

Nits "Tons Of Ink"

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(Hofstede)
Only rich men can buy
Things the poor man can make
You've got nothing
And they've got plenty
Like a tree falling down
Hits a grape on the ground
They will crush the poor man's head
In books
You can sit beside everyone
In deckchairs travel an ocean
In books
You're a queen for the afternoon
Till the husband steps inside

Tons of ink
Make millions think
Tons of ink
Make you think
Is it you love is this true love
Is it you I'm thinking of love
Is it your lip it's a tulip
Is it you I'm thinking of
Tons of ink
Make millions think
Tons of ink
Make you think
Only poor men can read
All the papers they need
In the dustbins of the town

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