

# Tree "Paper"

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Little pieces of colored paper  
Feel it's grip and it's will to shape ya  
Kneel before the greed  
That's gonna rape ya  
Call collect to the undertaker  
Little pieces of colored paper  
Valued more than it's very maker  
It is your god  
It is your king  
It puts a price on everything  
Watch the color of our collar  
When you steal the almighty dollar  
The color of money is the color of greed  
That is a shade of green I do not need  
It plagues men's hearts  
Poisons their souls  
They make the money  
But it's in control  
You face the facts  
Then you'd know that it's true  
Its got more of a right to exist than you do  
Put a price on your life  
My pockets are empty  
But my heart is full  
And I don't need money  
To give my life value  
You can buy the land  
But you can't buy the Sky  
There are some things in this world  
That your money can't buy  
THESE DREAMS ARE FREE

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