

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