

End of the Day

Lucy Kaplansky

I used to hear him sing in a Bleecker Street bar
On that tiny stage with a borrowed guitar
His voice cut through like a speeding car
Tearing through the deals of the brokers at the bar
Then he sold everything for a Wall Street wage
A rich man's money is a rich man's cage
Pockets full of gold and a dead man's face
There was life in those eyes, now there's not a trace
How much did it cost you?
How much did you pay?
And are you sorry at the end of the day?
Are you sorry at the end of the day?
She used to be a friend and a wife and a daughter
Now she's walked on everybody like she's walking on water
She'll kiss you on the mouth while she takes what you give her
Better turn the other cheek when she walks away forever
'Cause you're just another rung on the ladder to the top
And once she started climbing, she couldn't ever stop
With her entourage around her, she sits on her throne
But she's the queen of nothing now, she's sitting all alone
How much did it cost you?
How much did you pay?
And are you sorry at the end of the day?
Are you sorry at the end of the day?
And you found out what you wanted
Well it isn't what you need
And you curse this train you're riding
You curse it but you never leave
Well there's a way, there's a way
How much did it cost you?
How much did you pay?
And are you sorry at the end of the day?
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