Greenback Massacre

Hawkwind

Don't you want to live? Don't you want to give? You take it all away Wasting all our days

If your money makes the world go round We are in a tailspin, we are bound Defence of your nation's energy Defence of exaggerated needs

Burning up the air You don't seem to care Atmosphere for sale You're just another nail

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Paper versus flesh
What a bloody mess
Like a child with a gun
Targets we've become

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