

The Ministry of Social Affairs

PJ Harvey

See them sitting, in the rain
As the sky is darkening
Three lines of traffic are edging past
The ministry of social affairs
At a junction on the ground
An amputee and a pregnant hound
Sit by the young men with withered arms
As if death had already passed

Through every alleyway, and left
A million beggars silhouettes
Near where the money changers sit
By their locked glass cabinets
What has happened, let go and ask
The ministry of social affairs
Near where the money changers sit
By their locked glass cabinets

That's what they want, oh yeah
Money, honey
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