

Cliff Richard, Mr. Businessman

Itemise the things you
covet as you squander
through your life.

Bigger cars, bigger
houses, term insurance
for your wife.

Tuesday evenings with your harlot,
and on Wednesdays it's
your charlatan analyst,
he's high upon your list.

You got air conditioned
sinuses and dark, disturbing doubts
about religion.

And you keep those cards
and letters going out.

And while your
secretary's tempting you
your morals are excepting
you from guilt and shame,
heaven knows
you're not to blame!

You better take care of
business, Mr. Businessman,
what's your plan?
Get down to business,
Mr. Businessman, if you can
before it's too late,
and they throw your life away.

Did you see your children
growing up today,
and did you hear the
music of their laughter
as they set about to play?
And did you smell the
fragrance of those roses
in your garden?
Did the morning sunlight
warm your soul and
brighten up your day?
Do you qualify to be
alive or is the limit
of your senses
so as only to survive?

Spending counterfeit
incentive, wasting
precious time and health.
Placing values on the
worthless, disregarding
priceless wealth.

Well, you can wheel and
deal the best of them
and steal it from the rest of them.

You know the score,
their ethics are a bore.
86 proof anesthetic crutches
brought you to the top
where the smiles are all synthetic
and the ulcers never stop
when they take that final inventory
yours will be the same
sad story everywhere -

noone will really care. Noone more lonely than
this rich important man.
Let's have your autograph
ENDORSE your epitaph!

You better take care...
.....if you can!