

# Richard Cory

Wings

They say that Richard Cory  
Owns one half of this whole town  
With political connections he spreads his wealth around  
Born into society, a banker's only child  
He had everything a man could want: money, grace, and style

The papers print his picture almost every place he goes  
Richard Cory at the opera  
Richard Cory at the shows  
And the rumor of his parties and the orgies on his yacht  
He really must be happy with everything he's got

But I work in his factory  
And I curse the life I'm living  
I curse my poverty  
I wish that I could be  
I wish that I could be  
Oh, I wish that I could be  
John Dunbar

He freely gave to charity, he had the common touch  
And they were grateful for his patronage and thanked him very much  
So my mind was filled with wonder when the evening headlines read  
Richard Cory went home last night and put a bullet through his head

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