

Bruce Hornsby, Heir Gordon

Heir Gordon

There was a young man name Arthur Gordon
Heir to a large family fortune
Walking around all prissy and full of himself
Pissing money and showing his wealth

Built a little shrine to the Gordon name
Hyped it from his front-row seat at all the games
Opened a restaurant and called it guess what?
Arthur's, of course, he did strut his stuff

Heir Gordon
Born on a mountaintop in Tennessee
Heir, Heir Gordon
His life sure looks good to me

Got a little brylcreem, a dab will do
Droppin' funny acid, a tab or two
Wearing undergarments from a Mormom friend
Touching all the bases 'round the Cub Scout den

Heir Gordon
Got a lot of money but he ain't worth a damn
Heir, Heir Gordon
Makes me feel just like a man

Why's he doing all these things for me