

Billy Bragg **"Feed of Man"**

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If you
Beat up, butcher, and
You bleed a man:
If you bang up and badger and
Bloodlet a man;
And then I come along
On the feet of man
And half way laff and cry 'bout
The meat of man,
And I do what I can to
Bale string and tie some ballad truths
Up cured out
For the feed of man
And
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 you spit and curse and whip
Your man;
I say I'll help you fix and
Squeeze yourself up a new kind of a god
Of some kind;
One that tells you
Fertilyze and multyplye;
One that
Tells you:
Outsow and outblow,
Outplant and outgrow;
Outdo, and outrun, and outclimb, and out spread
Every other tree and bush
And brushy fruits and flower petalls;
Out fruit them all
For the feed of man;
Out stalk and out hunt and out think
For god's own sweet sake, out think! out think!
Outthink the fruits
Outgrow these animal kind 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.

Words: woody guthrie (date unknown) - music: jeff
tweedy (1998)

Jay bennett: b3 organ, leslie guitar

Billy bragg: resonator guitar

Ken coomer: drums

John stirratt: bass

Jeff tweedy: vocal, acoustic guitar, electric guitar

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