

The Bankers and the Diplomats

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(Malvina Reynolds)

INTRO

Last night, I had the strangest dream,
I saw a big parade, with ticker-tape galore,
And men were marching there the like [in the ranks]
I'd never seen before:

1. Oh, the bankers and the diplomats are going in the army:
Oh, happy day, I'd spend my pay to see them on parade,
Their paunches at attention and their stri-ped pants at ease -
They've gotten patriotic and they're going overseas.
We'll have to do the best we can and bravely carry on,
So we'll just keep the laddies here to manage while they're gone.

cho: Oh, we hate to see them go!
The gentlemen of distinction in the army!

2. The bankers and the diplomats are going in the army
It seems a shame to keep them from the wars they love to plan,
We're all of us contented that they'll fight a dandy war -
They don't need propaganda they know what they're fighting for
They'll march away with dignity and in the best of form,
And we'll just keep the laddies [young folk] here
To keep [each other] the lassies warm.
3. The bankers and the diplomats are going in the army:
We'll have to make things easy, 'cause it's all so new and strange,
We'll give them silver shovels when they have to dig a hole,
And they can sing in harmony while answering the roll,
They'll eat their old K-rations from a hand-embroidered box,
And when they die, we'll bring 'em home and bury 'em in Fort Knox!

by Malvina Reynolds, from Faith Petric, 1977.

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