

# The World Isn't Fair

Randy Newman

When Karl Marx was a boy  
he took a hard look around  
He saw people were starving all over the place  
while others were painting the town  
The public spirited boy  
became a public spirited man  
So he worked very hard and he read everything  
until he came up with a plan There'll be no exploitation  
of the worker or his kin  
No discrimination 'cause of the color of your  
skin  
No more private property  
It would not be allowed  
No one could rise too high  
No one could sink too low  
or go under completely like some we all know If Marx were living today  
he'd be rolling around in his grave  
And if I had him here in my mansion on the hill  
I'd tell him a story t'would give his old heart  
a chill It's something that happened to me  
I'd say, Karl I recently stumbled  
into a new family  
with two little children in school  
where all little children should be  
I went to the orientation  
All the young mommies were there  
Karl, you never have seen such a glorious sight  
as these beautiful women arrayed for the night  
just like countesses, empresses, movie stars and  
queens  
And they'd come there with men much like me  
Froggish men, unpleasant to see  
Were you to kiss one, Karl  
Nary a prince would there be

Songwriters

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