

Van Morrison, Richard Cory

They say that Richard Cory
Owns one-half of this here town
With political connections
Spread his wealth around

Born into society, a banker's only child
He had everything a man could want
Power, grace and style

But I, work in his factory
And I curse the life I'm livin'
And I curse my poverty
That I wish that I could be
Yeah, I wish that I could be
Lord, I wish that I could be, Richard Cory

Paper's print his pictures
Almost everywhere he go
Richard Cory at the opera
Richard Cory at the show

And the rumours of his a-parties
And the orgies on his yacht
Well, he surely must be happy
With everythang that he has got

But I, work in his factory
And I curse the life I'm livin'
And I curse my poverty
And I wish that I could be
I wish that I could be, yea-ah
I wish that I could be, Richard Cory

He freely gave to charity
And had that common touch
They were grateful for his patronage
And thanked him very much

So my mind was filled with wonder
When the evenin' headlines read
That Richard Cory went home last night
And put a bullet through his head, hu

But I, I, I, work in his factory
And I, I don't don't dig the life I'm livin'
And I don't dig my poverty
And I wish that I could be
Yeah, an' I wish that I could be
Well, wish that I could be, Richard Cory

Ay-hey, I wish that I could be
I wish that I could be
Sometime, I wish that I could be
A-just like a-Richard Cory
Just li-iiiiiiike, a-Richard Cory
A-Richard Cory
FADES
A-Richard Cory
Just like Richard Cory