

Mr. Businessman

Ray Stevens

Itemize the things you covet as you squander through your life
Bigger cars, bigger houses, term insurance for your wife
Tuesday evenings with your harlot and
On Wednesdays it's your charlatan
Analyst, he's high upon your list

You've got air-conditioned sinuses and dark, disturbing doubts
About religion, and you keep those cards and letters going out
While your secretary's tempting you,
Your morals are exempting you
From guilt and shame, heaven knows you're not to blame

You better
Take care of business, Mr. Businessman
What's your plan?
Get down to business, Mr. Businessman
If you can
Before it's too late and you throw your life away

Did you see your children growing up today
And did you hear the music of their laughter as they set about to play?
Did you catch the fragrance of those roses in your garden?
Did the morning sunlight warm your soul, brighten up your day?
Do you qualify to be alive
Or is the limit of your senses so as only to survive?
Hey yeah

Spending counterfeit incentive, wasting precious time and health
Placing value on the worthless, disregarding priceless wealth
You can wheel and deal the best of them
And steal it from the rest of them
You know the score, their ethics are a bore

86 proof anæsthetic crutches prop you to the top
Where the smiles are all synthetic and the ulcers never stop
When they take that final inventory,
Yours will be the same sad story
Ev'rywhere, no one will really care
No one more lonely than this rich, important man
Let's have your autograph, endorse your epitaph

You better
Take care of business, Mr. Businessman
What's your plan?
Get down to business, Mr. Businessman
If you can
Hey yeah
Hey hey hey yeah yeah
(repeat and fade out)