

Billy Bragg

"Bread And Circuses"

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Crowds gather 'round kneeling
At the feet of common thieves
Hungry for the word but God
Would never speak through such as these
Such as these

Who offer healing hands and balms
And redemption, a few would cross their palms
They'll tell your troubles to the Lord
For how ever much you can afford

Hands holding hands
In the circle of the sinners and the saints
Memories that linger from the cradle
Placing puzzles in the grave
In the grave

No mortal skin and bone
Can live on bread and circuses alone
The spirit needs must drive
The mystery of why you're alive

They look in their Book and they read
But their cold hearts say, "Follow me"

Dance in the dust
In the frenzy of the desperately in need
Led by the voices of the men who invoke
Ritual to hide their greed
Hide their greed

Come every tongue, every eye across
The crumbling earth and cracking skies
The gates of hell stand open wide
But the path of glory you walk single file

They look in their book and they read
But their cold hearts say, "Follow me"

These men make a cage for the very souls
That came here to be freed
They turn off their lights for their tents

They're fixing to leave

They look in their Book and they read
But their cold hearts say, "Follow me"

They'll close all their Books and they'll leave
Their cold hearts say, "Follow me"
They'll close their Book and leave
They'll close up their Books and leave
You remain still in pain

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