

Martina Sorbara

"Richard Cory"

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Whenever Richard Cory went downtown
The people looked at him
Having been schooled in every grace
We wished that we were in his place
That was then, this is now
Life is what you make it
This is it, this is now
Change trains at Jamaica
Years from now....
He was richer than a king
We thought that he had everything
The children laughed, the music played
We topped the bill but never stayed
Then one calm summer night
He went home, put a bullet through his head
That was then, this is now
Life is what you make it
This is it, this is now
Change trains at Jamaica
Years from now....

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