

Rocky Votolato, Prison Is Private Property

the have nots have had enough and now they're out to kill the king
of what looks to be an evil empire where short-term earnings mean everything
there's a pressure to deliver here, your gonna get hurt if you don't play this game
nobody will ever know, just the CEO to the CFO
if you can work some magic, we can double our paychecks, so make the #s look right
wall street is a ruthless mistress with a quick and painful judgment
temptation is in deep now, threads of greed run through this fabric
weaving tapestries over your eyes to prepare the landscapes for disaster
anthrax or a plane crash, biochemical, or even nuclear attacks
integrity is too damn expensive, discount the price but still
nobody's buying so come up with the money boys or you'll be chocking on a barrel
and it just might be your own finger squeezing on the trigger
call in the reinforcements

you're working hard on a life of your own
three square meals and a place to call home
the American dream can be found here if you keep your mouth closed
but the teeth you keep clinched is what's killing the chance
your mouth is watering as you imagine
swallowing each new possession
its building a prison

you'll think there's a place where you made it
you searched for this your whole life
new answers will satisfy but then you realize it's never enough
that's the slickest marketing I've ever seen - a spiraling trap
with enough ambition and a firm set of rules you can have anything you want
you can walk right out into the world and capture and kill god
in a little box or a little book to be understood
but no one can argue with the good sense and strength of a solid foundation
or with the weakness born when corruption is the rule and not the exception
I'm trying hard to forget everything I thought I knew
you've climbed much too high to let the truth stop you now
or to concern yourself with the investments of