

Fiddler's Green

"Profiteers"

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There's a cold wind blowing through the old east side
and it cuts with the devil's curse
They're turning our people to 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 invited the world to come and stay
and celebrate the fair
I wonder if the world will understand
the homeless walking there

I'm alright, Jack, and how about you?
Gonna catch me a wave
that's rolling through
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

The sign says closed for renovations
this is a con we all see through
It spreads like a poison through this town
monkey see and monkey do

Turn your slum into a mine
squeeze them hart for every dime
The people will paint you criminals,
you just can't see the crime

I'm alright...

Now they're all bastards with no morals
overcome by a pitiful greed

for years they've taken rents from the tenants
now they bite the hand that feeds
Easily turned a blind eye
to all pain and despair
And I hope when the rush is over that
their gold mines all stand bare

I'm alright...

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