

Chicago, I'd Rather Be Rich

(Words and Music by Robert Lamm)

I'd rather be rich, it sounds a little funny;
If diggin' a ditch would earn me lots of money,
I'd dig like a fool in the land of milk and honey;
Where everything's cool, provided you have money, yeah, yeah, yeah.
I'd rather be rich, just short of being greedy;
I'm eager to switch, to hell with being needy.
I'd rather be rich, the truth of cash is tragic,
The system's a bitch, but money works like magic, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Money makes the world go round;
Buy and sell it by the pound;
Bitter truth that I have found:
Food to eat, shoes on your feet,
Maybe some heat, you live with defeat.
Bridge:
Money gets you justice, money sets you free,
Money makes it possible to be or not to be.
Money is the power, money is the key,
Sad and so unfortunate, but real as it can be, yeah, yeah, yeah.
I'd rather be rich, than what the other choice is;
My thumb out to hitch, or riding in Rolls Royces;
'Cause I ain't no fool in the land of milk and honey;
Where everything's cool until you lose your money.