

Richard Cory

Wings

They say that Richard Cory
Owns one half of this whole town
With political connections he spreads his wealth around
Born into society, a banker's only child
He had everything a man could want: money, grace, and style

The papers print his picture almost every place he goes
Richard Cory at the opera
Richard Cory at the shows
And the rumor of his parties and the orgies on his yacht
He really must be happy with everything he's got

But I work in his factory
And I curse the life I'm living
I curse my poverty
I wish that I could be
I wish that I could be
Oh, I wish that I could be
John Dunbar

He freely gave to charity, he had the common touch
And they were grateful for his patronage and thanked him very much
So my mind was filled with wonder when the evening headlines read
Richard Cory went home last night and put a bullet through his head

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