

## McCarthy

### "Hands Off Or Die"

Visit "[Hands Off Or Die](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Around the table sat the people  
Some were eating some were starving  
For there was never quite enough  
For each to have a share

Every day there was a murder  
Or a knifing with someone shouting  
"Get your hands off you bastard  
That's my food you're eating"  
"That does not do mother's salt on some" (??)  
Blamed the blackguard (??)  
Women didn't even get a ruping (??)

Every day an insane scramble just to get enough  
They would rather kill someone than let somebody get  
too much

There was much din and they argued  
About the meaning of these things  
Some said the pittance should be shared out equally  
But some of them said it proved man was evil  
As they tucked into their enormous share

But the wisest of them said  
"Till there's enough to go around  
The men's scramble will continue  
Fight to bring the system down"

Visit [McCarthy](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.