

William Francis

Chumbawamba

William Francis, noble lord
His fortune built on sweat and sword
Built an empire tall as a hill
But he don't have fun and he never will
My, my

Sees the world so far below
And though he tries, he'll never know
Friends to greet the breaking of day
And love to pass the night away
My, my

William Francis high and dry
With his paradise denied
My, my

William Francis, lost, alone
A thousand ifs and a heart of stone
He measures his life in gain and cost
But he'll never add up the world he lost
My, my

William Francis works us hard
But we'll dance all the way to the knacker's yard
He cannot laugh and he cannot cry
'Cause William Francis is cold inside
My, my

William Francis high and dry
With his paradise denied
My, my

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