

So

Tracy Chapman

So you make a little money
Off of somebody else's sweat
So some people starve a little
While you get fat
While you get fat

So you grind and grind
And you push and shove
And claim that those most worthy
Will get what they deserve
What they deserve

It can't be true
It can't be true
Because I've seen too many hungry faces
I've seen too many with the likes of you
It can't be true

For you everything has it's price
You give nothing away for free
If silence were truly golden
I guess no one could sleep
No one could sleep

You have money at your fingertips
People at your beck and call
And you're fool enough
To think for a price
You can have the whole wide world

For all our sake's
And all our lives
We must hope the words
That come from your lips
We must hope those words are lies

For all our sake's
And all our lives
We must hope the dreams
Soulless visions that you have
Are never realized

So
You've got a big house
And you drive a fancy car
So what if your pockets are full
If you have an empty heart

You snap your fingers
And all the waters part
So what if the people bow down
If they show you no regard

Your left hand
Always watches your right
So what if you trust in God
If you can't sleep at night

You think you've made it
You think you've got what everyone wants
So what if you're a big fat man
With an empty little heart

Who has made a little money
Off of somebody else's sweat
Who watched the people starve
While you got fat
While you got fat
You got fat
You got fat