

Cheryl Wheeler

"The Bank"

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(Cheryl Wheeler)

We're the Bank. We're not your friend. We want those records

And we want them sent this afternoon
Or your gross expenses will balloon
And you'll only have yourself to thank
Write "attention clerk", 'cause it's the way we work
And we're the bank.

We're the bank, get a grip, get in line
And in triplicate we'll need for sure
Everything you've ever signed before
As to cost we haven't mentioned yet to you
You can bet on one thing,
You'll be at the closing when we do.

Your tax returns are ours to keep, with what you earn
Until the final sleep, and even then
We've assured ourselves, at your expense,
Crossing t's and dotting all the i's
To be paid in full within a day or two
Of your demise.

And we will call, a million times, for bills and forms
That you will never find, and we'll insist
That without these we cannot progress
When we have these documents in hand
We'll assess time lost and probably raise your cost
By several grand.

We are the bank, with walls of stone, and heads of steel
And though in ads we're shown to smile and nod
This is PR if there ever was
So just forget that warm and friendly bit
Because I swear by god, it's a complete and utter
Crock of shit...

