

Dole

Murray Head

Weather's getting colder
My clothes are looking older
Money's running dry
I'm a fool to wonder why
My shoes are letting water
My job's begun to falter
The interest is dying
My mind has stared flying away...
Far away...

They said there's somewhere else
Where your money troubles always melt
Where you only have to queue
And they help the wounded few
Who have nowhere to go
And nothing much to do
Their resources are low
And their feelings are blue
All day - while they play?