Tramp The Dirt Down

Words and Music by D P A MacManus









© 1988 Sideways Songs Administered by Plangent Visions Music, Inc. All Rights Reserved Used by Permission



























D.S al Coda





Verse 2

And now the cynical ones say that it all ends the same in the long run. Try telling that to the desperate father who just squeezed the life from his only son,

And how it's only voices in your head and dreams you never dreamt. (Try telling him the subtle difference between justice and contempt.)

Verses at A

- 1. (Try telling me she isn't angry with this pitiful discontent.)
- 2. When they flaunt it in your face as you line up for punishment.
- 3. And then expect you to say 'Thank you', straighten up, look proud and pleased.
- 4. Because you've only got the symptoms, you haven't got the whole disease.
- 5. Just like a schoolboy, whose head's like a tin can, filled up with
- dreams then poured down the drain.
- 6. Try telling that to the boys on both sides, being blown to bits or beaten and maimed.

D.S.

Well I hope you live long now, I pray the Lord your soul to keep I think I'll be going before we fold our arms and start to weep. I never thought for a moment that human life could be so cheap 'Cause when they finally put you in the ground, They'll stand there laughing and tramp the dirt down.