

"Beggin' For Change"

by John Welton

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**My, my, my what a tangled web you weave
It's wrapped around our throats so tight
that we can barely breathe
Uncle Sam you're a spider
with venomous tricks up all eight sleeves
"Relax," said the gas man,
"We're programmed to deceive"**

**We're gettin' humped at the pump
everytime we roll up to the gas station
and we're gotta break the bank
every time we fill the tank
at the gas station
and every where we go
it seems the price of petrol
is higher than it's ever been before
and it won't be long before we're all
Beggin' For Change**

**I had a dream, that the world went green
No gasoline, and the air was clean
And we drank from the stream
of higher consciousness
Why would we ever, ever, ever settle for less?**

**Beggin' For Change
Beggin' for Change
Beggin' for Change**

Planet Earth is beggin for chayayayange!