

No Return (to the tune of *Charlie on the MTA*)

Lyrics by Brent Kramer

Let me tell you the story of a woman named Wanda
Who was offered a private account:
“This will bloom like Springtime, grow like Topsy,
Boost up your pension amount.”

She filled out that form for private savings,
Marked it for “buy that stock,”
Then she went back to work, content and happy:
She had a piece of the rock.

Chorus:

But did it ever return? No, it never returned,
And its fate is still unlearned; [poor Wanda]
She will wait forever for that Wall Street windfall—
The return that never returned.

Wanda got older, her pension fund got fatter,
She set her retirement day.
Then Dow Jones nose-dived, her account imploded,
She couldn't get out of the way.

Chorus

So you citizens all listen, hear her story,
Consider and learn it well:
If you want security, better make it social:
Build public, not private wealth.

Last chorus:

Or else it won't return, no it won't return,
And its fate will be unlearned;
We will wait forever for that Wall Street windfall—
The return that never returned.

Repeat last chorus