

Patrick Stump "Greed"

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Consumption is consuming me
The laissez hasn't been fair to me
A party for the sea is like a funeral for the beach
And there's a crooked line I don't want to take the time
to straighten
Cause when you do you realize it's the whole damn
world that's bent

Here's the mission: to go omniscient,
To run with scissors and skip the incision,
The truth? It's got vision but it's got no heart,
Keep shrugging on Atlas, while the market goes dark,

Everything goes in waves,
Grasshoppers are gonna party while the ants are going
to save,
Some teams only want to play,
If they get to rig the game,
Shame,

Greed; one of the seven deadly sins,
Many gonna enter, few gonna win,
Always try to notify the next of kin,
Cause many gonna enter, few gonna win

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Good news is everybody gets to have an outlet,
But bad news is everybody gets to have an outlet,
I've been poor and I've been rich,
The first one stung but the second one itched,

The cash is just the rash,
Without the pleasure of the scratch,
Courtesy of
You know? Until you've had yourself a hurricane,
You're gonna fret, you're gonna fret, you're gonna fret,
every raindrop,

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(Greed, greed, greed, greed, greed)

All my Gordon Gekkos and my Bernie Madoffs, I want
to see you,
(Pop your white collars up! Pop your white collars up!)
Offshore accounts, tax havens, swimming pools, movie
stars,
(Pop your white collars up! Pop your white collars up!)
Everybody! I want to see you,
(Pop your white collars up! Pop your white collars up!)
You know, very rarely is good art born in the board
room,
(Pop your white collars up! Pop your white collars up!)
You remember that.

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