

Eight million children sniffing glue on the street

Selling their young bodies for something to eat

Offering sex like a slice of cheap meat

It's child prostitution in the Brazilian heat

Then it's back to the glue for a Sao Paulo treat

Where the cops show no mercy on their merciless beat

With their dreams of Selecao but still nothing to eat

Death on their faces and a ball at their feet.

FIFA's in town but they're not offering a seat

To the children of Rio with no shoes on their feet.

The media's turned up for the meet and the greet

But they've no time for children with no classroom seat.

For the story's about Neymar with the world at his feet

It's not about favelas in the Sao Paulo heat

It's all about beaches and the Rio elite

And the European jet-set and the Samba hot beat.

And the endless partying makes the carnival complete

While the descendants of slavery eke it out on the street

And when the riots get close, press the key for delete.

No money for houses when there's stadia to complete

No money for schools in the global race to compete

No money for hospitals for the kids on the street

The rich get the money cause they know how to cheat.

They tell us that Globalisation will liberate us all

No need to worry when Brazil's got the ball

They're all millionaires but they've got us in thrall

Football's the opiate and we answer the call

But the drug is wearing thin in the South American heat

With the unions and protesters forcing a government retreat

Pacification of the favelas is an impossible feat

While Brazil's desperate children still have nothing to eat.

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World Cup Deliberations.

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