

# Golden Parachutes

## Desaparecidos

Services that don't exist  
Swapping the derivatives  
When you're betting on both red and black  
It's dealer's choice the deck is always stacked Now he runs the company  
Cable news celebrity  
They put him on the front of Forbes  
He parades the bull like he's a matador It's a frat house full of silver spoons  
Watching pornography of busts and booms  
It's a locker room of CEOs  
Telling dirty jokes They're all betting men who never lose  
And float away on golden parachutes  
It's a bonus not a shake down  
And they're worth every penny  
in my bank account Now that you're too big to fail  
You'll never have to go to jail  
When you own it you can rob the bank  
A bloated Dillinger a spray-tanned Jesse James It's a frat house full of silver spoons  
Watching pornography of busts and booms  
It's a locker room of CFOs  
Telling racist jokes They're all betting men who never lose  
And float away on golden parachutes  
And if Main Street wants a hand out  
In their underwater houses let them drown

Lyrics provided by

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