

Neil Diamond, Free Man In Paris

The way I see it,
You just can't win it.
Everybody's in it for their own gain
You can't please 'em all
There's always somebody calling you down

And I do my best
And I do good business
There's a lot of people asking for my time
They're trying to get ahead
They're trying to be a good friend of mine

I was a free man in Paris
I was unfettered and alive
There was nobody to call me up for favors
And no one's future to decide
You know I'd go back there tomorrow
But for the work I've taken on
Stokin' the star maker machinery
Behind the popular song

I deal in dreamers
And telephone schemers
Lately I wonder what I do it for
If I had my way, I'd walk through that door
And wander down the Champs Elysees
Going cafe to cabaret
Thinking how I'll feel when I find
That very good friend of mine

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