

Stompin Tom "Market Place"

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The consumer, they call us, we're the people that buy
While everyone else is out to sell, some kind of
merchandise

We run to the boss and tell him, we need a bit more
gold

Some tax deductions later, and we still wind up in the
hole.

Chorus:

Oh, yes we are the people running in the race,
Buying up the bargains in the old marketplace,
Another sale on something, we'll buy it while it's hot
And save a lot of money spending money we don't
got.-we-X2

The consumer they call us, we always get a fair shake
We buy a fridge that doesn't freeze, and a stove that
doesn't bake

We can't buy nothing lasting les we get that raise in pay
And they'd only charge more for the things that cost us
less today

The consumer, they call us, we're fussy what we eat.
We look at the price of the T-bone steak, and buy
hamburg meat-

In all those fancy packages they take down from the
shelf-

They're always full of good fresh air when they're not
full of nothing else.

Chorus:

The consumer they call us, when the man comes in the
door

To give us a deal on the vacuum, if we buy a rug for the
floor

And how do we pay to finance? When the monthly bills
arrive?

They just send down the bailiff to repossess the car we
drive...

The consumer is what they call us, we're always deep
in debt.

>From buyin drawers in discount stores to fixin the
T.V.set.

We go to the bank for the money, and sign for another
loan,

And pray the Lord doesn't see us stop in the tavern

half-way home.
Chorus: repeat:
Play melody on the guitar, and end.

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