

Profiteers

Spirit of the West

There's a cold wind blowin' through the old east side
It cuts with the devil's curse
They're turning our people into the streets, while
The landlords line their purse
With the greenback dollar of the tourist trade
There's a fortune to be had
Make way for the out-of-towners, for
The tenants it's just too bad
This appears to be their attitude.
Kick 'em until they're down
They're only welfare cases and
Pensioners and they're easily pushed around
We've invited the world to come and stay
And celebrate the fair
I wonder if the world will understand
The homeless walkin' there.
I'm alright jack, and how 'bout you?
I'm gonna catch this wave that's rollin' through
And turn a trick or two
I'm alright jack, no flies on me!
I'm within my rights, my conscien
Ce is clear
I am the profiteer
The sign says closed for renovation
This is a con we all see through
It spreads like a poison through the town,
Monkey see and monkey do
Turn your slum into a mine, squeeze 'em
Hard for every dime
The people will paint your criminals, but
You can't see the crime
- chorus -
They're all bastards with no morals,
Overcome by a pitiful greed
For years they've taken rent from
The tenants, now they bite the hand that feeds
They've easily turned a blind eye to
All pain and despair
And I pray when they rush is over that
Their gold mines all stand bare
I'm alright jack and how about you?
Gonna catch me a wave that's
Rollin' thought and turn a trick or two
I'm alright jack, no flies on me!!
I'm within my rights, my conscience clear
I am the profiteer.