Gilbert O'sullivan "You can't con-crete"

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You can con the Pope
Out of his Pope mobile
Make him feel that to keep it was wrong
You can con every follower at your feet
But you can't con-crete

You can con your girlfriend into thinking tonight Is the night you're the man of her dreams You can con vegetarians to eat meat But you can't con-crete But you can't con-crete

No doubt some will say you can Already they have a plan Claiming it's as easy as Getting blood out of a stone

You can con a person into buying a new car That's been used now for over a year You can con every con-man up your street But you can't con-crete

But you can't con-crete

You can con the public into thinking their vote Is the vote you're dependent upon You can con every rich girl that you meet But you can't con-crete You can't con-crete

Two eyes and a pony tail Some squirrel is on my trail Four eyes with your glasses on Makes your head become a pair

You can con the artiste into thinking he'll get What is left when what's left is all gone You can con every merchant In the fleet But you can't con-crete

You can con everybody You'll ever meet But you can't con-crete No, no, no You can't con-crete No, no, no, no You can't con-crete

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