

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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