

Jack Bruce, Grease The Wheels

You say I've got no conscience
And I'm cold as driven snow
So I do a little planning
Just to make the money flow
Staying well dressed
Don't make me into a heel
If you're talking civilization
You know you've got to grease the wheels

You say I got no morals
And I'm living high and fine
'Cos I spread some bait around
Just to hustle past the lines
Call me a looter
Don't make me want to squeal
If you're talking civilization
You know you've got to grease the wheels

Don't worry I'm not troubled
When my workload starts to double
And my buildings all come tumblin' down
Have to make myself a holiday
And wash away those crying sounds...

You say that I've been steppin'
On the population's feet
'Cos I moved some ammunition
And now it's on the street
Sniffin' gold spoons
Doesn't make me feel unreal (I'm real you know)
If you're talking civilization
You know you've got to grease the wheels
If you're talking civilization
You know you've got to grease the wheels