

# Richard Thompson, Pearly Jim

(Richard Thompson)

My screenplay's on the block  
My Tuscan villa's in hock  
To Mister Pearly Jim  
My wife and kids have scrambled  
They say my phone is jammed  
By Mister Pearly Jim

He dresses up in rags  
He's mister money bags  
They call him Pearly Jim  
He'll show you Paradise  
At least some place quite nice  
They call him Pearly Jim

Why did you wait so long?  
Can you help him sing his song?  
'Alms for the poor,  
Alms for the poor'  
We need ketchup on our bangers and mash  
This self-denial brings us out in a rash

I'm rolling dice for gin  
I'm getting sliced too thin  
By Mister Pearly Jim  
I mortgaged my des. res  
He needs a boost, he says  
Does Mister Pearly Jim

He's got a compound down  
The balmy side of town  
The guards'll give you shits  
He's got a pearly suit  
For every new recruit  
You'll feel so thrilled to bits

When he grits that pearly smile  
Will you go that extra mile?  
'Alms for the poor  
Alms for the poor'  
Chairman Mao's got a whole lot of thoughts  
And R.D.Laing's got me tied up in knots

Does your conscience ever scream  
Between the chaos and the dream  
'Alms for the poor  
Alms for the poor'  
To save time just pay us here on the street  
The whole universe will be our receipt