

## Wilco "Feed Of Man"

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If you beat up, you butcher, and you bleed a man  
You bang up and badger and blood-let a man  
And then I come along  
On the feet of man  
And halfway laugh and cry  
About the meat of man

And I do what I can  
To bale string and tie  
Some ballad truths  
Up and cured out  
For the feed of man

Folks try to tell me  
That it's on God's orders  
That you bleed your man  
It's on God's good word that you  
Bleed your man  
On God's plan print  
That you dead a man  
Or spit and curse and whip your man

I say I'll help you squeeze and fix yourself up a  
A new kind of God of some kind  
One that tells you  
Fertilize and multiply  
One that tells you  
Outsow and outblow  
Outplant and outgrow  
Outdo, and outrun, and outclimb, and outspread  
Every other tree and bush  
And brushy fruits and flower petals  
Outfruit them all  
For the feed of man  
Outstalk and outhunt and outthink  
For God's own sweet sake, outthink! Outthink!  
Outthink the fruits  
Outgrow these animal kinds and shapes of man  
It you miss and go down  
Your dust will turn up on that long hot job  
Once more again

To help in the feeding and the seed of man  
And not in the bleeding and the end of man

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