

## Bread

Todd Rundgren

Sleeping at night in a plaster board box  
Scratching the earth with the nails on my fingers  
And the ground pukes up rocks and rocks and more rocks  
And when the seeds finally reach the ground  
It's all been for nothing

I hear the cries of children at night  
I watch their faces grow sallow with hunger  
Who draws the line between what's wrong and right  
And when I ask my life is for  
It's all been for nothing

Save your regrets for the dead, but for the living  
Give them love and give them bread  
One more hungry mouth to be fed  
Remember the living  
Give them love, give them bread

Standing in the light of the kitchen screen door  
Like some kind of untouchable stuck in calcutta  
I almost forget what I'm standing here for  
And I don't know what to do but I know  
I won't leave with nothing

Where are the days when life was carefree  
Why must I suffer this, what was my crime  
Begging or thievery, which shall it be  
Is there no other choice for me  
I can't live with nothing

Justice only comes to the dead  
And when they ask me what life is for  
I must give them something