

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 started 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?