

# End Of The Day

Lucy Kaplansky

I used to hear him sing in a Bleecker Street bar  
On that tiny stage with a borrowed guitar  
His voice cut through like a speeding car  
Tearing through the deals of the brokers at the bar

Then he sold everything for a Wall Street wage  
A rich man's money is a rich man's cage  
Pockets full of gold and a dead man's face  
There was life in those eyes, now there's not a trace

How much did it cost you?  
How much did you pay?  
And are you sorry at the end of the day?  
Are you sorry at the end of the day?

She used to be a friend and a wife and a daughter  
Now she's walked on everybody like she's walking on water  
She'll kiss you on the mouth while she takes what you give her  
Better turn the other cheek when she walks away forever

'Cause you're just another rung on the ladder to the top  
And once she started climbing, she couldn't ever stop  
With her entourage around her, she sits on her throne  
But she's the queen of nothing now, she's sitting all alone

How much did it cost you?  
How much did you pay?  
And are you sorry at the end of the day?  
Are you sorry at the end of the day?

And you found out what you wanted  
Well it isn't what you need  
And you curse this train you're riding  
You curse it but you never leave  
Well there's a way, there's a way

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