

# Call It Democracy

Bruce Cockburn

Padded with power here they come  
International loan sharks backed by the guns  
Of market hungry military profiteers  
Whose word is a swamp and whose brow is smeared  
With the blood of the poor

Who rob life of its quality  
Who render rage a necessity  
By turning countries into labour camps  
Modern slavers in drag as champions of freedom

Sinister cynical instrument  
Who makes the gun into a sacrament  
The only response to the deification  
Of tyranny by so-called "developed" nations'  
Idolatry of ideology

North south east west  
Kill the best and buy the rest  
It's just spend a buck to make a buck  
You don't really give a flying fuck  
About the people in misery

I-M-F dirty M-F  
Takes away everything it can get  
Always making certain that there's one thing left  
Keep them on the hook with insupportable debt

See the paid-off local bottom feeders  
Passing themselves off as leaders  
Kiss the ladies shake hands with the fellows  
Open for business like a cheap bordello

And they call it democracy  
And they call it democracy  
And they call it democracy  
And they call it democracy

See the loaded eyes of the children too  
Trying to make the best of it the way kids do  
One day you're going to rise from your habitual feast  
To find yourself staring down the throat of the beast  
They call the revolution

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Keep them on the hook with insupportable debt