
Mr. 1%

Protester, drop that sign and let me pass.
You want to share the wealth? I'll kick your ass.
Unless I'm richer than your wettest dream
You'll have no more wealth than the plastic gleam
You toss when you unwrap your latest toy.
Besides, what would you do with it, punk boy?
Watch TV, drink and download videos?
A burger, a beer, a pack of Oreos,
That's your ambition. I'll make you a deal,
If you're ready to settle for what's real.
Your thumbs are fluent with a phone, I bet.
Talking is easy work with a headset,
Or logging data in a cubicle
Will get you women by the futonful.
Not you? That's how it's been since the first chief
Took a few warriors and turned cattle thief.
He told his heroes as the spoils he split,
"While other men hoe weeds and shovel shit,
You'll drink beer in my stockade on the hill,
A power center built for us to fill
With all the value working fools have made
With plow, pick, hatchet, arrow, net and spade.
My might has done this. Swear yourselves my men.
Live by the knife and never toil again."
The chiefs took risks that now have made your ease.
We took your jobs and shipped them overseas
So you could keep your hands clean. Men of blood
Did what it took to drag you from the mud
Against your dull will. Now we're businessmen,
And what it takes is business acumen.
There is no "one" about the one percent.

Some keep their fingers clean living off rent,
Manipulating money, doing deals,
The hand stuck from a suit that shakes and steals.
They haven't got the guts to shake the earth
And turn it inside out for all it's worth.
That's what I do. I mine for coal and oil,
The wealth that lies beneath the useless soil.
Your thumbs are clean. You only flip a switch
And take advantage of what makes me rich.
From birth to deathbed you are on my dole.
You want freedom from corporate control?
Can't have it. Get your mind out of the fog.
You have the freedom of the family dog.
I own you, but I keep you safe and warm,
Pampered, well-fed, sheltered from the storm.
You think you got it tough? Turn runaway.
Bolt off into the woods and chase your prey,
Or slink back into town to dumpster-dive
When living free from master doesn't thrive.
But you know how to want more than a pet,
And I don't beat my dog when I can get
Him to do tricks for treats. Eight hours a day
You well can spare me. Recycle your pay
For luxuries unknown to olden kings.
Cause I do what it takes I pull the strings.
If this is slavery the chains are light.
Only a fool would spoil it for a fight.
Don't fuck with me. You don't know what you do.
The blow that strikes me down takes you down too.

—Henry Robertson