

What Are You Working For

Big Country

There was a crooked man and he wore a crooked smile
He built a crooked highway and it ran for miles and miles
With money from the revenue and sponsorship from Ford
But it barely holds together with the goodwill of the Lord
In the penthouse of the baron, the little children sleep
Daddy talks to smugglers while armed gorillas creep
Poison for the great unwashed, business for the mob
Another teenage murder, it's trouble on the job
Now I see what I must see
The poor do time the rich go free
You keep the faith and they keep score
Is this what you are working for
A newsleak in the city, another scandal breaks
Sex and drugs in city hall, someone on the make
Legal bounty hunters aim their lawsuits well
The victim talks to Playboy says I guess I'll go to hell

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