

Latin Quarter, New Millionaires

You can spend a cheque in a morning
And go hungry the same afternoon.
Sometimes the only quarters between you and a rainstorm
Are the quarters of the moon.

You know for every one way to sit up
There must be five hundred ways to beg.
And how can you ever be a man of standing
With a chain wrapped around your legs.

Just like Arbogast on the top two stairs
You're waiting for a carver to come cutting through your cares.
Living on your savings, saving up your prayers
Come on down, the new millionaires.

The famous say walk in their footsteps
But don't you go tread on their toes.
And if you wait for luck to open up
You'll be waiting there to see it close.

Well I think it was viscount
Or it might have been a prince
When he said enjoy your leisure