

Business Of America

[Ari Hest](#)

Faith is a victim of circumstance
In this shallow age
It doesnt stand a chanceJust when you think that it cant get worse
They will twist your words
So they sound perverse
Oh, can I believe in my America?
Oh, in the business of AmericaGather up the goods like a good robot
It isnt what you are
It is what you gotPay no attention to the dying man
If he aint got cash
We wont lend a handOh, can I believe in my America
Oh, in the business of America
Oh, thats the system at work
Everybodys a jerkOh, can I believe in my America
Oh, hard to believe in my America
Oh, thats the system at work
Everybodys a jerk
Gotta get the most, all thats mine, mine, mine
And ignore the ones
Who are left behind

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