

Leslie Carter

"Robbing The Poor"

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We see you comin' in your Pontiac.
Bulging briefcase sittin' like that.
You lean back, smile, and look us down small,
An' boom out sweetly, "How're you all?"
But we know what you are; you're robbin' the poor.

Close those funerals, no matter what.
It goes through channels, you take a cut.
You've got your hooks in all over town.
The mayor just smiles 'cause our noise is kept down,
But we know what you do; you're robbin' the poor.

(musical interlude)

What can we do, where can we go?
It takes much coin to learn how to know.
Folks with cash can scratch where they itch,
So it's not that easy robbin' the rich.
And there more profit, too, in robbin' the poor

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