

## 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