

Business Of America

Ari Hest

Faith is a victim of circumstance
In this shallow age
It doesn't stand a chance

Just when you think that it can't get worse
They will twist your words
So they sound perverse
Oh, can I believe in my America?
Oh, in the business of America

Gather up the goods like a good robot
It isn't what you are
It is what you got

Pay no attention to the dying man
If he ain't got cash
We won't lend a hand

Oh, can I believe in my America
Oh, in the business of America
Oh, that's the system at work
Everybody's a jerk

Oh, can I believe in my America
Oh, hard to believe in my America
Oh, that's the system at work
Everybody's a jerk
Gotta get the most, all that's mine, mine, mine
And ignore the ones
Who are left behind