

Paper Gold

Do you recall when we sold our souls
To the man with the smile that could win us all?
The moment when we all lost hold
Of everything but this?
The almighty dollar has a cast-iron grip
And cold, cruel fingers that will never slip
The noose draws tight below hushed red lips
Which lied and schemed and kissed

*Do you count your bodies in paper gold?
Is it oil and wealth when all's been told?
Your hands are stained and your eyes are cold
As you take command
You line their graves as you line your purse
It's money in the bank as the tanks roll first
You'll never have enough to quench your thirst
It's a crimson land
Yes it's a red land*

I wonder what they'll teach come fifty years
About wars and pain and guts and tears
And the history books on the classroom shelves
Will we glorify or condemn ourselves?
Will they speak with pride as the young stand tall,
And the old smile back with tears at it all?
Or will the next generation hide its face
And wish we'd learnt another way?
Any other way

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