

Fat Cats

This rusty globe
it doth revolve
around its weary sun
and though some may think our problems solved
they've only just begun

For some are good
at turning ears
not lis'ning to the cries
they just won't hear. no matter what
for there's comfort in the lies

The lies that serve
those chosen few
that hold the reins of power
they dare not care
for me or you
it turns their profits sour

They'll spite the nose
right on their face
just to keep their money
their gluttony
lacks any grace
their greed it isn't funny

While Wall Street laughs
at our expense
the laws are on their side
and politicians
give defense
their pockets open wide

Go on admit
the fault is ours!
we make them strong and able
while we just gaze
for hours and hours
at our games and cable

The dumbing down
of ev'ryone
is the real price we've paid
it's far too late
what's done is done
and the fat cats lead the parade.