

Mr. Briefcase

Lee Ritenour

Businessman, green sedan
Sold his soul to reach his goal
Working his way up the ladder
Success is the ends and his lies are the means
Business cards, big cigars
Smiles conceal a rotten deal
Money can talk and he knows it
One piece of paper can make you or break you apart
Oh - It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase?
What do you keep in that bag of tricks?
Is there anything at all in that briefcase?
If I sign my name must I play the game?
A deal's a deal when it's signed and sealed
No time to feel sorry for losers
A cat gets the mouse and the dog eats the dog - Oh
Oh - It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase?
What do you keep in that bag of tricks?
Is there anything at all in that briefcase?
Businessman, shake my hand
Tell me lies, but hide your eyes
Hang on real tight to your briefcase
If you should lose it, you'll have to stand naked like me
It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase?
What do you keep in that bag of tricks?
Is there anything at all?
Oh - It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase?
What do you keep in that bag of tricks?
Is there anything at all?
Is there anything at all?
Is there anything at all in that briefcase?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>