

# Joe Jackson, Throw It Away

Wake up this mornin' and the paper's on the mat  
Poor getting poorer and the rich are getting fat again  
Up in the towers all the bosses sitting sneezing  
A half asleep and the rest all start to squeezing  
Don't worry 'bout it baby, don't try to understand  
You got your answer in your hand, throw it away  
Throw it away, throw it away  
Throw it away, throw it away  
Wake up this morning there's a letter on the mat  
Big brother wanna know where little brother's at again  
Life is a peace of paper, goes on forever  
Sign on the dotted line or end up in the river drowned  
Don't worry 'bout it baby  
Don't try to understand  
You got the answer in your hand  
Throw it away