

There's nothing wrong with Capitalism  
There's nothing wrong with free enterprise  
Don't try to make me feel guilty  
I'm so tired of hearing you cry

There's nothing wrong with making some profit  
If you ask me I'll say it's just fine  
There's nothing wrong with wanting to live nice  
I'm so tired of hearing you whine  
About the revolution  
Bringin' down the rich  
When was the last time you dug a ditch, baby!

If it ain't one thing  
Then it's the other  
Any cause that crosses your path  
Your heart bleeds for anyone's brother  
I've got to tell you you're a pain in the ass

You criticize with plenty of vigor  
You rationalize everything that you do  
With catchy phrases and heavy quotations  
And everybody is crazy but you

You're just a middle class, socialist brat  
From a suburban family and you never really had to work  
And you tell me that we've got to get back  
To the struggling masses (whoever they are)  
You talk, talk, talk about suffering and pain  
Your mouth is bigger than your entire brain  
What the hell do you know about suffering and pain . . .

(Repeat first verse)

(Repeat chorus)

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