## Beautiful Grey

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If the greedy were the starving If the masters were the slaves If the owners became the dogs How would they behave?

'Cause selling family heirlooms For one fifty or a pound Is like standing outside Burger King Selling horse and hound

Cause sleeping in a doorway With a futon and a quilt Is like crying in the rubble Of a building that you built

The day that you're not man enough Is the day you cease to be A wheel-barrow full of leaves From a rotten apple tree

If the mugger was a woman
And the man just passing by
Would ya' \_\_\_ and bitch and slag it up
You'd shrivel up and die

If the landlord was the tennant And the hunter was the game If construction was constricted And capital just the same

Cause sleeping in a doorway With a futon and a quilt Is like crying in the rubble Of a building that you built

The day that you're not man enough Is the day you cease to be A wheel-barrow full of leaves From a rotten apple tree If the King was court jester
And the jester took the throne
He'd put the privileged on the streets
And give the poor a home

If the Irish were the English
And the English still not free
Would ya mick and pick
And pad it up (?)
You tongue the pip and agree

Cause sleeping in a doorway With a futon and a quilt Is like crying in the rubble Of a building that you built

The day that you're not man enough Is the day you cease to be A wheel-barrow full of leaves From a rotten apple tree

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