

# Wot's... Uh the Deal

## Pink Floyd

Heaven sent the promised landLooks allright from where I standCause I'm the man on the outside looking inWaiting on the first stepShow where the key is keptPoint me down the right line because it's timeTo let me in from the coldTurn my lead into goldCause there's chill wind blowing in my soulAnd I think I'm growing oldFlash the red is wots...uh the dealGot to make to the next mealTry to keep up with the turning of the wheel.Mile after mileStone after stoneTurn to speak but you're aloneMillion mile from home you're on your ownSo let me in from the coldTurn my lead into goldCause there's chill wind blowing in my soulAnd I think I'm growing oldFly bright by candlelightAnd her by my sideAnd if she prefers we will never stir againSomeone sent the promised landAnd I grabbed it with both handsNow I'm the man on the inside looking outHear me shout 'come on in, what's the news and where you been?'Cause there's no wind left in my soulAnd I've grown old

Songwriters

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