

Solomon Tesfaye (Schoofs)

INTRO: C D G A Am C D Em

Em D C B7

There is a poor man in a land so far away
His battered body bears the name of Solomon Tesfaye
He rises in the morning and slaves for all the day
And at night, he returns to hear his children cry

CHORUS

C D Em C D Em
Oh.... Oh, Solomon Tesfaye...
C D G A
For you living's just a way of killing time
Am C D Em
Killing time until you die *(repeat last line 3x at end)*

Em D C B7
His children go hungry and weeping off to bed
While the shadows of the fire sadly dance upon the wall
Solomon is sorry that he couldn't bring them bread
And he mutters that he doesn't really understand it all **CHORUS**

Em D C B7
A dirty country hut is the only home he's had
Inside his sickly wife slowly goes about her chores
Solomon sits and wonders why his luck has been so bad
All the days add to nothing though his hands are raw and sore **CHORUS**

Em D C B7
His tiny bit of land has failed him once again
All his toils and his trouble have amounted next to nil
Sometimes he desires that his suffering would end
That his family and he could have their dishes filled **CHORUS**

Em D C B7
He coughs a bit of blood up and spits in on the ground
He is weary of the struggle with a life of poverty
He peers into the darkness and listens for a sound
But all he hears is the aching of his growing misery **CHORUS**