

# Buffy Sainte-Marie, Priests Of The Golden Bull

Who brought the bomb wrapped up in business cards  
And stained with steak?  
Who hires a maid to wash his money?  
Who keeps politicians on the take?  
Who puts outspoken third-worlders in jail  
Just to shut them down?  
Oh the lies vary from place to place but the truth is still the same,  
Even in this town

Money junkies all over the world  
Trample us on their way to the bank  
They run in every race  
Windego

Third-worlders see it first:  
The dynamite, the dozers, the cancer and the acid rain  
The corporate caterpillars come into our backyards  
And turn the world to pocket change  
Reservations are the nuclear frontline;  
Uranium poisoning kills  
We're starving in a handful of gluttons  
We're drowning in their gravy spills

Their tongues are silver forks  
There's a lack of wisdom,  
You can hear it on their breath  
Windego

It's delicate confronting these priests of the golden bull  
They preach from the pulpit of the bottom line  
Their minds rustle with million dollar bills  
You say Silver burns a hole in your pocket  
And Gold burns a hole in your soul  
Well, uranium burns a hole in forever  
It just gets out of control

There was a crooked man who walked a crooked mile  
He raised a crooked sixpence to hide a crooked style  
He won a crooked vote and smiled a crooked smile  
Windego

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