

## Gc5 "The Bottom Line"

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Coming out of the womb the world feels like a tomb  
We're heavily indebted  
From the cradle to the grave, we're always  
slaves  
Always tugging at credit  
See the misery and the poverty  
And how they exacerbate it  
While we're breakin' our backs tryin' to pay  
back  
Loans made to dictators  
And I don't know why we sacrifice our children  
But it follows from your premises  
They're just dollars and cents, they're  
just resources to expend  
Somewhere there's a bottom line more  
important than yours  
The financial vultures have built a culture  
That pits us against our brothers  
And we'll always bleed as long as greed  
Can hide under freedom's cover  
Their debt relief's a source of constant grief  
To those who bear it's burden  
While the money flows North more than back and forth  
From the coffers of free trade's servants  
Little girl born in a cemetery  
All around her is dead and buried  
Born into a world devoid of hope  
Little girl born in a cemetery  
Knowing nothing of the burden she'll carry  
Your accounting owes her more than this

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