

Trees, Paper

Little pieces of colored paper
Feel its grip and its will to shape ya
Kneel before the greed
that's gonna rape ya
Call collect to the undertaker
little pieces of colored paper
valued more than its very maker
It is your god
It is your king
It puts a price on everything
Watch the color of our collar
when you steal the almighty dollar
The color of money is the color of greed
That is a shade of green I do not need
It plagues men's hearts
poisons their souls
They make the money
but its in control
You face the facts
then you'd know that its true
its got more of a right to exist than you do
Put a price on your life
My pockets are empty
but my heart is full
and I don't need money
to give my life value
You can buy the land
but you can't buy the Sky
There are some things in this world
that your money can't buy
THESE DREAMS ARE FREE