Mr. Briefcase

Lee Ritenour

Businessman, green sedan
Ssold his soul to reach his goal
Working his way up the ladder
Success is the ends and his lies are the meansBusiness cards, big cigars
Smiles conceal a rotten deal
Money can talk and he knows it
One piece of paper can make you or break youOh - It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase ?
What do you keep in that bag of tricks ?
Is there anything in that briefcase ?(If I) sign my name (must I) play the game ?
A deal's a deal (if it's) signed and sealed
No time to feel sorry for losers
A cat gets the mouse and the dog eats the dog - OhBusinessman, shake my hand
Tell me lies, but hide your eyes
Hang on real tight to your briefcase
If you should lose it, you'll have To stand naked like meIt's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase ?
What do you keep in that bag of tricks ?
Is there anything in at all ?Oh - It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase ?
What do you keep in that bag of tricks ?
Is there anything at all ?
Is there anything at all ?
Is there anything at all in that briefcase?

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