

Philanthropist

Jesse Welles

One, two, one, two ready and

When I was just a boy
My momma asked me this:
She said, "Son, what you wanna be?"
I said, "A big philanthropist"
With data as my oil
And illness as my business
With guns as my retirement
And war as my mistress

I'm gonna be an oligarch
With a whole bunch of rockets
I'd keep them two sides fighting
And I'd empty both their pockets
And if I got bored or money weary
I'd try my hand in dabbling and social engineering

And I'm gonna be a billionaire
With a big foundation
We used to rule in shadows
But I'd come right out and I'd rule the nation
I'm gonna do all my own laundry
In a third-world nation state
Experiment with the locals
Like some philanthropic saint

And I'd never make a cure
Not get you a treatment plan
You can die in slow installments
And I'll bleed you while I can

And I'll travel 'round the planet
In a big old mystery jet
What I did would be my business
And what you did I would collect

If I was a philanthropist just running around
Philanthropistin' not a whole lot of help
Just for myself but I gotta make it look convincing