

# Richard Cory (Remastered)

Paul McCartney

They say that Richard Cory owns one half of this whole town

With political connections to spread his wealth around

Born into society, a banker's only child

He had everything a man could want, power, grace, and styleBut I work in his factory

And I curse the life I'm living

And I curse my poverty

And I wish that I could be

Oh, I wish that I could be

Oh, I wish that I could be

Richard CoryThe papers print his picture almost everywhere he goes

Richard Cory at the opera, Richard Cory at a show

And the rumor of his parties and the orgies on his yacht

Oh, he surely must be happy with everything he's gotBut I work in his factory

And I curse the life I'm living

And I curse my poverty

And I wish that I could be

Oh, I wish that I could be

Oh, I wish that I could be

Richard CoryHe freely gave to charity, he had the common touch

And they were grateful for his patronage and thanked him very much

So my mind was filled with wonder when the evening headlines read

"Richard Cory went home last night and put a bullet through his headBut I work in his factory

And I curse the life I'm living

And I curse my poverty

And I wish that I could be

Oh, I wish that I could be

Oh, I wish that I could be

Richard Cory

Songwriters

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