

R.E.M., Green Grow The Rushes

The wheelbarrow's fallen
Look at my hands
They've found some surplus cheaper hands
Rubbing palms and pick and choose,
who will they choose? Here is the news.

Look at that building, look at this man
Hallowed and whitewashed
Gone to find a cheaper hand
He'll offer a pound, offer a pound.

Green grow the rushes go
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The compass points the workers home

Pay for your freedom, find another gate
Guilt by association, the rushes wilted a long time ago
Guilty as you go

Stay off that highway, word is it's not so safe
The grasses that hide the greenback
The amber waves of gain again
The amber waves of gain

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