

## 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