

Michael McGuire "Credo"

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credo

Would you like to buy a little happiness,would you like
to

buy a little soul,would you like to dream a little
life,would

you like to fain a little control,kiss the cook and swallow
the food,bite the waiter lick the mood

*there is a sale for those who can afford not to
care,there

is a sale on nowhere

well she's had plastic surgery on her soul,but i swear
you

cant tell it from the real thing,she couldn't keep up with
the jones's so she just laughed at them,every joker
wants to

be the king,buy low sell high everything is yours,just
leak

your poison you don't have to worry about the cures
*

just shrug off injustice with another line,just make the
space invaders pay

another fine,talk about how you earned it how you
worked so hard,and

how anyone could do the same if they weren't so full of
lard but it's just

another day of all you can take,and our glorious
someday is always on the

make,but there's never a care that's more real than you
are fake,for those

who can afford to say let them eat cake,well it's easy to
ask what are you

worried about,when you make the weather and you
thrive on the

drought,when your the man who puts the with in the
without,when you

sell all your beliefs for the dime of a doubt the only
thing that's not for

sale is mercy.

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