

Captured

Dominici

Corrupt politicians, purveyors of law
Give us daily bread, but not a crumb more
Premiers, Presidents and leaders of men
Fleece us like sheep again and again

All we can do is suffer the grief
And shake our heads in disbelief
A penny here, a dollar there
We're nickel'd and dime'd into despair

If we should ever come on days
When all would start to change their ways
There'd still be some who would only see
A brand new opportunity

I'd go along and wag my tail
But still they'd throw me in their jail
I watch the news and wonder why
They never seem to catch that guy

He knows the game as well as I
And that is why he won't be
Captured

Now religious leaders speak out
Offensive words cast shadows of doubt
Those who listened but still haven't heard
Live by the sword but they'll die by the word

I sit in my room of closed windows and doors
And ponder my fate as I stare at the floors
If I never let anyone get close to me
Then maybe I can still remain free

Not powdered wigs nor robes of silk
Can ever govern me

Lest I'd be captured

Captured