

## **Billy Bragg**

# **"Bread And Circuses (Remastered)"**

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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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