

# Captured

Dominici

Corrupt politicians, purveyors of law  
Give us daily bread, but not a crumb more  
Premiers, Presidents and leaders of men  
Fleece us like sheep again and again

All we can do is suffer the grief  
And shake our heads in disbelief  
A penny here, a dollar there  
We're nickel'd and dime'd into despair

If we should ever come on days  
When all would start to change their ways  
There'd still be some who would only see  
A brand new opportunity

I'd go along and wag my tail  
But still they'd throw me in their jail  
I watch the news and wonder why  
They never seem to catch that guy

He knows the game as well as I  
And that is why he won't be  
Captured

Now religious leaders speak out  
Offensive words cast shadows of doubt  
Those who listened but still haven't heard  
Live by the sword but they'll die by the word

I sit in my room of closed windows and doors  
And ponder my fate as I stare at the floors  
If I never let anyone get close to me  
Then maybe I can still remain free

Not powdered wigs nor robes of silk  
Can ever govern me

Lest I'd be captured

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