

# Richard Cory

Them

They say that Richard Cory  
Owns one-half of this here town  
With political connections  
Spread his wealth around

Born into society, a banker's only child  
He had everything a man could want  
Power, grace and style

But I, work in his factory  
And I curse the life I'm livin'  
And I curse my poverty  
That I wish that I could be  
Yeah, I wish that I could be  
Lord, I wish that I could be, Richard Cory

Paper's print his pictures  
Almost everywhere he go  
Richard Cory at the opera  
Richard Cory at the show

And the rumours of his a-parties  
And the orgies on his yacht  
Well, he surely must be happy  
With everythang that he has got

But I, work in his factory  
And I curse the life I'm livin'  
And I curse my poverty  
And I wish that I could be  
I wish that I could be, yea-ah  
I wish that I could be, Richard Cory

He freely gave to charity  
And had that common touch  
They were grateful for his patronage  
And thanked him very much

So my mind was filled with wonder  
When the evenin' headlines read  
That Richard Cory went home last night  
And put a bullet through his head, hu

But I, I, I, work in his factory  
And I, I don't don't dig the life I'm livin'  
And I don't dig my poverty  
And I wish that I could be  
Yeah, an' I wish that I could be  
Well, wish that I could be, Richard Cory

Ay-hey, I wish that I could be  
I wish that I could be  
Sometime, I wish that I could be  
A-just like a-Richard Cory  
Just li-iiiiiiiike, a-Richard Cory  
A-Richard Cory

A-Richard Cory  
Just like Richard Cory...