

## Downmarket

David Ford

I stacked my cards against salvation  
Put my life in dirty hands  
Burned my clothes and jumped the border  
Into some broken promised land  
This whole world's a competition  
And we're all fighting to the end  
With not a soul above suspicion  
Of my position to defend  
These are the spoils of evolution  
This is the wisdom that prevailed  
This is the history we've chosen  
Tried and tested, broke and failed  
But unrelenting of momentum  
The mercenaries marching on  
So what if it didn't work in practice  
We've got a theory holding strong

This little piggy went to market  
Screamed the injustice cannot be  
So give me death or give me freedom  
But don't you put no chains on me  
Go tell the jailer to break these shackles  
Tell the watchman turn your back  
Stoke the fires on the money train  
And watch her jump the tracks  
Cut a swathe across the city

Carving out some great divide  
Until the only aspiration will be  
To reach the other side  
And what you leave can slowly wither  
And those you leave can go to hell  
Those fools should all be dreaming bigger  
Throwing their pennies to the well

Well I say a plague on all your houses  
Sell a generation cheap  
Just to put 9 figures in your pocket  
And say 'what's mine is mine to keep'  
Stash it away in some secret island  
Far from the prying eyes and ears  
And the bony fingers of the taxman  
And all his Marxist scrutineers  
Come on throw the money up the ladder  
And tear the heart out of the town  
Do everything you can to block up the pipe  
So that nothing trickles down  
And when the house is left in ruins  
Swear to God it's structurally sound  
Oh yes we're all in this together  
But some are further from the ground