

The hoppers dreamed a future
Gleaming soft and gleaming bright
Where we've put aside our grudges
And began to do what's right

The scholars dreamed a future
Packed with books on shelves so high
Full of all that's been discovered
By the powers of the mind

The techies dreamed a future
Full of gizmos, gadgets too
Each one a modern marvel
With cool function or two

The artists dreamed a future
Full of beautiful, sweet things
And of cultural virtues
The one who paints, the one who sings

The athletes dreamed a future
Of records broken, records kept
Of their teams and of traditions
While the lot of us all slept

But the wealthy have no time for dreams
But for hoarding money *now*,
So they destroyed all of our futures
Sitting smug, and sitting proud