

Tim Minchin

"The Guilt Song"

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I would be a liar if I pretended to admire
The red light windscreen cleaning empire that you've
built
But my heart is good it's not a thing of stone or wood
I'll give you fifty cents to take away my guilt

I give money to folk that just don't have enough
To try to justify to future purchases of stuff that I don't
need
I know that one less vodka cranberry tonight
And I could feed some foreign family for a fortnight
But I might just have one more, after all what is vodka
for
Apart from making you wanna shag your best mate's
wife
Dampening the guilt you feel about your perfect life

Fuck the poor
What is all this hoo-hah for?
There is only one reason of all 1-800-034-034
It's the force that drove Teresa and that school that
Oprah built
I'll give you fifty bucks to take away my guilt

Fuck the poor
I'm not pretending anymore
That I really give two shits about some kids in
Bangalore
I'm more interested in footy than seeing the Solomons
rebuilt
But I'll give you fifty bucks to take away my guilt
I'll give you fifty bucks to take away my guilt

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