

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 me These 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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