

Bob Geldof

"Scream In Vain"

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Money in my pocket down at
Scream In Vain
Come on
Lambs led to the slaughter
They cut you in a second down at
Scream In Vain
Come on
Lambs led to the slaughter

Sweet Yams in the fields of Harbo
Made me feel better
They took the straw from off the roof
To make the fire catch as it should
They boil the water and they cook the roots
For them it's new
For me old fruits
But more precious now than it's ever been
We share the food in the noonday heat
Sweet Yams in the fields of Harbo
The mountains roll
Green on green
The mountains roll
Green on green

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