The Richest Man in Babylon

Thievery Corporation

There is no guidance in your kingdom
Your wicked walk in Babylon
There is no wisdom to your freedom
The richest man in BabylonYour beggars sleep outside your doorway
Your prophets leave to wonder on
You fall asleep at night with worry
The saddest man in BabylonThe wicked stench of exploitation
Hangs in the air and fingers on
Beneath the praise and admiration
The weakest man in BabylonThere is no hope left in your kingdom
Your servants have burned all their songs
Nobody here remembers freedom
The richest man in Babylon

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