

# Bitter To The South

Latin Quarter

Think in the year of the refugee  
Or maybe it was the year of the child or the aged  
I sat with Thomas in a bar he was drinking with a women  
There  
I asked him 'Tell me all about your younger rebel days'

Well the way this women was there you could see she  
Wasn't messing  
Thomas wasn't missing much of that  
He said, 'You know this is such a small corner of the  
World we have here'  
Somedays we thought we could conquer all

Then the so cold wind from the north comes blowing  
Bitter to the south  
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Bitter to the south  
It takes the fruit out of the earth, it takes the food  
Out of the mouth  
The so cold wind from the north comes blowing bitter to  
The south  
Bitter to the south

'We are the world' was on the juke-box in the corner  
There was a faded turtle poster up in Spanish on the  
Wall  
Thomas said, 'Pretty beads and charity is all that they  
Afford us  
Well ain't invited to the feast but end up paying for  
It all'

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There ain't no year for the refuge  
There ain't no year for the child  
There ain't no year for the aged  
There's just these years of the debt

But my lover and I, still we go where life leads us  
Send a message to your masters  
Tell them 'Nothing's over yet'

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