

Am C B7 Em

Tax the rich,

G Am C B7

feed the poor, 'til there are no rich no more.

Em G Am C B7

I'd

Chorus
Em G Am C B7

love to change the world, but I don't know what to do.

Em G Am C B7

So I leave it up to you.

0 2 2 0 | 0 1 2 3 | 2 0 0 0 0 0 | 0 2 2 1 2 0 1 | 1 0 0 3

To Coda C B7

0 0 0 0 | 3 0 0 0 0 0 | 0 2 2 1 0 1 2 3 | 2 0 1 0 2 0

Bridge

Em G Am

World pol - lu - tion is no so - lu - tion. In - sti - tu - tion,

0 2 0 0 | 2 0 2 | 0 0 0 2 2 0 | 0 2 2 0 2 0 2

C B7 Em G

e - lec - tro - cu - tion. There's black or white, - rich or poor.

3 2 0 2 | 2 2 0 | 2 0 2 0 2 0 2 | 0 0 0 2 0 2

Am C B7 Interlude Em

Gov - er - nors, — stop the war. —

G Am C B7

2. C B7 *D.S. al Coda*

I'd

⊕ Coda C B7 Em

What's go - ing on?

Additional Lyrics

2. Population keeps on breeding.
 Nation bleeding, still more feeding economy.
 Life is funny; skies are sunny.
 Bees make honey; who needs money?
 Monopoly.
 No, not for me.