The Money Crop

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(Malvina Reynolds

Oh, money has its own way, and money has to grow,
It grows on human blood and bone, as any child will know:
It's iron stuff, and paper stuff, with no life of its own,
And so it takes its growing sap from human blood and bone.

And many a child goes hungering, because the wage is low,
And men die on the battlefields to make the money grow,
And those who plant the money crop are avid without end,
They plant it in the tenements to make it grow again.

The little that they leave to us, it cannot be a seed,
We spend it on the shoddy clothes and every daily need,
We spend it in an minute, in an hour it is gone
To find its way to grow again on human blood and bone.

Repeat v. 1

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