

# Wall Street Blues

Procol Harum

You bought the pitch  
The whole nine yards  
The shiny dream  
The house of cards  
But now your dream's  
Gone down the drain  
The house of cards  
A house of pain  
They promised riches  
Over-night  
They stitched you up  
It hurts alright  
They took your money  
An' your shoes  
And now you've got  
The Wall Street blues

You bought the dream  
New lamps for old  
You thought the streets  
Were paved with gold  
They filled your hands  
With tinsel and glitter  
It tasted sweet  
But soon turned bitter  
You took the bait  
They reeled you in  
An' now the future's  
Lookin' grim  
They took your money  
And your shoes  
And now you've got  
The Wall Street blues

They said the market  
Could never go down  
They took your savings  
And then left town  
They couldn't have done it  
Without your greed  
They only satisfied  
A need  
You tried to make  
An easy buck  
They pulled the plug  
And now you're stuck  
They took your money  
And your shoes  
I guess you've got  
The Wall Street blues