

Sophisticated Beggar

Roy Harper

I'm just a sophisticated beggar living underneath your
summer day
Counting all my blessings as I'm counting all the money
I've accumulated on my way
I don't want your plastic Gods
Tin-pot religions and silly ideas
All I want is your money
I listen to you but I know you have nothing to say
I'm just a sophisticated beggar living underneath your
summer day

I'm an emancipated firework exploding on your busy
street
Strumming my guitar as you pass in your car always
trying to knock me clean off my feet
I don't care if you own the whole world
The stars in the sky
Or a heavenly body
You're wasting your time if it's only that that you're
trying to convey
'Cos I'm just a sophisticated beggar living underneath
your summer day

I'm an emaciated hipster drinking dreams and eating
consciousness
Standing in the gutter in the middle of a splutter
hiding horrors underneath my largesse
I'd be hoarse for a million years
Trying to rescue my brain from the flood of my mind
And all that I need, seems to me, to be needless to say
'Cos I'm just a sophisticated beggar living underneath
your summer day