

## Rich Man

Montrose

All the silver's been polished, the linen's white as snow  
I'm hidin' in the library, no one ever goes.  
And I'm thinkin' 'bout the worth, of this  
Big 'ol house around me, you know I  
Feel so ashamed and poor, because the  
Spirit hasn't found me...if I could  
Lend someone a hand, I'd be a Rich Man...I could

Hang out in the drawing room, and  
Walk the length of the yard  
But livin' in this house all winter, some  
Times it's a little hard, 'cause I'm  
Feelin' very human, with the heart that can only mend, but it's  
the  
Worst part of emptiness, I ever felt  
If I could lend someone a hand, I'd be a Rich Man...if I could  
Help someone to stand, I'd be a Rich Man...but I could  
Try to weave the words of a song together...  
Awww-ah ah, a Rich Man

Things they happen to me, all the  
Things that I'm goin' through  
Makin' me stop and wonder, if it's  
Happening to you... and there  
Really ain't no reason, to sit  
All alone and cry! So  
Go on!...give it another try...If I could  
Lend someone a hand, I'd be a  
Rich Man...if I could help someone to stand, I'd be a  
Rich Man...and I could  
Try to weave the words of a song together...  
Awww-ah ah, a Rich Man