

Cold Cold Ground

Tom Robinson

Call me digger, I don't have no other name
Don't want no hassle next time I'm making my claim
Long ago and far away
My dad was an animal but that's okay
Hitched to the city, now I'm here to stay
Begging on the cold, cold ground

Some people cuss and kick or spit in your face
Some just slip you a quid and quicken their pace
If you were me, the roles reversed
Don't try to tell me you'd escape the curse
Every alternative's so much worse
Than begging on the cold cold ground

Beg, beg, begging
The rain keeps hammering down
Beg, beg, begging
Begging on the cold, cold ground

I got smooth white skin, so I do much better than some
Some girls mother me, some men wanna have fun
Late tonight when you're in bed
Or sat up surfing on the World Wide Web
You'll forget the beggar boy you just met
Begging on the cold, cold ground

Beg, beg, begging
The rain keeps hammering down
Beg, beg, begging
Begging on the cold, cold ground

Don't kid yourself that you're immune
The 21st Century will be here soon
Fucked in a gutter, howling at the moon
And begging on the cold, cold ground

Beg, beg, begging
Why don't you give me a pound?
Beg, beg, begging
Begging on the cold, cold ground

Am I alright? You might well ask
A sop to your conscience as you walk on past
You sad motherfuckers can kiss my arse
I'm begging on the cold, cold ground