

Chicago, I'd Rather Be Rich (Previously Unissued)

I'd rather be rich, it sounds a little funny
If diggin' a ditch would earn me lots of money
I'd dig like a fool in the land of milk and honey
Where every thing's cool
Provided you have money, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'd rather be rich, just short of being greedy
I'm eager to switch, to hell with being needy
I'd rather be rich, the truth of cash is tragic
The system's a bitch
But money works like magic, yeah, yeah, yeah
Money makes the world go round
Buy and sell it by the pound
Bitter truth that I have found
Food to eat, shoes on your feet
Maybe some heat, you live with defeat
Money gets you justice, money sets you free
Money makes it possible to be or not to be
Money is the power, money is the key
Sad and so unfortunate
But real as it can be, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'd rather be rich, than what the other choice is
My thumb out to hitch, or riding in Rolls Royces
'Cause I ain't no fool in the land of milk and honey
Where every thing's cool
Until you lose your money, yeah, yeah, yeah