

# Dominici, Captured

Corrupt politicians, purveyors of law  
Give us daily bread, but not a crumb more  
Premiers, Presidents and leaders of men  
Fleece us like sheep again and again

All we can do is suffer the grief  
And shake our heads in disbelief  
A penny here, a dollar there  
Were nickeld and dimed into despair

If we should ever come on days  
When all would start to change their ways  
Thered still be some who would only see  
A brand new opportunity

Id go along and wag my tail  
But still theyd throw me in their jail  
I watch the news and wonder why  
They never seem to catch that guy  
He knows the game as well as I  
And that is why he wont be  
Captured

Now religious leaders speak out  
Offensive words cast shadows of doubt  
Those who listened but still havent heard  
Live by the sword but theyll die by the word

I sit in my room of closed windows and doors  
And ponder my fate as I stare at the floors  
If I never let anyone get close to me  
Then maybe I can still remain free  
Not powdered wigs nor robes of silk  
Can ever govern me

Lest Id be captured

Captured