

Big Wedge (Live Version 2005)

Fish

I found a new religion yesterday; I'd just cleared immigration; JFK.
A priest got in a cadillac; the shoe shine boy sang gospel,
As God and his accountants drove away.

You'll see him coast to coast on live tv, in a stadium,
Rocked by Satan just the night before.
The collection from the faithful is tax free.

It'll pay for his presidential campaign and his yacht;
And we all bow down, we bow down to the Big Wedge,
And we'll buy ourselves some heaven on earth.
We sell our souls, sell our souls for Big Wedge.

Are we selling out tomorrow for today?
A surgeon checks your plastic on the telephone;
A casio concerto entertains you while you hold.
Your credit rating's good for a Madonna or a Bardot,
A Dali or a Picasso, for his wall.

You're looking good, looking good with Big Wedge.
Are you holding back tomorrow for today?
They're driving in, driving in with Big Wedge.
Are we selling out tomorrow for today?
You'll sell the ground beneath your feet;
You'll sell your oil, you'll sell your trees.

You ideals and integrity, your culture and your history,
Your children into slavery, to labour in their factories,
Your mother and your family.
You'll sell the world eventually.

The IMF and CIA; there's just no difference, they're all the same!
It just depends on what's your point of view.
America, America the big wedge,
And they're buying up your tomorrow with promises;
The promises of Big Wedge and they'll break them,
Like your hearts another day.
When you find out that you've left it just too late,
And find that you're the only one to blame;
That you sold out your tomorrow for Big Wedge.

Songwriters

DICK, DEREK WILLIAM/SIMMONDS, MIKEPublished by

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