

# Mr. Briefcase

Lee Ritenour

Businessman, green sedan  
Sold his soul to reach his goal  
Working his way up the ladder  
Success is the ends and his lies are the means  
Business cards, big cigars  
Smiles conceal a rotten deal  
Money can talk and he knows it  
One piece of paper can make you or break you apart  
Oh - It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase  
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase?  
What do you keep in that bag of tricks?  
Is there anything at all in that briefcase?  
If I sign my name must I play the game?  
A deal's a deal when it's signed and sealed  
No time to feel sorry for losers  
A cat gets the mouse and the dog eats the dog - Oh  
Oh - It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase  
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase?  
What do you keep in that bag of tricks?  
Is there anything at all in that briefcase?  
Businessman, shake my hand  
Tell me lies, but hide your eyes  
Hang on real tight to your briefcase  
If you should lose it, you'll have to stand naked like me  
It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase  
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase?  
What do you keep in that bag of tricks?  
Is there anything at all?  
Oh - It's a rat race, Mr. Briefcase  
Can you keep pace, Mr. Briefcase?  
What do you keep in that bag of tricks?  
Is there anything at all?  
Is there anything at all?  
Is there anything at all in that briefcase?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>