Frans Hals

McCarthy

They calculate how much it takes to starve a rat
And send it out to me
Sleeping in the trash
Begrudging everything
They're keen to deal with me
So yesterday I
This land informs meThese are better days
You stop your money
There's no more money
We've already paid
We're making money
I said you're joking
The rich are out to get to me
They want to see me hung drawn and quartered
You bastards gave me
And I will pinch you dry
It's not much to do
It's all I can do
But one day soon
The poor will deal with you
Make your will out mate
They know your names and they know your faces
Make your will out mate
They know your names and they know your faces
They will deal with you
They'll really deal with you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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