

My Two Cents

*Seems of late our poor land's going down
Even though we're the richest single nation
On the faces all around I see many a desperate frown
Could it be we've forgotten we are brothers?*

*When our founders made a land to be free
From kings and queens and unequal living
Did they mean that it's right to exploit another's plight?
Is Freedom the right to cheat others?*

*So I patch up my blue jeans and I'm on my way again
Searching for the meaning of this country
Yes I patch up my blue jeans and I'm on my way again
Searching for the meaning of this land*

*“Don't take it personal,” I hear every day
“It's only business and Almighty Dollar!
If I can make a buck, I guess it's your bad luck
All is fair in Love and War and making money”*

So I patch up my blue jeans....

*Now our politicians look to the polls
To find out what it takes to be elected
There's no one there to lead – No one has a creed
The mentality of the mob has taken over*

So I patch up my blue jeans....

*Now our satellites abound in the sky
And super highways carry information
Yet two thousand years ago a simple shepherd showed
The Golden Rule is all that really matters*

So I patch up my blue jeans....