

Joe Jackson, Throw It Away

Wake up this mornin' and the paper's on the mat
Poor getting poorer and the rich are getting fat again
Up in the towers all the bosses sitting sneezing
A half asleep and the rest all start to squeezing
Don't worry 'bout it baby, don't try to understand
You got your answer in your hand, throw it away
Throw it away, throw it away
Throw it away, throw it away
Wake up this morning there's a letter on the mat
Big brother wanna know where little brother's at again
Life is a peace of paper, goes on forever
Sign on the dotted line or end up in the river drowned
Don't worry 'bout it baby
Don't try to understand
You got the answer in your hand
Throw it away