

Ray Quinn

"Mr Businessman"

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Itemize the things you covet
As you squander through your life
Bigger cars, bigger houses
Term insurance for your wife
Tuesday evenings with your harlot
And on Wednesdays it's your charlatan
Analyst, he's high upon your list

You've got air conditioned sinuses
And dark disturbing doubt about religion
And you keep those cards and letters going out
While your secretary's tempting you
Your morals are exempting you from guilt and shame
Heaven knows you're not to blame

You better, Take care of business Mr. Businessman
What's your plan?
Get down to business Mr. Businessman if you can
Before it's too late
And you throw your life away

Did you see your children growing up today
And did you hear the music of their laughter
As they set about to play
Did you catch the fragrance of those roses in your
garden
Did the morning sunlight warm your soul,
Brighten up your day
Do you qualify to be alive
Or is the limit of your senses so as only to survive
Hey yeah...

Spending counterfeit incentive
Wasting precious time and health
Placing value on the worthless
Disregarding priceless wealth
You can wheel and deal the best of them
And steal it from the rest of them
You know the score, their ethics are a bore

Eighty-six proof anesthetic crutches prop you to the top

Where the smiles are all synthetic
And the ulcers never stop
When they take that final inventory,
Yours will be the same sad story everywhere
No one will really care, no one more lonely than
This rich important man, lets have your autograph
Endorse your epitaph

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What's your plan?
Get down to business Mr. Businessman if you ca-a-a-n
Hey, yeah, hey, hey, hey yeah yeah

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