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A Girl Called Eddy "Filthy Greedy Guilt"

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Blood on his hands, blood on his feet It's the trial of the century Set him free and fill your wallet It's your choice so go on and call it You call it justice, i call it shit But we're gonna have to live with it There's nothing much that we can do The rich go free while the poor get screwed

Buy your freedom, sell your conscience Buy your freedom, sell your conscience

How can you look into the mirror and not see a heartless demon Cause when i look into your eyes that's all i'm fuckin seeing You make a living telling lies Ignoring innocent peoples' cries You have no compassion you greedy fuck And you'd sell your soul to make a fucking buck

Buy you freedom, sell your conscience Buy your freedom, sell your conscience

Lying rich bastards drunk with power Charge an arm and a leg just to talk four an hour Tell them your story as we see it on t.v. As reporters feed blood across our screen The nation knows you did it The lawyers know the law The judge knows your guilty, but your free on a flaw If you have a load of money then it's plain to see The poor get incarcerated and the rich go free Kills his kids and beats his wife You try to set him free and that's not right It's not alright You knew he was guilty But he was greedy and wealthy His clothes still filthy Filthy rich is what you fucking crave As you count your money night and day

You bought your car, you even bought your wife At the expense of someone else's life

Buy your freedom, sell your conscience Buy your freedom, sell your conscience

Justice system Buy your freedom Fuck this system Sell your conscience

Justice system Buy your freedom Fuck this system Sell your conscience

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