

Voltaire, Robber Barron

Of all things malign,
An accident on the assembly line today
Cut him to the bone,
"But what can you expect from clumsy 8-year-olds?" I'm told.
Look outside the window.
See the growing crowd
Of kids with missing arms and feet?
Nothing to eat?
What cold heartless beast
Can sit and have his feast every night,
While their plight's always in his sight?

Robber Baron in the tower,
Counting all his gold.
You know while he goes unchecked
And stays in power,
He's never gonna let,
He's never gonna let,
He's never gonna let us go!

Marching in the streets,
The mighty hammer of the Baron's own police.
With their flags and guns,
And guns and drums and boots,
And blood red banners, dogs and guns.
Black-shirts pound the pavement,
With their bold insignias of wolves,
And bats and snakes,
And birds of prey.
Filling us with fear.
Our hearts are full of tears.
Who so vain, for his gain,
Causes so much pain?

Robber Baron in the castle,
Basking in his greed.
You know while he breaks no sweat,
And gets no hassle,
He's never gonna let,
He's never gonna let,
He's never gonna let us free!

Robber Baron in the tower,
Counting all his gold.
You know while he goes unchecked,
And stays in power,
He's never gonna let,
He's never gonna let,
What do you want?
(FREEDOM!)
When do you want it?
(NOW!)
Only we can make us free.