Pre)Thing "The Venus Of The Soup Kitchen"

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The venus of the soup kitchen is waiting there for me And all us poor cripples who've been in the wars And up sleeping on her floor...

Woah!

When you're scared of down and out
You keep it to yourself and if anyone suspects
You say: "who me? hardly!"
You tell him "thank your stars, this isn't derby day
'cos it's clear you've got the gift for backing the wrong horse, charlie."

Woah!

When you're scared of down and out
You camouflage your fear with a fakin' d.j. smile
And maybe some boogie dancin'
But there's no need to be proud
Hey if something's hurtin' you
Could be it hurts your brothers too
From langley park to memphis

Last night, last night I dreamed I dared to raise my head

The venus of the soup kitchen stood over me Singin': "sometimes the job gets you down You're ashamed that the word will get round Well all you poor cripples who've been in the wars End up sleeping on my floor."

Woah!

Now some will spin you yarns to keep you quiet for a while

But you know that's not my style, who needs fancy footwork?

'cos none of it adds up, no it doesn't weigh a thing And it doesn't buy you beer, from langley park to memphis Last ight, last night I dreamed I dared to raise my head The venus of the soup kitchen stood over me Singin': "here you are, and I won't tell you've no one else but me

Every night I know you'll be here staring hungrily Well here you are, no I won't tell 'cos everyone I know Wanders down here every night they've nowhere else to go."

The venus of the soup kitchen is standing there over me

Every night I'm gonna be here staring hungrily

The venus of the soup kitchen is waiting there for me And all us poor cripples who've been in the wars End up sleeping on her floor

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