

# Spirit Of The West, Profiteers

there's a cold wind blowin' through the old east side  
it cuts with the devil's curse  
they're turning our people into the streets, while  
the landlords line their purse  
with the greenback dollar of the tourist trade  
there's a fortune to be had  
make way for the out-of-towners, for  
the tenants it's just too bad  
this appears to be their attitude.  
kick 'em until they're down  
they're only welfare cases and  
pensioners and they're easily pushed around  
we've invited the world to come and stay  
and celebrate the fair  
i wonder if the world will understand  
the homeless walkin' there.  
i'm alright jack, and how 'bout you?  
i'm gonna catch this wave that's rollin' through  
and turn a trick or two  
i'm alright jack, no flies on me!  
i'm within my rights, my conscience  
is clear  
i am the profiteer  
the sign says closed for renovation  
this is a con we all see through  
it spreads like a poison through the town,  
monkey see and monkey do  
turn your slum into a mine, squeeze 'em  
hard for every dime  
the people will paint your criminals, but  
you can't see the crime  
- chorus -  
they're all bastards with no morals,  
overcome by a pitiful greed  
for years they've taken rent from  
the tenants, now they bite the hand that feeds  
they've easily turned a blind eye to  
all pain and despair  
and i pray when they rush is over that  
their gold mines all stand bare  
i'm alright jack and how about you?  
gonna catch me a wave that's  
rollin' through and turn a trick or two  
i'm alright jack, no flies on me!!  
i'm within my rights, my conscience clear  
i am the profiteer.