

Uriah Heep, Poor Little Rich Girl

You say you're gonna testify
Lie away, lie away
So you're gonna gun me down
Go ahead, fire away

You say you'll bring the curtain down
Turn around, walk away
You're gonna close this theatre down
Go ahead, stop the play

Your money talks, you pull the strings
Someone waits, in the wings
You flick the switch, the dancer falls
You deal the cards, the dealer calls in your game

Poor little rich girl
Your money talks, you pull the strings
It's a shame, poor little rich girl
Your money burns, we all have wings

You say you're gonna leave this town
Fly away, fly away
So you gonna shoot me down
Go ahead

Your money burns
Your money stings
Another script, left on the floor
Another face is shown the door in your game

Poor little rich girl
Your money talks, you pull the strings
It's a shame, poor little rich girl
Your money burns, we all have wings
In the game, poor little rich girl
It's easy come, it's easy go
It's a shame, poor little rich girl
You lock the door, close the show