# FA$T CA$H

**Dorian Electra**

The economy is tricky, it's a coordination game
Like driving on the highway, knowing when to switch your lane
Traffic lights coordinate those who go and stop
The price of credit coordinates those who save and shop

That fast, fast, cash how fast can you get it?
Pump that gas, gas, gas, inject easy credit
But will it last? Or will you regret...
The market crash, crash, crash, and don't you forget it

If consumers save up, it means they're more willing
To wait before spending, before shedding a shilling
What they put into banks, the banks can now lend
Banks lower interest rates to get producers to spend

Producers borrow big, when that interest rate's low
To start up big projects that take a while to grow
They assume the low rate means consumers want to wait
Saving up for big, big purchases at a later date

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The Central Bank has got some tricks to keep the market booming
Injecting excess credit, keeps consumers consuming
It keeps producers producing, but consumers won't buy
They haven't been saving, as the interest rate would imply

Green light (GO!) red light (STOP!) keeps them in check
But if all the lights are switched to green, OOO! they're gonna wreck!
Consumers' and producers' plans get all discoordinated
When the credit supply has been inflated

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Lots of easy credit's like diluted gasoline
It says the tank is full enough to fuel up your machine
You get out on the open road a thousand miles away
But it's not enough to get you home, so on the road you stay

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All that fast, fast, cash seems like a dream
But easy credit from the central bank turns all the lights green
Everyone's going at once, they're gonna crash
Beware of central banks pumpin' that fast, fast cash

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