

Bread, The Chosen One

This Isn't What The Governmeant

Bread

(David Gates)

Sure gets funny thinkin' 'bout money

Makin' my daily bread,

The more you make, the more they take

You never seem to get ahead,

You break your backs just to pay your tax

Then you don't like the way that it's spent,

Somewhere back we jumped the track

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Bet my now I've made a hundred thou

But I ain't saved a dime,

The IRS came out best

They got my money every time,

It can't be fair when the millionaire

Never has to give them a cent,

Sad to say we've lost the way

This isn't what the governmeant ...

Then the war , don't know what for

Somebody said it had to be fought,

I'se sposed to go but I said no

'Cause I'se afraid I might get shot,

but here I am on my hands and knees

scrubbin' in my dungarees

I got burned but I finally learned

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