

# Wot's... Uh the Deal?

## Pink Floyd

Heaven sent the promised land  
Looks alright from where I stand  
Cause I'm the man on the outside looking in  
Waiting on the first step  
Show where the key is kept  
Point me down the right line because it's time  
To let me in from the cold  
Turn my lead into gold  
Cause there's chill wind blowing in my soul  
And I think I'm growing old  
Flash the red is wots...uh the deal  
Got to make to the next meal  
Try to keep up with the turning of the wheel  
Mile after mile  
Stone after stone  
Turn to speak but you're alone  
Million mile from home you're on your own  
So let me in from the cold  
Turn my lead into gold  
Cause there's chill wind blowing in my soul  
And I think I'm growing old  
Fly bright by candlelight  
And her by my side  
And if she prefers we will never stir again  
Someone sent the promised land  
And I grabbed it with both hands  
Now I'm the man on the inside looking out  
Hear me shout 'come on in, what's the news and where you been?'  
Cause there's no wind left in my soul  
And I've grown old

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