Just to compete was once the prize
Now mega bucks are in their eyes
We light the torch then stand our ground
Money makes the world go round

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What price your chariots of fire Where's your spirit and burning desire? My God is that what you earn? Bionic Kid I gues I'm too old to learn

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Now in my day all men were men And stereoids were something not invented then With pride and honour true grit and sweat You could put down your money and make your bet

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Wanna play with the big boys son?
I can manage your account
So go have some fun
Jump when I tell you
Win when I say
And we can have a hell of a big pay day

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