

# From Carmens Row

① I live in a world where men hung'ring for love  
 Destroy everything lovable 'bout themselves  
 Where stomachs laurn & keep on what they can  
 & white spirit is the only relief on the shelf

Oh lord, there are so many people  
 forever barred down the wony tower  
 & what used to be wrong is now white man's law  
 protecting the profits of power

Middle

The devil is dealing the winners  
 & along with our souls everything has a price  
 & love's out the same on the roll of a dice

② Above the streets where the billboards look down  
 A child spray guns → Rome & Vermont  
 While the girl on the board looks indifferently down  
 Upon a man whose just waken to drink the last  
 of his booze

2nd Ch. Oh lord, what will happen to this world  
 That long ago abandoned fair play  
 So many people these days just piss in the wind  
 & their words flow down the gutter to the drain

Middle

Vs. 1 & Ch.

June 86 Bankill.

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