

## Tim Be Told

### "Wealth And Poverty"

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Allow me to introduce you to some friends of mine  
They have both kept me company at some point in time  
One takes you captive, her comfort attractive  
While the beggars sit and wait at her door  
And with her you will always want more

Wealth, why do you exist and why are you so hard to resist?  
We purchase, we pay; we hope it gets better  
But hope is sold for the day  
Wealth and poverty stay

Then there's Poverty she's hard to shake  
'Cause till death do us part is the same as forever  
She'll rob you dry, oh you should see her cry  
When you find out you don't have anymore  
She replies "that is why you are poor"

Poverty, should you exist? "Yes of course," the rich men insist  
They'll give you a dollar and hope it gets better  
But hope is sold for the day  
Wealth and Poverty stay

Why does it have to be so separate and clean?  
Abundance, destitution, no in-between  
And why do we desperately cling to our extremes?

Mercy, do you exist? "Yes of course," the good men insist  
But mercy is silent 'cause no one will let her give us hope for the day  
Wealth and Poverty stay

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