

The GC5 "The Bottom Line"

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Coming out of the womb the world feels like a tomb
We're heavily indebted
From the cradle to the grave, we're
always slaves
Always tugging at credit
See the misery and the poverty
And how they exacerbate it
While we're breakin' our backs tryin' to
pay back
Loans made to dictators
And I don't know why we sacrifice our
children
But it follows from your premises
They're just dollars and cents,
they're just resources to expend
Somewhere there's a bottom line more
important than yours
The financial vultures have built a culture
That pits us against our brothers
And we'll always bleed as long as greed
Can hide under freedom... cover
Their debt relief... a source of constant
grief
To those who bear it... burden
While the money flows North more than back and forth
From the coffers of free trade... servants
Little girl born in a cemetery
All around her is dead and buried
Born into a world devoid of hope
Little girl born in a cemetery
Knowing nothing of the burden she'll
carry
Your accounting owes her more than this

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