

Triumvirat, The Rich Man And The Carpenter

A rich man met a carpenter
Their minds were world's apart
The rich man said 'How do you do
Could you frame my golden heart?'
'I don't think I could do that job
You better go find a jeweler's store
Where they do frame things as such'

What do I do
Am I left behind
I'm not asking for too much
Why don't you show me the way
I sure would pay you well
I've got the money to buy
Why does nobody sell?

'You might have lots of money
And be blessed with a golden heart
But you cannot erase the past
And try to get back to the start'
'I don't want to extend my life
No more than is my share
Though for what there is left to live
I do need golden hair
Don't you think that's fair?

What do I do
Am I left behind
I'm not asking for too much
Why don't you show me the way
I sure would pay you well
I've got the money to buy
Why does nobody sell?

Have I reached my sunset time
That warming shine will not be waiting
Somewhere in the back of mind
I know my time is slowly fading

Am I to analyze my good and bad
Or weigh the weight of right and wrong
Just when I think about my life
I wonder why...

The rich man didn't understand
That he walked a dead-end street
He couldn't find the jeweler's store
And his life seemed incomplete
Then he finally met a man
dressed in glory, gold and fame
And if they haven't died by now
They'll still look the same
While we're singing this refrain

What do we do
Are we left behind
We're not asking for too much
Why don't you show us the way
We sure would pay you well
We've got the money to buy
But why does nobody sell?
Do we have to go to hell?