

Jethro Tulls Ian Anderson **"Banker Bets, Banker Wins"**

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Education, micro-managed.
MBA: a doddle mastered.
City-bound, Canary Wharf.
A cushy number, fluky bastard.
Banker bets and banker wins, never missed yet, for all his sins.

Hedge funds, wraps and equities.
Lackeys, aides in fierce attendance.
Trusts and gilts, reserve currencies.
Liquid gold in safe ascendance.
Banker bets and banker wins, never missed yet, for all his sins.

Treat myself to quality time,
test a porsche and snort a line,
eat Hermione for lunch.
Set that glum PA a-jumping,
book front-row tickets for something after we munch.

Fast-tracked futures, hard-nut traders.
Feeding frenzy, pigs a-troughing.
Fuelled by forecasts, and hot share options.
Big fat bonus in the offing.

Draconian calls for regulation
are drowned in latte with Starbucks muffin.
Mortgage melt-down: non est mea culpa.
Threatened exit, stage left, laughing...
Banker bets and banker wins, never missed yet, for all his sins.
Banker bets, cheque's in the post: not worth the ink it's written in.

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