

Tracy Chapman

"So"

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So you make a little money
Off of somebody else's sweat
So some people starve a little
While you get fat
While you get fat
So you grind and grind
And you push and shove
And claim that those most worthy
Will get what they deserve
What they deserve
It can't be true
It can't be true
Because I've seen too many hungry faces
I've seen too many with the likes of you
It can't be true
For you everything has it's price
You give nothing away for free
If silence were truly golden
I guess no one could sleep
No one could sleep
You have money at your fingertips
People at your beck and call
And you're fool enough
To think that for a price
You could have the whole wide world
For all our sake's
And all our lives
We must the hope the words
That come from your lips

We must hope that those words are lies
For all our sake's
And all our lives
We must hope the dreams
Soulless visions that you have
Are never realized
So
You've got a big house
And you drive a fancy car
So what if your pockets are full
If you have an empty heart
You snap your fingers

And all the waters part
So what if the people bow down
If they show you no regard
Your left hand
Always watches your right
So what if you trust in God
If you can't sleep at night
You think you've made it
You think you've got what everyone wants
So what if you're a big fat man
With an empty little heart
Who has made a little money
Off of somebody else's sweat
Who watched the people starve
While you got fat
While you got fat
You got fat
You got fat

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