

# The Bottom Line

## The GC5

Coming out of the womb the world feels like a tomb  
Wee heavily indebted  
From the cradle to the grave, wee always slaves  
Always tugging at credit  
See the misery and the poverty  
And how they exacerbate it  
While wee breakin' our backs tryin' to pay back  
Loans made to dictators  
And I don know why we sacrifice our children  
But it follows from your premises  
Theye just dollars and cents, theye just resources to expend  
Somewhere there a bottom line more important than yours  
The financial vultures have built a culture  
That pits us against our brothers  
And wel always bleed as long as greed  
Can hide under freedom cover  
Their debt relief a source of constant grief  
To those who bear it burden  
While the money flows North more than back and forth  
From the coffers of free trade servants  
Little girl born in a cemetary  
All around her is dead and buried  
Born into a world devoid of hope  
Little girl born in a cemetary  
Knowing nothing of the burden shel carry  
Your accounting owes her more than this

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