

Profit Man

Profit Man, turn your eyes to Jericho.
Your land is under walls of steel.
Now can you tell us what is real?

Profit man, you held our minds so tightly
in your hands, you thought we wouldn't see
how blind you are to poverty!

And down on Wall Street your
walls'll come a-tumblin'.
Down on Wall Street your walls'll
come a-tumblin' down.

Profit Man, there is hunger.
In your closet stands
the product of your wheel.
And soon they'll show
you how they feel.

Profit Man, when your concrete
falls and turns to sand;
when your smoke stacks turn to trees
and man is free to stand at ease...

then down on Wall Street your
walls'll come a-tumblin'.
Down on Wall Street your
walls'll come a-tumblin' down.

Profit Man, turn your eyes to Jericho.
Your land is under walls of steel.
You better let the people go...

or down on wall street your
walls'll come a-tumblin'.
Down on Wall Street your
Walls'll come a-tumblin' down.

