

No Rich, No Poor

The Golden Rule we learned so well
Would surely make the whole world swell.
But where did rich folks go to school?
They say, "Who owns the gold should rule."

When money rules but not, you see,
The folks like you and folks like me,
When every law is for the banks,
It's fake democracy. "No thanks!"

Here's what they claim's "democracy":
A CEO commanding thee,
And so-called "representatives"
With Goldman Sachs derivatives.

Let's make our laws on this good note:
In town hall meetings; all can vote.
For large scale plans, say for the nation?
Use voluntary federation.

What means this thing "free" enterprise?
The rich get richer--no surprise.
We're nothing, just the hired hands.
For us it means, "Obey commands."

There need be neither rich nor poor.
Make all things free in every store
To those who work as they are able.
And ration fairly things top label.

The billionaires beyond a doubt
Aren't voted in or voted out.
To end their rule, make no mistake:
A revolution we must make.

Don't worry, we can win this fight.
We're billions strong and know what's right,
So let's join hands with one another.
We'll be a force that none can conquer.

If you should think our verses true
And wish such thoughts were not taboo,
Then sign our prose so it's well known
That folks like us are not alone.