

Progress or Profit

by Joan Whittaker

Teabags in all shapes and sizes,
All flavours, fruit, herbal and spices,
The poor fortune tellers have lost out
And can no longer tell us what life is about.
Progress or profit, who knows,
Anything goes .

Reports and assessments, regulations, examinations,
Allegations with investigations,
Write it all down on net or on paper,
But no time to read it. - Oh what a caper,
Progress or profit, who knows,
Anything goes.

Studs and rings, in lips, ears and noses,
Tattoos spread all over, wherever one chooses,
Decorated from ones head to ones toes,
Do you really want to look like one of those.
Progress or profit, who knows,
Anything goes.

The banks are all leaving the High Street,
We get cash from a hole in the wall,
To remember ones number - quite a feat,
No people to speak to at all.
Progress or profit, who knows,
Anything goes.