

Pearly Jim

Richard Thompson

My screenplay's on the block
My Tuscan villa's in hock
To Mister Pearly Jim
My wife and kids have scrambled
They say my phone is jammed
By Mister Pearly Jim

He dresses up in rags
He's mister money bags
They call him Pearly Jim
He'll show you Paradise
At least some place quite nice
They call him Pearly Jim

Why did you wait so long?
Can you help him sing his song?
'Alms for the poor,
Alms for the poor'
We need ketchup on our bangers and mash
This self-denial brings us out in a rash

I'm rolling dice for gin
I'm getting sliced too thin
By Mister Pearly Jim
I mortgaged my des. res
He needs a boost, he says
Does Mister Pearly Jim

He's got a compound down
The balmy side of town
The guards'll give you shits
He's got a pearly suit
For every new recruit
You'll feel so thrilled to bits

When he grits that pearly smile
Will you go that extra mile?
'Alms for the poor
Alms for the poor'
Chairman Mao's got a whole lot of thoughts
And R.D.Laing's got me tied up in knots

Does your conscience ever scream
Between the chaos and the dream
'Alms for the poor
Alms for the poor'
To save time just pay us here on the street
The whole universe will be our receipt