

Arcade Fire, Martha Stewart

Our Christmas bonus
Was spared with patience
While men who owned us
Took paid vacations
They tried to clone us
To fight deflation
They should have blown us
What?
For reparations

Instead we eavesdropped
Found secret files
Of bad accounting
In shredded piles
As pressure mounted
So did denials
Evidence will drag those criminals
To face the man in trial

Good-bye Martha my dear!
Go Away

Taking down upper management. What?
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For all those who work honestly
Building up our economy
Some bosses take the liberty
To take our money happily
Though what's up falls eventually
They tore down our economy
Lock them up in a penitentiary
Hide the key for half a century

Good-bye Martha my dear!
Go Away

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Captains go down with their ships
Not jump ship as they go down
All these pricks stood back
And watched their companies drown
They paid us with junk bonds
Sold stocks before the sale
But they failed! All Hail!
To Chief Execs going to jail!

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