

John Fogerty "Mr. Greed"

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Mr. Greed, why you got to own everything that you see?
Mr. Greed, why you put a chain on everybody livin'
free?
You're hungerin' for his house, you're hungerin' for his
wife
And your appetite will never be denied
You're a devil of consumption, I hope you choke, Mr.
Greed

How do you get away with robbin'?
Did your mother teach you how?
I hear you got away with murder
Did you do your Mama proud?

Mr. Greed, why you got to take more than you can ever
use?
Bring 'em to their knees, isn't it enough just to win while
they lose?
You bring no honor to the game, you feast upon the
blood and pain
But the bones you hoard can only bring you shame
There's corruption in your path, be that your epitaph,
Mr. Greed

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Did your mother teach you how?
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Mr. Greed
Mr. Greed
Mr. Greed

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