

# Money Doesn't Grow On Trees.

Kevin Lee

There are 3 types of people in this world,  
if you weigh up the sum and the stack of it.  
Those who are plagued to ulcers,  
by an abundance of dime and dollar;  
Those who are plagued to ulcers,  
by an abundance of the lack of it;  
And us,  
camped on the no-means-land in between;  
Blessed with a mountain of ambition,  
but plagued with a mole-hill of means.  
So we grind ourselves to penury,  
keeping up with the Joneses of it;  
Making silk purses from sow's ears,  
and golden cuff-links from the boneses of it.  
See-sawing,  
between bankruptcy and fortune;  
One step in front of our creditors,  
and one step behind anything opportune.

O, those who rake in cash are cited,  
for an O.B.E. or knighthood;  
While the rest of us are blighted,  
by their endless schemes.

The farmer steadily ploughs his acres of opportunity,  
looking to the harvest with joy that's over-the-moonity.  
While those fiscal bandits fill their vaults and coffers,  
by ploughing with everyone else's heifers;  
And shuffling everyone else's,  
shekels, razzoos, and kale;  
While dreaming up easier ways,  
to separate a man from his shale.

O, those who rake in cash are cited,  
for an O.B.E. or knighthood;  
While the rest of us are blighted,  
by their endless schemes.

So here we are on Monday morning once again,  
robbed of both the pleasure and the pain;  
Charting a perilous course for the week,  
if last month was bad, this one looks bleak.  
Paying out 50 cents in the Dollar,  
on our bills;  
We've passed thro' seven lean years;  
there must be seven fat years to fulfil.

O, those who rake in cash are cited,  
for an O.B.E. or knighthood;  
While the rest of us are blighted,  
by their endless schemes.

Is there a moral in all this?  
I wouldn't bank on it.  
But an angel wouldn't tread such rocky shores,  
though a fool would drive a tank on it.  
So come, raise y'r glasses,  
I've plans for a golden bye and bye.  
Yes! Eat, drink, and be merry,  
for tomorrow we'll try.

### END

Jesus tells a parable about a man who made the accumulation of wealth his goal in life. This mans business flourished and he became rich. So he decided to pull down his barns and build bigger ones to store his goods in. And he said to himself 'I've got so much stored up for many years now that I can eat, drink, and be merry. But God said to him 'You fool. Tonight your soul is required of you, then whose will those things be that you have accumulated?' And Jesus said that's what people are like who store up treasures for themselves on earth and are *not* rich toward

God. Money is a means to an end, and not the end itself. We carried nothing in to this world, and we will carry nothing out; so the accumulation of wealth is a poor mans goal because we have to leave our bags at the station when we leave here.

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