Renaissance "WRITERS WRONGED"

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This time, you said it all, it's there in black and white The years of struggle fade in the end, the words felt right

All worries are gone, you've been for so long, another writer wronged

Fame suits you well, you hardly can tell, you're another writer wronged

You hid from shadows in the attics of the world Sheltered the truth, it grew and at last your voice was heard

The pen was your sword, you've even been called, another writer wronged Fame suits you well, you hardly can tell, you're another writer wronged

Chorus I:

Here I sit as we dine at the country club I am wondering what to do now I can write but it doesn't seem logical Money has a strange effect somehow

Critics look, loved the book The plot had such a clever hook Life is $blas \tilde{A}f \hat{A}f \tilde{A}, \hat{A} \otimes$, this is how I pass my day With friends as yet, some of which I've never met Chorus II:

I've been spending more time on the yacht While I wonder what to do now I'm too young to write philosophical Money's had a strange effect somehow Critics looked, loved the book The plot had such a clever hook

Repeat Chorus I

Repeat Chorus II

Worries are gone, you've been for so long, another writer wronged

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