

# The Venus Of The Soup Kitchen

Prefab Sprout

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

Woah, woah, woah, woah, 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, woah, woah, woah, woah

When you're scared of down and out  
You camouflage your fear with a fakin' DJ 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  
Singing, 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, woah, woah, woah, 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 night)  
Last night I dreamed  
I dared to raise my head

The Venus of the soup kitchen stood over me  
Singing

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