

Buffy Sainte-Marie, Priests Of The Golden Bull

Who brought the bomb wrapped up in business cards
And stained with steak?
Who hires a maid to wash his money?
Who keeps politicians on the take?
Who puts outspoken third-worlders in jail
Just to shut them down?
Oh the lies vary from place to place but the truth is still the same,
Even in this town

Money junkies all over the world
Trample us on their way to the bank
They run in every race
Windego

Third-worlders see it first:
The dynamite, the dozers, the cancer and the acid rain
The corporate caterpillars come into our backyards
And turn the world to pocket change
Reservations are the nuclear frontline;
Uranium poisoning kills
We're starving in a handful of gluttons
We're drowning in their gravy spills

Their tongues are silver forks
There's a lack of wisdom,
You can hear it on their breath
Windego

It's delicate confronting these priests of the golden bull
They preach from the pulpit of the bottom line
Their minds rustle with million dollar bills
You say Silver burns a hole in your pocket
And Gold burns a hole in your soul
Well, uranium burns a hole in forever
It just gets out of control

There was a crooked man who walked a crooked mile
He raised a crooked sixpence to hide a crooked style
He won a crooked vote and smiled a crooked smile
Windego

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