

Let Him Bleed

The Rubettes

Far below the light lies, a silent solemn man
Counting all his memories, in tumble down repose
Dying from a thousand self inflicted cuts and nicks
Seeing yet not seeing, hearing without hearing
Groping for oblivion and hoping it comes quick

Bereft of love he may be though perchance he still has hope
But chance is fading rapidly and losing to the dope
And fixing on his tourniquet, he never used to need
He's writing and twisting, zero hope and sinking
Veins beyond recall and eyes that cease to plead

How it hurts, and how it pains
To see a man so down and out, said the fine gentleman
And how I'd love to help him, I truly would indeed
But suppers waiting for me, so let him bleed...

Throwing out your well robed arms, to the boys down at the club
They gladly buy your ale and tales of sin
But better you had pity, on the junkie that you saw
Than all your boozing and your whoring, your yachting and your skiing
And all the friendless friendships that you win

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Closeted indifference and wall to wall scorn
And your blue ropes of office, while the true ones are never worn
Living with no conscience, is to never breathe the air
All the shares you're not sharing, and the stocks for your stocking
I never knew a dignitary with fewer social cares

So, keep on patronising Oxfam, keep it all on show
The cheques still on the mantelpiece from two long years ago
I think that I could bear you, if you'd only admit
But you don't give a damn, your concern was all a sham...
Stuff your charity!