

McCarthy

"The Myth Of The North-South Divide"

Visit "[The Myth Of The North-South Divide](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And close the day to think about something
We dance to the melody of the times
We count out feelings by Big Ben's chimes

For here, no one is poor
All of us are rich
We have all lined up on the same side
We are making money, that could never be denied

The streets down here are paved with gold
Or silver at least
For we are living in the sunny Southeast

You Northerners, Scotsmen and Welsh
You know where your enemy's to be found
In the soft, prosperous south bed South

For here, no one is poor
We all roll in it
We've all lined up on the same side
And we don't mind it's the North that's paying for it

The streets down here are paved with gold
Or silver at least
For we are living in the sunny Southeast

But as we see
The real moneybags are pointing the way up a one-way
street
Then if they will then it's work to treat

Oh let's politicize the North-South divide
If it's not a question of class war
We will save ourselves and let us stay poor

Visit [McCarthy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.