

# Voices, Greedy

(M. Spohn, R. Peinelt, A. Torkler)  
(from the album "InFormation", 1995)  
he turns around the key of his Jaguar  
and whispers a shallow good bye to his wife  
as the dark green lacquer's  
reflecting the light of the uprising sun  
on the way to the vitreous office building  
someone on the radio tells the latest news  
about the starving part of the world  
and the man with golden watch on his arm  
lights a cigar as ten meters away  
a rich old man is killed  
with a chromium plated gun  
he had a black car with bullet proof glass  
and a white house for a retired life  
but all the old man leaves behind  
is a red stain on the dirty grey asphalt  
time passes and no one is able to use it  
just a game of selling and winning  
glorious and ruthless without space for losers  
society falls into deepest abstruseness  
'cause the children of wealth have never learned  
to pay their score  
a bright lightning lights up the horizon  
people running head over heels  
and the voices of day  
turn into screams in the night