

The Poor

Nits

A rich man's work always gets done
He spends his days out in the sun
Trusting the figures in the morning
Your sweat - the oil in his machine
You are the eyelid for his dreams
He knows his ten commandments:
Use your neighbours
Love their labour
The poor man's pound is all you get
No matter what you try it's dead
You've learned to write your name, so
Sign these papers
Love your neighbours