ALL ALONG THE NATION – music by Bob Dylan; words by Sue Peters

“It is not to my interest” said the banker to the corporate man.

“You have my money and instructions…to sow my havoc in the land.

You grow the food that makes them sick…you spread the lies they hear.

You teach their children not to think or feel….they all live in fear.”

The corporate man he spoke in servile tone…as he kissed the banker’s purse.

“The people blame each other…they yell and scream and curse.

Cheap trade ruins their farmers….factories leave the land.

The people are impoverished…they do not see your hand.”

All along the nation…generals strut with pompous chests.

People die in resource wars… squashed like pests.

The banker laughs and laughs… calls them people of muddy brain.

He drives them more and more into debt…. he drives them more insane.

“It is not to my interest”… the banker did repeat.

“that people meet in groups… to think and feel and teach.

They will take my power… my private bank money.

They will stop my cheap trade… and bring back prosperity.”

All along the nation… people meet and plan.

To shine a light on the banker… and his corporate man.

To tell the history… of the banker’s cheat

So no longer can there be… a hidden elite.