

Company Town (P. Simmonds)

In the town I was born
Things are getting very strange
People there I hardly recognize
All of my old set have packed there bags and left
Since home became a buisness enterprise

There are jobs going spare
And there's houses being built
The credits good at all the company stores
All the air is clean, and all the pavemenrs gleam
And everyone obeys the Company laws

Mister Company Man on the Company land
Stands every street and building in the town
Every park, every green, every home and dream
The Company owns every piece of ground
And everybody in the Company Town

Now they've Jocked away the drunks
And gentrified the pubs
Given guns to all the supermarket corps
They've eradicated Crime, and the buses run on time
They've made the act of love against the law

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Some folks say they are lucky in their birth
And their narionality bequeaths them pride
But those who own the earrh are still tethering the serfs
With Company allegiance fully tied
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