

My Friend Peter

Strawbs

My friend Peter was not that old
A generous man with a heart of gold
They took his money, they took his home
They wouldn't leave my friend Peter alone.

My friend Peter's mother, boy she was a bitch
All she ever gave him was a nervous twitch
She left her money to her fancy gent
She didn't leave my friend Peter a cent.

My friend Peter was the company boss
With labour problems and a heavy loss
The school bills came with a rise in fees
My friend Peter was on his knees.

My friend Peter was never hip
But his wife was fond of the groovy trip
She spent her money like she spent her nights
She wouldn't show my friend Peter the sights.

My friend Peter was a worried guy
When the taxman came with his beady eye
They froze his bank account, they took his car
They wouldn't let my friend Peter go far.

My friend Peter was a family man
With a decent job and a long-term plan
He loved his kids, adored his wife
My friend Peter just took his life.