

Sci-Finance (Revisited)

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You got some shares, it's a capital venture, you hedge your bets with a gilt-edged bond, you're stretched out tight by the terms of debenture, the game is on.

You got a fortune on paper, how it shines on the VDU! The simple truth is that sooner or later the market plays you.

There goes the daylight! Night comes on the city so soon. In the dance of the typical capitalists what piper plays the tune ?

Money's ideal, money's power, money's the drive that's more than skin-deep, hard at work through the twenty-four hours - oh, but money's never cheap.

You made some pretty deals, I hear you say, Judas and Faust are squeaky clean... when the last of the deals have been cleared away what comes up on the screen ? There goes the daylight - night comes on the city so soon. In the dance of the typical capitalists what piper plays the tune ? Only the money.

But the deal includes us: We put ourselves into the stocks; when we built up the temple of the money-god we opened up Pandora's box. There goes the daylight, now there is silence on the floor, only money-computers chatter privately, no people any more.

No people any more, only the money, only the money, Is that what you want? Is that it? There goes the daylight.