.  
The day they closed the factory down they had nothing,  
Nothing left to say.

She said, "I take care of my momma now, since my father died.  
I'm raising baby brother, too, the way my father tried.  
His thirty years in the factory ended in that furnace blast.  
But they settled up for ten bucks a week and the bitterness is past,  
It did not last.

"So they're moving somewhere else now  
With their cloths and fabric press. They found themselves another town where they'll  
make shirts for less.  
And that is why he said last night he won't watch the old town die.  
But I would not take what he tried to leave, when he told me 'Good bye'  
Ah, it's good bye

"And they're talkin' in the town square,  
In the taverns and the shops.  
I hear them talkin' everywhere.  
Their talkin' never stops.  
But all their words of wisdom won't make you go away.

The day they closed the factory down they had nothing,  
Nothing left to say"  
"So they're talkin' of the changes the closing brings about.  
Talkin' of the hard times and the young folks moving out.  
Yes, they're talking as if talking can make everything all right.



But all the talking ever done won't bring him back tonight.  
Ah, tonight.

And they're talkin' talkin' talkin' talkin'  
Talkin' in the shops  
I hear them talkin' everywhere.  
Their talkin' never stops.  
But all their words of wisdom won't make you go away.  
The day they closed the factory down they had nothing  
Nothing left to say."

## **Bruce Springsteen - Factory**

*about the struggles of the working class through the eyes of a boy*

Early in the morning factory whistle blows,  
Man rises from bed and puts on his clothes,  
Man takes his lunch, walks out in the  
morning light,  
It's the working, the working, just the  
working life.  
Through the mansions of fear, through the  
mansions of pain,  
I see my daddy walking through them  
factory gates in the rain,  
Factory takes his hearing, factory gives him life,  
The working, the working, just the  
working life.

End of the day factory whistle cries,  
Men walk through these gates with death in  
their eyes,  
And you just better believe boy,  
somebody's gonna get hurt tonight,  
It's the working, the working, just the  
working life.

## **Tracy Chapman - Fast Car**

*about trying to make ends meet financially while maintaining emotional and physical health:*

You got a fast car  
I want a ticket to anywhere  
Maybe we make a deal  
Maybe together we can get somewhere

Anyplace is better  
Starting from zero got nothing to lose  
Maybe we'll make something  
But me myself I got nothing to prove

You got a fast car  
And I got a plan to get us out of here  
I been working at the convenience store  
Managed to save just a little bit of money

We won't have to drive too far  
Just 'cross the border and into the city  
You and I can both get jobs  
And finally see what it means to be living

You see my old man's got a problem  
He live with the bottle that's the way it is  
He says his body's too old for working  
I say his body's too young to look like his  
My mama went off and left him  
She wanted more from life than he could give  
I said somebody's got to take care of him  
So I quit school and that's what I did

You got a fast car  
But is it fast enough so we can fly away  
We gotta make a decision  
We leave tonight or live and die this way

I remember we were driving driving in your car  
The speed so fast I felt like I was drunk  
City lights lay out before us  
And your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder  
And I had a feeling that I belonged  
And I had a feeling I could be someone, be someone, be someone

You got a fast car  
And we go cruising to entertain ourselves  
You still ain't got a job  
And I work in a market as a checkout girl  
I know things will get better  
You'll find work and I'll get promoted  
We'll move out of the shelter  
Buy a big house and live in the suburbs  
You got a fast car  
And I got a job that pays all our bills  
You stay out drinking late at the bar  
See more of your friends than you do of your kids  
I'd always hoped for better  
Thought maybe together you and me would find it

I got no plans I ain't going nowhere  
So take your fast car and keep on driving

You got a fast car  
But is it fast enough so you can fly away  
You gotta make a decision  
You leave tonight or live and die this way

## Candlebox - He Calls Home

*about a homeless man:*

Well I see him everyday, in that blanket that he calls home  
Wonder does he know, that his family they're left alone  
He says brother can you spare, can you spare a dime  
I'm down to my last dollar, and this life of mine

Said this life of mine  
It gets rough at times

Now I wonder does he know, does he even care  
That his family they're safe at home, and they wonder where  
As he wanders through this life, he's ever searchin' for  
A warm blanket on warm fields and he wanders on

And he wonders  
Is he safe from the cold

Safe out from the cold (Mmm-mmm)

Well I see he left the other day, took his blanket that he called home  
Did he go for good, or did he pass away, well I wonder does he know  
See I'm down to my last dollar, and this life of mine  
Said this life of mine, it gets rough at times

Now I wonder does he know, does he even care  
That my family they're safe at home, and I wonder where  
As I wander through my life, I'm ever searchin' for  
My warm blanket on warm fields, and I wander on

And I wonder  
Will I always be helped along

I said I-yeah, I'll never know, oh-oh  
Because I-yeah, I'll never go, no-no  
And yes I-yeah, I said I wonder why, yeah-yeah-yeah  
Because oh-yeah, oh-no, I'll never go home

I'll never come home  
Never come home

Oh won't you let me come home  
'Cause I want to come home

But I-yeah, I'll never know, no-no  
And yes I-yeah, I'll never go, no-no-oh  
And yes I-yeah, I said I wonder why, yeah-yeah-yeah  
Because oh-yeah, oh-no, I'll never come home

I'll never come home  
Never come home

I want to come home  
Won't you let me come home  
'Cause I want to come home  
Let me come home

## **Spearhead - Hole in the Bucket**

*about an individual's struggle to be more compassionate for those not as well-off:*

(money money money money nothin but  
Money)  
I work 9 to 5 but it starts in the p.m.  
And I love the sunrise so I step out in the a.m.  
The street is black and shiny from the early  
Nightly rainin'  
The glory of the light it brings evaporation  
Morning's fresh oxygen cleanest  
I take a deep hit help my mind stay the greenest  
I'm already wake so I'm not drinkin' coffee  
Don't wanna cigarette, 'cause it's a form of slavery  
Walk into the store 'cause I need a few items  
The sun heats the blood like a hit of vitamins  
Needa buy some food and some 'poo for my dreads  
Can't remember why but I need a spool of thread  
Man with dirty dreads, steps around the comer  
He asks me for a dime, a nickel or a quarter  
I don't have any change so I'm steppin' along  
And as I'm walkin' past he sings to me a song...

(chorus)  
There's a whole in the bucket dear liza, dear  
Liza...(repeat)

The day is pickin' up cause I'm hummin' his song  
The buses and the people all keep movin' along  
To the shopkeeper I say was'sup?  
And I'm thinkin' about the man who's holdin' up the cup  
I pay for all the stuff and get a pocketful of change  
Should I give it to the man's the question in my brain  
What's gonna happen if I give the man a dime?  
I don't wanna pay for anotha brotha's wine  
What's gonna happen if I give the man a quarter?  
Will he find a dealer and try to place an order?  
What's gonna happen if I give the man a nickel  
Will he buy some food or some pork that's been pickled?  
I'm not responsible for the man's depression  
How can I find compassion in the midst of recession?

How come all these questions keep fuckin' with my head  
And I still can't rememba why I need a spool of thread.

(chorus)

He's starin' in my eyes just as I'm walkin' past  
I'm tryin to avoid him cause I know he's gonna ask  
Me about the coinage that is in my pocket  
But I don't know if I should put it in his bucket  
Walk right past him to think about it more  
Back at the crib I'm openin' up the door  
A pocketful of change it don't mean alot to me  
My cup is half full but his is empty  
I put back on my cap and I start headin' back  
I reach into my pocket and I have a heart attack  
Well as I'm diggin' deep I scream oh no!  
There's nothin' in the pocket but a great big hole  
While I was busy thinkin' if he would buy smack  
The jingle in my pocket it slipped through the cracks  
No one has the change and it's fuckin' up my head  
But now I no the reason why I had to buy the thread!

(chorus)



**Paul Simon - Homeless**

*about homelessness in South Africa caused by "strong wind":*

Emaweni webaba  
Silale maweni  
Webaba silale maweni  
Webaba silale maweni  
Webaba silale maweni  
Webaba silale maweni  
Webaba silale maweni  
Webaba silale maweni  
Webaba silale maweni  
Webaba silale maweni

Homeless, homeless  
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake  
Homeless, homeless  
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake  
We are homeless, we are homeless  
The moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake  
And we are homeless, homeless, homeless  
The moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake

Zio yami, zio yami, nhliziyo yami  
Nhliziyo yami amakhaza asengi bulele  
Nhliziyo yami, nhliziyo yami  
Nhliziyo yami, angibulele amakhaza  
Nhliziyo yami, nhliziyo yami  
Nhliziyo yami somandla angibulele mama  
Zio yami, nhliziyo yami  
Nhliziyo yami, nhliziyo yami

Too loo loo, too loo loo  
Too loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo  
Too loo loo, too loo loo  
Too loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo loo

Strong wind destroy our home  
Many dead, tonight it could be you  
Strong wind, strong wind

Many dead, tonight it could be you

And we are homeless, homeless  
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake  
Homeless, homeless  
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake  
Homeless, homeless  
Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake

Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih  
Somebody sing hello, hello, hello  
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih  
Somebody cry why, why, why?  
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih  
Somebody sing hello, hello, hello  
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih  
Somebody cry why, why, why?  
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih

Yitho omanqoba (ih hih ih hih ih) yitho omanqoba  
Esanqoba lonke ilizwe  
(ih hih ih hih ih) yitho omanqoba (ih hih ih hih ih)  
Esanqoba phakathi e england  
Yitho omanqoba  
Esanqoba phakathi e london  
Yitho omanqoba  
Esanqoba phakathi e england

Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih  
Somebody sing hello, hello, hello  
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih  
Somebody cry why, why, why?  
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih  
Somebody sing hello, hello, hello  
Somebody say ih hih ih hih ih  
Somebody cry why, why, why?

Kuluman  
Kulumani, kulumani sizwe  
Singenze njani

Baya jabula abasi thanda yo  
Ho

## David Bowie - I'm Afraid of Americans

*about the effects of American commercialism*

Uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh  
Johnny's in America  
Low techs at the wheel  
Uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh  
Nobody needs anyone  
They don't even just pretend  
Uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh  
Johnny's in America

CHORUS (x2)

I'm afraid of Americans  
I'm afraid of the world  
I'm afraid I can't help it  
I'm afraid I can't

I'm afraid of Americans

Johnny's in America  
Uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh

Johnny wants a brain  
Johnny wants to suck on a Coke  
Johnny wants a woman  
Johnny wants to think of a joke

Uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh  
Johnny's in America  
Uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh

CHORUS (x2)

I'm afraid of Americans

Uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh

Johnny's in America  
Johnny looks up at the stars  
Johnny combs his hair

And Johnny wants pussy in cars

Johnny's in America, uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh

Johnny's in America, uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh

CHORUS (x2)

I'm afraid of Americans

God is an American

God is an American

CHORUS (x2)

Yeah, I'm afraid of Americans

I'm afraid of the words

I'm afraid I can't help it

I'm afraid I can't

I'm afraid of Americans

Johnny's an American

Johnny's an American

Johnny's an American, uh-uh-uh uh, uh, uh-uh uh-uh-uh (repeat)

## Mark Wills - Jacob's Ladder

*about connecting across socioeconomic classes*

Jacob was a dirt poor farm boy  
Raised at the fork in the road in a clapboard house  
And Rachael was a land baron's daughter  
Born with a silver spoon in her mouth  
Her daddy said he wouldn't stand  
For Rachael to waste her life with a common man  
He tried hard to keep them apart  
But you can't draw lines in a young girl's heart

So late one night by the harvest moon  
Jacob climbed a ladder up to Rachael's room  
He knew his place, it was right beside her  
Step by step up to her world  
Head over heels for a brown-eyed girl  
And gettin' caught didn't seem to matter  
'Cause heaven was waitin' at the top of Jacob's ladder

It'll be five years September  
Since her daddy found a ladder and a note on her windowsill  
He swore he'd never forgive them  
But nothin' melts a heart like a grandchild will  
Now she climbs up on his knee  
Says, "Grandpa, tell a story, the one about me"  
He thinks back and his eyes shine  
Says, "Listen Child, once upon a time"

Late one night by the harvest moon  
Your daddy climbed a ladder to your mama's room  
He knew his place, it was right beside her  
Step by step up to her world  
Head over heels for my little girl  
And here you are, that's all that matters  
'Cause heaven was waitin' at the top of Jacob's ladder

Oh, an angel was waitin' at the top of Jacob's ladder

## **Beastie Boys - Johnny Ryall**

*about the life of a homeless man*

Johnny Ryall is the bum on my stoop  
I gave him fifty cents to buy some soup  
He knows the time with the fresh Gucci watch  
He's even more over than the mayor Ed Koch  
Washing windows on the Bowery at a quarter to four  
'Cause he ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
Living on borrowed time and borrowed money  
Sleepin' on the street there ain't a damn thing funny  
Hand me down food and hand me down clothes  
A rockabilly past of which nobody knows  
Makes his home all over the place  
He goes to sleep by falling down on his face  
Sometimes known as the leader of the homeless  
Sometimes drunk and he's always phoneless  
Sleepin' on the street in a cardboard box  
He's better off drinkin' than smokin' the rocks  
Johnny Ryall, Johnny Ryall

He drinks where he lies  
He's covered with flies  
He's got the hand me down Pumas and the tie dyes  
Go upstate and get your head together  
Thunderbird is the word and you're light as a feather  
Detox at the flop house no booze allowed  
Remember the good old days with the rockabilly crowd  
Memphis is where he's from  
He lives in the street but he's no bum  
A rockabilly star from the days of old  
He used to have teeth all filled with gold  
A platinum voice but only gold records  
On the bass was boots on the drums was checkers  
Luis Vuitton with the Gucci guitar  
Johnny Ryall  
Who do you think you are  
Johnny Ryall, Johnny Ryall

Donald Trump Donald Tramp living in the Men's Shelter  
Wonder Bread bag shoes and singing Helter Skelter  
He asks for a dollar you know what it's for  
Bottle after bottle he'll always need more  
He's no less important than you working class stiffs  
Drinks a lot of liquor but he don't drink piss

Paid his dues playing the blues  
He claims that he wrote the Blue Suede Shoes  
Elvis shaved his head when he went into the army  
That's right y'all his name is  
Johnny  
Johnny Ryall, Johnny Ryall



## **Judy Collins - Liverpool Lullaby**

*about the life of a poor child of an alcoholic father*

Oh you are a mucky kid,  
Dirty as a dustbin lid.  
When he hears the things you did,  
You'll gerra belt from your Dad.  
Oh you have your father's nose,  
So crimson in the dark it glows,  
If you're not asleep when the boozers close,  
You'll gerra belt from your Dad.

You look so scruffy lying dur  
Strawberry-jam tats in yer 'air,  
Though in the world you haven't a care  
And I have got so many.  
It's quite a struggle every day  
Living on your father's pay,  
The bugger drinks it all away  
And leaves me without any.

Although we have no silver spoon,  
Better days are coming soon  
Now Nelly's working at the Lune  
And she gets paid on Friday.  
Perhaps one day we'll have a splash,  
When Littlewoods provide the cash,  
We'll get a house in Knotty Ash  
And buy your Dad a brewery.

Oh you are a mucky kid,  
Dirty as a dustbin lid.  
When he hears the things you did  
You'll gerra belt from your Dad.  
Oh you have your father's face,  
You're growing up a real hard case,  
But there's no one can take your place,  
.... Go fast asleep for yer Mammy.

## **Fugazi - Merchandise**

*about commercialism*

When we have nothing left to give  
There will be no reason for us to live  
But when we have nothing left to lose  
You will have nothing left to use  
We owe you nothing you have no control

Merchandise keeps us in line  
Common sense says it's by design  
What could a businessman ever want more  
than to have us sucking in his store  
We owe you nothing  
You have no control  
You are not what you own

## Grandmaster Flash - The Message

*about life in the ghetto*

Its like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how i keep from going under  
Its like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how i keep from going under

Broken glass everywhere  
People pissing on the stairs, you know they just don't care  
I can't take the smell, I can't take the noise  
Got no money to move out, I guess I got no choice  
Rats in the front room, roaches in the back  
Junkie's in the alley with a baseball bat  
I tried to get away, but I couldn't get far  
Cause the man with the tow-truck repossessed my car

Chorus:  
Don't push me, cause I'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head (uh huh huh hu)  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder  
How I keep from going under

Standing on the front stoop, hangin' out the window  
Watching all the cars go by, roaring as the breezes blow  
Crazy lady, livin' in a bag  
Eating out of garbage pales, used to be a fag-hag  
Search and test a tango, skips the life and then go  
To search a prince to see the last of senses  
Down at the peepshow, watching all the creeps  
So she can tell the stories to the girls back home  
She went to the city and got Social Security  
She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own

Chorus:  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder  
How I keep from goin' under

My brother's doing fast on my mother's T.V.  
Says she watches to much, is just not healthy  
All my children in the daytime, Dallas at night  
Can't even see the game or the Sugar Ray fight  
Bill collectors they ring my phone  
And scare my wife when I'm not home  
Got a bum education, double-digit inflation  
Can't take the train to the job, there's a strike at the station  
Neon King Kong standin' on my back  
Can't stop to turn around, broke my sacroiliac  
Midrange, migraine, cancered membrane

Sometimes I think I'm going insane, I swear I might hijack a plane!

Chorus:

My son said daddy I don't wanna go to school  
Cause the teacher's a jerk, he must think I'm a fool  
And all the kids smoke reefer, I think it'd be cheaper  
If I just got a job, learned to be a street sweeper  
I dance to the beat, shuffle my feet  
Wear a shirt and tie and run with the creeps  
Cause it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny  
You got to have a con in this land of milk and honey  
They push that girl in front of a train  
Took her to a doctor, sowed the arm on again  
Stabbed that man, right in his heart  
Gave him a transplant for a brand new start  
I can't walk through the park, cause it's crazy after the dark  
Keep my hand on the gun, cause they got me on the run  
I feel like an outlaw, broke my last glass jar  
Hear them say you want some more, livin' on a seesaw

Chorus: x2

A child was born, with no state of mind  
Blind to the ways of mankind  
God is smiling on you but he's frownin too,  
Because only god knows what you go through  
You grow in the ghetto, living second rate  
And your eyes will sing a song of deep hate  
The places you play and where you stay  
Looks like one great big alley way  
You'll admire all the number book takers  
Thugs, pimps, and pushers and the big money makers  
Driving big cars, spending twenties and tens  
And you wanna grow up to be just like them  
Smugglers, scrambles, burglars, gamblers  
Pickpockets, peddlers even pan-handlers  
You say I'm cool, I'm no fool  
But then you wind up dropping out of high school  
Now you're unemployed, all null 'n' void  
Walking around like you're pretty boy Floyd  
Turned stickup kid, look what you done did  
Got sent up for a eight year bid  
Now your manhood is took and you're a "Maytag"  
Spend the next two years as an undercover fag  
Being used and abused, and served like hell

Till one day you was found hung dead in a cell  
It was plain to see that your life was lost  
You was cold and your body swung back and forth  
But now your eyes sing the sad sad song  
Of how you lived so fast and died so young

## **Pulp - Mis-Shapes**

*about the frustration and rage caused by suppression and lack of opportunity transformed into nonviolent power*

Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits.

Raised on a diet of broken biscuits, oh we don't look the same as you

We don't do the things you do, but we live around here too.

Oh really.

Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits, we'd like to go to town but we can't risk it

Oh 'cause they just want to keep us out.

You could end up with a smash in the mouth just for standing out.

Oh really. Brothers, sisters, can't you see?

The future's owned by you and me.

There won't be fighting in the street.

They think they've got us beat, but revenge is going to be so sweet.

We're making a move, we're making it now, we're coming out of the side-lines.

Just put your hands up - it's a raid yeah:

We want your homes, we want your lives,

we want the things you won't allow us.

We won't use guns, we won't use bombs

We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds.

Check your lucky numbers, that much money could drag you under, oh.

What's the point of being rich if you can't think what to do with it?

'Cause you're so very thick.

Oh we weren't supposed to be, we learnt too much at school now

we can't help but see.

That the future that you've got mapped out is nothing much to shout about.

We're making a move, we're making it now,

We're coming out of the side-lines.

Just put your hands up - it's a raid.

We want your homes, we want your lives,

we want the things you won't allow us.

We won't use guns, we won't use bombs

We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds.

Brothers, sisters, can't you see?

The future's owned by you and me.

There won't be fighting in the street.

They think they've got us beat but revenge is going to be so sweet.

We're making a move. We're making it now.

We're coming out of the sidelines.

Just put your hands up - it's a raid.

We want your homes, we want your lives,  
we want the things you won't allow us.  
We won't use guns, we won't use bombs  
We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds.  
And that's our minds. Yeah.

## **Janis Ian - The Mission**

*about living in a homeless shelter*

"Jesus Saves," up in neon lights.  
Lines are forming to the right,  
For a blanket, a bed,  
Shelter against the night.

Young men sleeping away their dreams,  
Old newspapers 'round their feet.  
They were someone's child once,  
Just like me.

There's no place like home,  
Inside these walls,  
Safe from the cold,  
Another night falls.  
What's mine is mine,  
So I've been told.  
There's no place like home.

Some claim victory, some downfall.  
Some can make no claim at all.  
Bad breaks, high stakes,  
Alcohol.

The streets are crowded with vacant eyes,  
Stripped of privacy and pride.  
How long can only the strong  
Survive?

There's no place like home,  
Inside these walls,  
Safe from the cold,  
Another night falls.  
What's mine is mine,  
So I've been told.  
There's no place like home.

*[Instrumental break with sounds of the city.]*



Give me your poor,  
Your tired, your humble.  
All weary people  
Who yearn to be free.  
I give them hope,  
And mercy to all those in need.  
Have mercy on me.

## Arrested Development - Mr. Wendal

*about learning from, instead of judging, a homeless person*

Here, have a dollar,  
in fact no brotherman here, have two  
Two dollars means a snack for me,  
but it means a big deal to you  
Be strong, serve God only,  
know that if you do, beautiful heaven awaits  
That's the poem I wrote for the first time  
I saw a man with no clothes, no money, no plate  
Mr.Wendal, that's his name,  
no one ever knew his name cause he's a no-one  
Never thought twice about spending on a ol' bum,  
until I had the chance to really get to know one  
Now that I know him, to give him money isn't charity  
He gives me some knowledge, I buy him some shoes  
And to think blacks spend all that money on big colleges,  
still most of y'all come out confused

[CHORUS:] Go ahead, Mr.Wendal (2x)

Mr.Wendal has freedom,  
a free that you and I think is dumb  
Free to be without the worries of a quick to diss society  
for Mr.Wendal's a bum  
His only worries are sickness  
and an occasional harassment by the police and their chase  
Uncivilized we call him,  
but I just saw him eat off the food we waste  
Civilization, are we really civilized, yes or no ?  
Who are we to judge ?  
When thousands of innocent men could be brutally enslaved  
and killed over a racist grudge  
Mr.Wendal has tried to warn us about our ways  
but we don't hear him talk  
Is it his fault when we've gone too far,  
and we got too far, cause on him we walk  
Mr.Wendal, a man, a human in flesh,  
but not by law

I feed you dignity to stand with pride,  
realize that all in all you stand tall

## **Rage Against the Machine - No Shelter**

*about the dangers of commercialism in America*

The main attraction - distraction  
got ya number than number than numb  
Empty your pockets son; they got you thinkin that  
What you need is what they sellin  
Make you think that buyin is rebellin  
From the theaters to malls on every shore  
The thin line between entertainment and war  
The frontline is everywhere, there be no shelter here  
Speilberg the nightmare works so push it far  
Amistad was a whip, the truth was feathered and tarred  
Memory erased, burned and scarred  
Trade in your history for a VCR

Cinema, simulated life, ill drama  
Fourth Reich culture - Americana  
Chained to the dream they got you searchin for  
The thin line between entertainment and war

There be no shelter here  
The frontline is everywhere

Hospitals not profitful  
The market bulls got pockets full  
To advertise some hip disguise  
View the world from American eyes  
The poor adore keep fiendin for more  
The thin line between entertainment and war  
They fix the need, develop the taste  
Buy their products or get laid to waste  
Coca-Cola is back in the veins of Saigon  
And Rambo too, he got a dope pair of Nikes on  
And Godzilla pure muthafuckin filler  
Get your eyes off the real killer

Cinema, simulated life, ill drama  
Fourth Reich culture - Americana  
Chained to the dream they got you searchin for  
The thin line between entertainment and war

There be no shelter here  
The frontline is everywhere

American eyes, American eyes....

View the world from American eyes  
Bury the past, rob us blind  
And leave nothin behind

Just stare  
Relive the nightmare

## **Elton John - On Dark Street**

*about the experiences of a poor man and his family*

I'm staring down a mile of disappearing track  
Is this the best that we could do  
I'm leaning through the rain but you ain't looking back  
What did I ever have to prove

`Cause it feels like electricity hitting an open field  
When am I ever gonna to learn  
Married life's two people trying to grab the wheel

Oh and we must have got lost  
Living on Dark Street  
Looking for an exit  
Sleeping on the concrete  
You can't see it with your eyes  
You can't find it with your feet  
All I know is that we're lost baby  
And we're living on Dark Street

All the layoffs and the pay cuts cripple me inside  
I pay the price for living everyday  
Trying to keep us all together along with a little pride  
What'll it take to make you stay

But I've dreamed about an island  
And all I got's a bucket of sand  
I'd give my eyes to give you all your dreams  
Now I get to see my family slipping through my hands

## **Bob Marley - No Woman No Cry**

*about Bob Marley's recollections of growing up in poverty in Trenchtown*

Said said  
Said I remember when we used to sit  
In the government yard in Trenchtown  
Oba, ob-serving the hypocrites  
As they would mingle with the good people we meet  
Good friends we have had, oh good friends we've lost along the way  
In this bright future you can't forget your past  
So dry your tears I say

No woman, no cry  
No woman, no cry  
Oh my Little sister, don't she'd no tears  
No woman, no cry

Said, said, said I remember when we used to sit  
In the government yard in Trenchtown  
And then Georgie would make the fire light  
Log wood burnin' through the night  
Then we would cook corn meal porridge  
Of which I'll share with you

My feet is my only carriage  
So I've got to push on through  
But while I'm gone...

Everything's gonna be alright  
Ev'rything's gonna be alright  
Ev'rything's gonna be alright  
Ev'rything's gonna be alright  
Ev'rything's gonna be alright  
Ev'rything's gonna be alright  
Ev'rything's gonna be alright  
Ev'rything's gonna be alright

No woman, no cry  
No, no woman, no woman, no cry  
Oh, little sister, don't she'd no tears  
No woman, no cry

No woman, no woman, no woman, no cry  
No woman, no cry  
Oh, my little darlyn no she'd no tears  
No woman, no cry, yeah  
any sister no she'd no tears, no women no cry

No woman no cry, no woman no cry  
No woman no cry, no woman no cry

Say, say, said I remember when we used to sit  
In a government yard in Trenchtown  
Obba, obba, serving the hypocrites  
As the would mingle with the good people we meet  
Good friends we have, oh, good friends we've lost  
Along the way  
In this great future,  
You can't forget your past  
So dry your tears, I say

No woman no cry, no woman no cry  
Little darling, don't she'd no tears, no woman no cry  
Say, say, said I remember when we used to sit  
In the government yard in Trenchtown  
And then Georgie would make the fire light  
As it was, love would burn on through the night  
Then we would cook cornmeal porridge  
Of which I'll share with you  
My fear is my only courage  
So I've got to push on thru  
Oh, while I'm gone

Everything 's gonna be alright, everything 's gonna be alright  
Everything 's gonna be alright, everything 's gonna be alright  
Everything 's gonna be alright, everything 's gonna be alright  
Everything 's gonna be alright, everything 's gonna be alright  
So woman no cry, no, no woman no cry  
Oh, my little sister  
Don't she'd no tears  
No woman no cry  
I remember when we use to sit  
In the government yard in Trenchtown  
And then Georgie would make the fire lights  
As it was, log would burnin' through the nights  
Then we would cook cornmeal porridge  
Of which I'll share with you  
My fear is my only courage  
So I've got to push on thru  
Oh, while I'm gone  
No woman no cry, no, no woman no cry  
Oh, my little darlin'



Don't she'd no tears  
No woman no cry, No woman no cry

Oh my Little darlin', don't she'd no tears  
No woman no cry  
Little sister, don't she'd no tears  
No woman no cry

## **Nina Simone - Pirate Jenny**

*about mistreatment coming back to haunt the oppressor, and triumph from invisibility*

You people can watch while I'm scrubbing these floors  
And I'm scrubbin' the floors while you're gawking  
Maybe once ya tip me and it makes ya feel swell  
In this crummy Southern town  
In this crummy old hotel  
But you'll never guess to who you're talkin'.  
No. You couldn't ever guess to who you're talkin'.

Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you'll wonder who could that have been  
And you see me kinda grinnin' while I'm scrubbin'  
And you say, "What's she got to grin?"  
I'll tell you.

There's a ship  
The Black Freighter  
With a skull on it's masthead  
Will be coming in

You gentlemen can say, "Hey gal, finish them floors!  
Get upstairs! What's wrong with you! Earn your keep here!  
You toss me your tips  
And look out to the ships  
But I'm counting your heads  
As I'm making the beds  
Cuz there's nobody gonna sleep here, tonight  
Nobody's gonna sleep here  
Nobody!  
Nobody!

Then one night there's a scream in the night  
And you say, "Who's that kicking up a row?"  
And ya see me kinda starin' out the winda  
And you say, "What's she got to stare at now?"  
I'll tell ya.

There's a ship  
The Black Freighter  
Turns around in the harbor  
Shootin' guns from her bow

Now  
You gentlemen can wipe off that smile off your face  
Cause every building in town is a flat one

This whole frickin' place will be down to the ground  
Only this cheap hotel standing up safe and sound  
And you yell, "Why do they spare that one?"  
Yes.  
That's what you say.  
"Why do they spare that one?"

All the night through, through the noise and to-do  
You wonder who is that person that lives up there?  
And you see me stepping out in the morning  
Looking nice with a ribbon in my hair

And the ship  
The Black Freighter  
Runs a flag up it's masthead  
And a cheer rings the air

By noontime the dock  
Is a-swarmin' with men  
Comin' out from the ghostly freighter  
They move in the shadows  
Where no one can see  
And they're chainin' up people  
And they're bringin' em to me  
Askin' me,  
"Kill them NOW, or LATER?"  
Askin' ME!  
"Kill them now, or later?"

Noon by the clock  
And so still at the dock  
You can hear a foghorn miles away  
And in that quiet of death  
I'll say, "Right now.  
Right now!"

Then they pile up the bodies  
And I'll say,  
"That'll learn ya!"

And the ship  
The Black Freighter  
Disappears out to sea  
And on it is me

**Hall and Oates - Rich Girl**

*about the disconnect between wealth and responsibility*

You're a rich girl, and you've gone too far  
Cause you know it don't matter anyway  
You can rely on the old man's money  
You can rely on the old man's money  
It's a bitch girl, but it's gone too far  
Cause you know it don't matter anyway  
Say money, money won't get you too far, get you too far

And don't you know, don't you know  
That it's wrong to take what he's giving you  
So far gone on your own  
But you can get along if you try to be strong  
But you'll never be strong cause

You're a rich girl (rich girl), and you've gone too far  
Cause you know it don't matter anyway (rich girl)  
You can rely on the old man's money  
You can rely on the old man's money  
It's a bitch girl (rich girl) and it's gone too far  
Cause you know it don't matter anyway (rich girl)  
Say money, money won't get you too far, get you too far

High and dry, out of the rain  
It's so easy to hurt others when you can't feel pain  
And don't you know that a love can't grow  
Cause there's too much to give  
Cause you'd rather live for the thrill of it all, oh

You're a rich girl (rich girl), and you've gone too far  
Cause you know it don't matter anyway (rich girl)  
You can rely on the old man's money  
You can rely on the old man's money  
It's a bitch girl (rich girl), and it's gone too far  
Cause you know it don't matter anyway (rich girl)  
Say money, but it won't get you too far  
Say money, but it won't get you too far  
Say money, but it won't get you too far, get you too far

And you say you can rely on the old man's money  
You can rely on the old man's money  
You're a rich girl (rich girl), a rich girl  
Oh, you're a rich, bitch girl (rich girl) yeah  
Say money, but it won't get you too far  
Oh, give it to me baby...

**Dave Matthews Band- Seek Up**

*about the tendency to seek fulfillment in material belongings and numb ourselves to others' suffering:*

Sometimes I feel like I'm falling  
Fall back again, fall back again,  
Fall back again, fall back again  
Oh, life it seems a struggle between  
What we think what we see  
I'm not going to change my ways  
Just to please you or appease you  
Inside a crowd, five billion proud  
Willing to punch it out  
Right, wrong, weak, strong  
Ashes to ashes all fall down  
Look around about this round  
About this merry-go-round around  
If at all God's gaze upon us fall  
His mischievous grin, look at him

Forget about the reasons and  
The treasons we are seeking  
Forget about the notion that  
Our emotions can be swept away  
Forget about being guilty,  
We are innocent instead  
For soon we will all find our lives swept away

Sit awhile with TV's hungry child  
Big belly swelled  
Oh, for a price of a coke or a smoke  
Keep alive those hungry eyes  
Take a look at me, what you see in me,  
Mirror look at me  
Face it all, face it all again

Forget about the reasons and  
The treasons we are seeking  
Forget about the notion that your emotions can be  
Wept away, kept at bay  
Forget about being guilty, i am innocent instead  
For soon we will all find our lives swept away

You seek up an emotion  
And our cup is overflowing  
You seek up an emotion,  
Sometimes your well is dry  
You seek up a big monster  
For him to fight your wars for you  
But when he finds his way to you, the devil's not  
Going--ha, ha

Say, say

Look at me in my fancy car  
And my bank account  
Oh, how I wish I could take it all down  
Into my grave, I'd save  
Take a look again, take a look again,  
Take a look again  
Everyday things change,...stay the same

Forget about the reasons and  
The treasons we are seeking  
Forget about the notion that  
Your emotions can be swept away  
Intentions are not wicked,  
Don't be tricked into thinking so  
Soon we will all find our lives swept away

You seek up an emotion  
And our cup is overflowing  
You seek up an emotion,  
Sometimes your well is dry  
You seek up a big monster  
For him to fight your wars for you  
But when he finds his way to you,  
The devil's not going--ha, ha  
Fall back again, fall back again, fall back again...

## **Tish Hinojosa - Something in the Rain**

*about calling for the improvement of working conditions and lives for migrant workers:*

Mom and Dad have worked the fields  
I don't know how many years  
I'm just a boy but I know how  
And go to school when work is slow

We have seen our country's roads  
Bakersfield to Illinois  
And when troubles come our way  
Oh yeah, I've seen my daddy pray

There's something wrong with little sister  
I hear her crying by my side  
Mama's shaking as she holds her  
We try to hold her through the night

And Mom says, "Close you eyes, mijito  
Dream of someplace far from here  
Like the pictures in your schoolbooks  
Someday you can take us there?"

There must be something in the rain  
I'm not sure just what that means  
Abuelita talks of sins of man  
Of dust that's in our hands

There must be something in the rain  
Well, what else could cause this pain  
Those airplanes cure the plants so things can grow  
Oh no, it must be something in the rain

Little sister's gone away  
Mama's working long again  
And me, I think I understand  
About our life, about our land

Well, talkers talk and dreamers dream  
I will find a place between  
I'm afraid but I believe

That we can change these hurting fields

'Cause there's something in the rain  
But there's more here in our hands  
'Buelita's right about the sins of man  
Who's profits rape the land

And the rains are pouring down  
From the growers to the towns  
And until we break the killing chains  
There's something in the rain



## Tracy Chapman - Talking about a Revolution

*about equality, hope, welfare:*

Don't you know  
They're talkin' about a revolution  
It sound like a whisper  
Don't you know  
They're talkin' about a revolution  
It's sounds like a whisper

While they're standing in the welfare lines  
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation  
Wasting time in the unemployment lines  
Sitting around waiting for a promotion

Don't you know  
They're talkin' about a revolution  
It sound like a whisper

Poor people gonna rise up  
And get their share  
Poor people gonna rise up  
And take what's theirs

Don't you know  
You better run, run, run...(+9)  
Oh I said you better  
Run, run, run...(+9)

And finally the tables are starting to turn  
Talkin' about revolution

Yes finally the tables are starting to turn  
Talkin' about revolution oh no

While they're standing in the welfare lines  
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation  
Wasting time in the unemployment lines  
Sitting around waiting for a promotion

Don't you know  
They're talkin' about a revolution  
It sound like a whisper

And finally the tables are starting to turn  
Talkin' about revolution

Yes finally the tables are starting to turn  
Talkin' about revolution oh no  
Talkin' about revolution oh no  
Talkin' about revolution oh no

## **Stevie Wonder - Village Ghetto Land**

*about the struggles and dangers of living in the ghetto, and "the powers that be" turning their heads to it:*

Would you like to go with me  
Down my dead end street  
Would you like to come with me  
To Village Ghetto Land

See the people lock their doors  
While robbers laugh and steal  
Beggars watch and eat their meals-from garbage cans

Broken glass is everywhere  
It's a bloody scene  
Killing plagues the citizens  
Unless they own police

Children play with rusted cars  
Sores cover their hands  
Politicians laugh and drink-drunk to all demands

Families buying dog food now  
Starvation roams the streets  
Babies die before they're born  
Infected by the grief

Now some folks say that we should be  
Glad for what we have  
Tell me would you be happy in Village Ghetto Land  
Village Ghetto Land

## **Gil Scott Heron - Whitey on the Moon**

*about the establishment's priorities of social welfare*

A rat done bit my sister Nell.  
(with Whitey on the moon)  
Her face and arms began to swell.  
(and Whitey's on the moon)  
I can't pay no doctor bill.  
(but Whitey's on the moon)  
Ten years from now I'll be payin' still.  
(while Whitey's on the moon)  
The man jus' upped my rent las' night.  
('cause Whitey's on the moon)  
No hot water, no toilets, no lights.  
(but Whitey's on the moon)  
I wonder why he's uppi' me?  
('cause Whitey's on the moon?)  
I wuz already payin' 'im fifty a week.  
(with Whitey on the moon)  
Taxes takin' my whole damn check,  
Junkies makin' me a nervous wreck,  
The price of food is goin' up,  
An' as if all that shit wuzn't enough:  
A rat done bit my sister Nell.  
(with Whitey on the moon)  
Her face an' arm began to swell.  
(but Whitey's on the moon)  
Was all that money I made las' year  
(for Whitey on the moon?)  
How come there ain't no money here?  
(Hmm! Whitey's on the moon)  
Y'know I jus' 'bout had my fill  
(of Whitey on the moon)  
I think I'll sen' these doctor bills,  
Airmail special  
(to Whitey on the moon)

## **B.B. King - Why I Sing the Blues**

*about a history and lifetime of racial and economic oppression*

"I laid in the ghetto flat  
Cold and numb  
I heard the rats tell the bedbugs  
To give the roaches some  
And everybody wants to know why I sing the blues  
I've been around a long time  
I've really paid my dues"

Everybody wants to know  
Why I sing the blues  
Yes, I say everybody wanna know  
Why I sing the blues  
Well, I've been around a long time  
I really have paid my dues

When I first got the blues  
They brought me over on a ship  
Men were standing over me  
And a lot more with a whip  
And everybody wanna know  
Why I sing the blues  
Well, I've been around a long time  
Mm, I've really paid my dues

I've laid in a ghetto flat  
Cold and numb  
I heard the rats tell the bedbugs  
To give the roaches some  
Everybody wanna know  
Why I'm singing the blues  
Yes, I've been around a long time  
People, I've paid my dues

I stood in line  
Down at the County Hall  
I heard a man say, "We're gonna build  
Some new apartments for y'all"  
And everybody wanna know

Yes, they wanna know  
Why I'm singing the blues  
Yes, I've been around a long, long time  
Yes, I've really, really paid my dues

Now I'm gonna play Lucille.

My kid's gonna grow up  
Gonna grow up to be a fool  
'Cause they ain't got no more room  
No more room for him in school  
And everybody wanna know  
Everybody wanna know  
Why I'm singing the blues  
I say I've been around a long time  
Yes, I've really paid some dues

Yeah, you know the company told me  
Guess you're born to lose  
Everybody around me, people  
It seems like everybody got the blues  
But I had 'em a long time  
I've really, really paid my dues  
You know I ain't ashamed of it, people  
I just love to sing my blues

I walk through the cities, people  
On my bare feet  
I had a fill of catfish and chitterlings  
Up in Downbill Street  
You know I'm singing the blues  
Yes, I really  
I just have to sing my blues  
I've been around a long time  
People, I've really, really paid my dues

Now Father Time is catching up with me  
Gone is my youth  
I look in the mirror everyday  
And let it tell me the truth

I'm singing the blues  
Mm, I just have to sing the blues  
I've been around a long time  
Yes, yes, I've really paid some dues

Yeah, they told me everything  
Would be better out in the country  
Everything was fine  
I caught me a bus uptown, baby  
And every people, all the people  
Got the same trouble as mine  
I got the blues, huh huh  
I say I've been around a long time  
I've really paid some dues

One more time, fellows!

Blind man on the corner  
Begging for a dime  
The rollers come and caught him  
And throw him in the jail for a crime  
I got the blues  
Mm, I'm singing my blues  
I've been around a long time  
Mm, I've really paid some dues

Can we do just one more?

Oh I thought I'd go down to the welfare  
To get myself some grits and stuff  
But a lady stand up and she said  
"You haven't been around long enough"  
That's why I got the blues  
Mm, the blues  
I say, I've been around a long time  
I've really, really paid my dues

Fellows, tell them one more time.

Ha, ha, ha. That's all right, fellows.  
Yeah!