

# Fish, Big Wedge

I found a new religion yesterday, I'd just cleared immigration JFK  
a priest got in a cadillac, the shoe shine boy sang gospel  
as God and his accountants drove away.

You'll see him coast to coast on live tv, in a stadium  
rocked by Satan just the night before  
the collection from the faithful is tax free  
it'll pay for his presidential campaign and his yacht  
And we all bow down, we bow down to the big wedge  
and we'll buy ourselves some heaven on earth  
we sell our souls, sell our souls for big wedge  
are we selling out tomorrow for today?

A surgeon checks your plastic on the telephone  
a casio concerto entertains you while you hold  
your credit rating's good for a Madonna or a Bardot  
a Dali or a Picasso for his wall.

You're looking good, looking good with big wedge  
are you holding back tomorrow for today?  
they're driving in, driving in with big wedge  
are we selling out tomorrow for today?

You'll sell the ground beneath your feet  
you'll sell your oil, you'll sell your trees  
you ideals and integrity your culture and your history  
your children into slavery to labour in their factories  
your mother and your family  
you'll sell the world eventually.

The IMF and CIA; there's just no difference they're all the same!

It just depends on what's your point of view

America, America the big wedge  
and they're buying up your tomorrow with promises  
the promises of big wedge and they'll break them  
like your hearts another day  
when you find out that you've left it just too late  
and find that you're the only one to blame  
that you sold out your tomorrow for Big Wedge