**Hunchback Future**

The rain doesn’t fall on one roof alone they say

But who would listen to the cry of the man on the street?

They are all businessmen minding their businesses

The words of the other man are noises to the other man

Don’t blame him; he’s a businessman minding his business

There’s a child on the street with a stone against his mother

But that’s their family’s business; it’s none of our business

The child is now grown and has traded a stone for a gun

Come let us hide and pray he doesn’t see us

The businessmen have minded their businesses

But the market has come to price their businesses

See them crying out for help

But how will they get help when the helper is another businessman?

Make a list of those who reached you

Never mind those who couldn’t reach you

Scratch my back, I scratch your back

The principles they have taught their kids

Now the future hunchbacked by the dirt of yesterday

But they are all businessmen and must mind their businesses