

Profiteers

Fiddler's Green

There's a cold wind blowing through the old east side
and it cuts with the devils's curse
They' re turning our people into the streets

while the landlords line their purse
With the greenback dollar of the tourist trade
there's a fortune to be had
Make way for the out-of-towners
for the tenants it's just too bad

This appears to be their attitude, kick'em until they're down
They' re only welfare cases and pensioners
and they're easily pushed around
We invited the world to come and stay
and celebrate the fair
I wonder if the world will understand
the homeless walking there

I'm alright, Jack, and how about you?
Gonna catch me a wave that's rolling through
and turn a trick or two
I'm alright, Jack, no flies on me
I'm within my rights, my conscience clear
I am the profiteer

The sign says closed for renovations,
this is a con we all see through
It spreads like a poison through the town,
monkey see and monkey do
Turn your slum into a mine squeeze them
hard for every dime
The people will paint you criminals,
but you just can' t see the crime

They' re all bastards with no morals
overcome by a pitiful greed
For years they've taken rent from the tenants
now they bite the hand that feeds
Easily turned a blind eye to all pain and despair
And I hope when the rush is over
that their gold mines all stand bare