

You got some shares in a speculative venture,
you got some stock in a gilt-edged bond,
you stretched out tight by the terms of debenture,
the game is on...
You chase the bulls in eternal corrida,
the thought of loss is more than you can bear,
you scan the index for a market leader,
a tip and a prayer,
You better see daylight:
night comes on the City so soon.
You say you are a christian capitalist,
but you dance to a different tune.
Jobs for the boys and dole for the shop-floor;
rationalize, strip the assets and run
If the contract stalls, then you've just got to cop more, ain't
Monopoly fun?
You made some pretty deals along the way,
Judas and Faust are in accord.
When the revolution comes you may be blown away,
but I bet you'll end up on the board...
Only the money.
Only the money.
Sometime in the future you may realize that the day
you made your decision to follow money as a goal was
your darkest dawn--and that, since then, you have
venerated figures as deities; and, for you,
people are just pawns.
But that deal includes you:
you're just an asset like the rest,
and you, too, stripped naked, beg the Money-God
not to put you to the test
He's got no further use for you
Now, there is silence on the floor.
Clever money-computers chatter privately.
No people any more.
Only the money.