Ballad for Dick George

Luke Temple

Pittsburgh is where I come from,
Born to two but raised by none.
Grandpa left a treasure chest,
set me up for life I guess.
And now I am a man,
throwing up the night in a garbage can.Who knew that I'd never take my fortune home?Burn the hand to build a bridge,
Flew to France and blew a kiss and smoke rings.
Bird flew in, we built a nest,
Now it's scrambled eggs for my breakfast.
And then one sorry morn,
Throwing in the torch from the other shore.Who knew that they'd never take their fortune home?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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