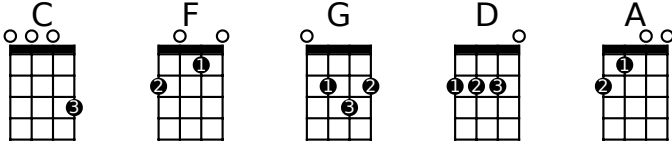


United Health

Jesse Welles



There's an

[C]Office in a building and a **[F]**person in a **[C]**chair
And you **[F]**paid for it **[C]**all, though you **[G]**may be unaware
You **[C]**paid for the paper, you **[F]**paid for the **[C]**phone
You **[F]**paid their sala**[C]**ry to deny**[G]** you what you're **[C]**owed

There ain't no "**[F]**You" in UnitedHealth
There ain't no "**[D]**Me" in the company
There ain't no "**[C]**Us" in the **[G]**private **[A]**trust
There's hardly **[D]**humans in hu**[G]**mani**[C]**ty

The pro**[C]**cedure that you need ain't the **[F]**cost effective **[C]**route
And only **[F]**two-percent of **[C]**people end up **[G]**winning a dispute
So, **[C]**if you get sick, pray to **[F]**God for **[C]**help
'Cause all your **[F]**doctor's prayers **[C]**go up through **[G]** United **[C]** Health

Way back in

[C]Seventy-and-seven, Mister **[F]**Richard T. **[C]**Burke
Started **[F]**buying **[C]**HMO's, putting **[G]**federal grants to work
Made **[C]**fifty-billion buckaroos **[F]** last **[C]**year
The Warren **[F]**Buffet of **[C]**Health, the Jeff **[G]**Bezos of **[C]**fear

CEO's **[F]** come and go, and **[C]**one just went
The **[C]**ingredients you got, bake the **[G]**cake you get
But, **[C]**if you get sick, cross your **[F]**fingers for **[C]**luck
'Cause old **[F]**Richard T. **[C]**Burke ain't **[G]**giving a **[C]**fuck

[F] Commoditized health, mono**[C]**polized fraud
"Here's the **[C]**doctors we own, and the **[G]**research we bought"
They **[C]** own the loans and physicians the **[F]** pharmacies and **[C]** meds
They should **[F]**start selling **[C]**graves just to **[G]** fuck you when you're **[C]**dead

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