

# Van Morrison, Richard Cory (Alternate Version)

Say that Richard Cory  
Owns one-half of this here town  
With political connections  
To 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, I work in his factory  
And I curse the life that I'm livin'  
And I curse my poverty  
And I wish that I could be  
Yeah, hey I wish that I could be  
Lord, I wish that I could be, Richard Cory

The paper's print his picture  
Everywhere he go  
Richard Cory at the opera  
Richard Cory at the show  
And the rumours of his parties  
And orgies on his yacht  
Heart and soul he must be happy  
With everything that he has got

But I, 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  
Yeah, wish that I could be  
Lord, I wish that I could be, Richard Cory

He freely give to charity And had the 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, work in his factory  
And I don't dig the life I'm livin'  
I curse my poverty  
And I wish that I could be  
And I wish that I could be  
Well, I wish that I could be, Richard Cory

Yeah, I wish that I could be  
Lord, I wish that I could be  
Yeah, I wish that I could be  
Yes, oh I wish that I could be  
Just like Richard Cory