Richard Cory (version 2)

Them

They say that Richard Cory
Owns one-half of this here town
With political conections
To spread his wealth around
Born into society, a bankers 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 livin'
And I curse my poverty
And I wish that I could be
Yeah, I wish that I could be
Lord, I wish that I could be, Richard CoryPaper's print his pictures
Almost everywhere he go
Richard Cory at the opera
Richard Cory at the show
And the rumours of his a-parties
And orgies on his yacht
Heart and soul he must be happy
With everything that he has gotBut, I work in his factory
And I curse the life I'm livin'
And I curse my poverty
And I wish that I could be
Yeah, I wish that I could be
Lord, I wish that I could be, Richard CoryHe freely gave to charity
And had that common touch
They were grateful for his patronage
And thanked him very much
So my mind was filled with wonder
When the evenin' headlines read
That "Richard Cory went home last night
And put a bullet through his head"But I, I, I, work in his factory
And I, I don't dig the life I'm livin'
And I don't dig my poverty
And I wish that I could be
Yeah, hey, I wish that I could be
Well, I wish that I could be Richard CoryYeah, I wish that I could be
I wish that I could be
Sometime, I wish that I coud be
A-just like a-Richard Cory

Just li-iiiiiike, a-Richard Cory
A-Ricahrd Cory
(Fades)
A-Richard Cory
Just like Richard Cory

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