

# Big Country, What Are You Working For

There was a crooked man and he wore a crooked smile  
He built a crooked highway and it ran for miles and miles  
With money from the revenue and sponsorship from Ford  
But it barely holds together with the goodwill of the Lord

In the penthouse of the baron, the little children sleep  
Daddy talks to smugglers while armed gorillas creep  
Poison for the great unwashed, business for the mob  
Another teenage murder, it's trouble on the job

Now I see what I must see  
The poor do time the rich go free  
You keep the faith and they keep score  
Is this what you are working for

A newsleak in the city, another scandal breaks  
Sex and drugs in city hall, someone on the make  
Legal bounty hunters aim their lawsuits well  
The victim talks to Playboy says I guess I'll go to hell