

William Francis, noble lord  
His fortune built on sweat and sword  
Built an empire tall as a hill  
But he don't have fun and he never will  
My, my

Sees the world so far below  
And though he tries, he'll never know  
Friends to greet the breaking of day  
And love to pass the night away  
My, my

William Francis high and dry  
With his paradise denied  
My, my

William Francis, lost, alone  
A thousand ifs and a heart of stone  
He measures his life in gain and cost  
But he'll never add up the world he lost  
My, my

William Francis high and dry  
With his paradise denied  
My, my

William Francis, master of all  
But none to catch him when he falls  
He works us long and he works us hard  
But we'll dance all the way to the knacker's yard  
My, my

William Francis high and dry  
With his paradise denied  
My, my