Paper, iron, won't buy Eden working for paper and for iron work for the right to keep my tie on working for paper and for iron work for the unicorn and lion

I pray the kids aren't starving no chicken for the Sunday carving I'll stay for one more farthing

I take home my notes and coins every week I'm told I'm worth much more but the Church says turn the other cheek the other cheek paper, iron, won't buy Eden.

I know the family needs me can't moan, the factory feeds me won't bite the hand that bleeds me

I take home my notes and coins every week I'll inherit the earth I'm told but the Church says to remain this meek remain this meek
I'm still a proud man.
Won't show anybody else my wage a blend in the crowd man is this anybody's golden age is this anybody's golden age or am I dreaming of a golden cage

La la lo it's paper la la lo it's iron la la lo just paper la la lo just iron