

# What Are You Working For

Big Country

There was a crooked man  
And he wore a crooked smile  
He built a crooked highway  
And it ran for miles and miles

With money from the revenue  
Sponsorship from Ford  
It barely holds together  
With the goodwill of the Lord

In the penthouse of the baron  
The little children sleep  
Daddy talks to smugglers  
While the armed gorillas creep

Poison for the great unwashed  
Business for the mob  
Another teenage murder  
It's just trouble on the job

Now I see what I must see  
The poor do time the rich go free  
You keep the faith and they keep score  
Is this what you were working for

A newsleak in the city  
Another scandal breaks  
Sex and drugs in city hall  
Someone's on the make

Legal bounty hunters  
Aim their lawsuits well  
The victim talks to Playboy  
Says I guess I'll go to hell

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