

Fistful of Dollars

Vice Squad

A fistful of dollars, a nuclear warhead
A few dollars more, arms galore
A fistful of dollars gotta win the arms race
They'd kill us all for a few dollars

A cracked old actor runs the country
Reading scripts from old 'B' movies
Finger on the button, head in the clouds
Still doing anything to please the crowds

Biggest is best the American way
Living and lie from day to day
A flash car only boosts the ego
Fuel economy out the window

History and heritage, they haven't got
Though that doesn't mean a lot
They pride themselves on their wild west past
Would be cowboys to the last.