

Maddy Prior, Rigs Of The Time

Honesty's all out of fashion
These are the rigs of the time
Ay me boys,
These are the rigs of the time

The Transnational companies are running the show
Unaccountable, faceless ones, nobody knows
Richer than countries, their cause they advance
They pull the strings that make politics dance

The private utilities, I must bring them in
A private monopoly is guaranteed to win
They charge what they like, give you cause for much grief
And the customer watchdogs have more gums than teeth

The huge hypermarkets on the outskirts of town
Convenience is up, and the prices are down
But the cost of this comfort is not set at nought
It's all the small business in the bankruptcy court.

The cool high street clothes stores are part of the scene
Neat designer labels, a marketing man's dream
The young people buy them, and here's the surprise
They pay extra for logos, which in turn advertise.

Is Diana an angel, is Charles a cad?
It's a media circus gone totally mad
The never ending rehash of their private lives
And who knows the truth between husbands and wives?