

BREADLINE

(Neil Murray)

He's like a sheepdog off the chain tonight
And the girl looks good standing in the streetlight
But there's no room for him in her mind
'Cause she can see he's on the breadline

Just a bit of lovin' come on home and make it true now
Just a bit of livin' bit more luck to push it through

We walks along now without a setback
He don't believe in any handicap
Fate to him is just a brat
He's gonna hit the big time in spite of that, all right

Just a bit of lovin' come on home and make it true now
Just a bit of livin' bit more luck to push it through

Could you still cope with life
Without a home, a job, a wife?
Why don't you face the facts?
You can never be sure of any of that
Look out in your own backyard
There's people like that livin' under the stars

We're all makin' it on the breadline
Drop your tools on the production line
Stick with us or you'll fall behind
'Cause we're all makin' it on the breadline

There he is again
He's yellin' his head off to his friends
He says there's never any credit given
When credit should be due
Well I've worked my guts out
To see it's all shot through
And we're still livin' on the breadline

Work it out come on
Just a bit of wear and tear
Fish for mudcrabs, dig for lizards
That's all it takes livin' on the breadline

Could you still cope with life
Without a home, a job, a wife?
Why don't you face the facts?
You can never be sure of any of that
'Cause we're unloved, unrecognized
Looking rejection in the eye

We're all makin' it on the breadline
Drop your tools on the production line
Stick with us or you'll fall behind
'Cause we're all makin' it on the breadline

We're all makin' it on the breadline, c'mon
Drop your tools on the production line
Stick with us or you'll fall behind
'Cause we're all makin' it on the breadline

We're all makin' it on the breadline
We're all makin' it on the breadline