

# Steve Forbert, Steve Forbert's Midsummer Night's

Here's to all you all you lucky dogs, it's heads or tails.  
Here's to all you filthy rich, I wish you well.  
Here's to all the pretty women made for cash.  
And here's to dashing daddy's son he's such a flash.

Well, I been lookin' and walkin' 'round the  
sunset square,  
Singin' an' talkin' with my friends down there,  
sittin' an' lis'nin' with a young man's ear,  
to all the rainbow dreams

Here's to all the shitty jobs that I despise.  
Here's to two-bit guarantees and other lies.  
Here's to roads of burning tar and hot cement.  
Here's to money in my hand and where it went.

Well, I got my fingers a-tapping on the hard,