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The Flat Stony Broke Waltz

Jimmy's got out, packed up and shot through
After six years of drought not much else he could do
Now the bank has moved in, foreclosed on his loan
They're selling his farm and all that he owned
And the lucky' country's a joke, when you're flat stony broke

Chorus:
Hard times in the city, hard times in the land
Hard times in the suburbs and down on the farm
This free enterprise system it's boom or it's bust
We'll all have to learn to adjust

Con's corner deli is in a bad way
Though he and his family work a sixteen hour day
Strugglin' to keep their small business alive
If they all pull together they might just survive
The lucky country's a joke when you're flat stony broke

Rebecca and Bob bought their three-bedroomed dream
When they both had good jobs and a bright future gleamed
Now she works part-time and Bob's been laid off
They're behind with the mortgage and the bank's talking tough

Al the entrepreneur, to his deep regret
Has declared himself bankrupt, he can't pay his debts
His mug creditors learn as their own debts mount
They can't touch his wife's assets or her Swiss bank account
And the lucky country's no joke -for an enterprising sort of bloke

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