

Tons Of Ink

Nits

Only rich men can buy
Things that poor men can make
You've got nothing
And they've got plenty
Like a tree falling down
Hits a grape on the ground
They will crush the poor man's head

(In books)
You can sit beside everyone
In deckchairs travel an ocean
(In books)
You're a queen for the afternoon
Till the husband steps inside

Tons of ink
Make millions think
Tons of ink
Make you think
Tons of ink
Make millions think
Tons of ink
Make you think

Is it you, love, is this true love
Is it you I'm thinking of, love
Is it your lip, it's a tulip
Is it you I'm thinking of

Tons of ink
Make millions think
Tons of ink
Make you think
Tons of ink
Make millions think
Tons of ink
Make you think

Only poor men can read
All the papers they need
In the dustbins of the town

Tons of ink
Make millions think
Tons of ink
Make you think
Tons of ink
Make millions think
Tons of ink
Make you think