

## Wot's... Uh the Deal?

Pink Floyd

Heaven sent the promised land  
Looks allright from where I stand  
Cause I'm the man on the outside looking in

Waiting on the first step  
Show me where the key is kept  
Point me down the right line because it's time

To let me in from the cold  
Turn my lead into gold  
Cause there's chill wind blowing in my soul  
And I think I'm growing old

Flash the readies wots...uh the deal  
Got to make to the next meal  
Try to keep up with the turning of the wheel.

Mile after mile  
Stone after stone  
Turn to speak but you're alone  
Million mile from home you're on your own

So let me in from the cold  
Turn my lead into gold  
Cause there's chill wind blowing in my soul  
And I think I'm growing old

Fire bright by candlelight  
With her by my side  
And if she prefers we will never stir again

Someone sent the promised land  
And I grabbed it with both hands  
Now I'm the man on the inside looking out

Hear me shout 'come on in, what's the news and where you been?'  
Cause there's no wind left in my soul  
And I've grown old