That's the Way It Goes

Lucy Lunchmouth

There's a man talking on the radio What he's saying, I don't really know Seems he's lost some stocks and shares Stops and stares, he's afraid I know That's the way it goes There's a man talking of the Promised Land He'll acquire it with some krugerand Subdivide and deal it out Feel his clout, he can stoop so low And that's the way it goes There's an actor who hopes to fit the bill Sees a shining city on a hill Step up close and see he's blind Wined and dined, all he has is pose And that's the way it goes There's a fire that burns away the lies Manifesting in the spiritual eye Though you won't understand the way I feel You conceal, all there is to know And that's the way it goes That's the way it goes

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