

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