

Roger Creager

"Some Get Rich"

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Roger Creager, Kyle Hutton
61st floor way downtown,
From cubicle 423
You can't see what's coming down.
The mail lady brings a pink slip
And an empty box for my desk.
Says, "Pack what you brought leave us the rest."
Down in the parking garage I hope my truck starts
again When the CEO passes me in his new Mercedes
Benz.
He's smoking on a Cuban
While mine blows out the tailpipe.
Some get rich while the rest get by.

Chorus

The rich keep getting richer, but I keep staying poor.
I'm working this overtime to help event the score.
It feels like I'm working towards the welfare line,
But someday I'll get mine.

The big boss man and his jolly pirate crew
Were watching and planning
And plotting to get away with the loot.
So clever and so quiet,
Wall Street never heard a sound.

They grabbed the last piece of gold as the ship went
down. Now there's handcuffs jangling against a Rolex
watch
And a squad car at the palace there to chauffeur him
off. But, you know,
I'll bet some poor working stiff gets stuck serving the
time Cause some get rich while the rest get by.

Chorus

I met up with old Saint Peter there
At the Great Pearly Gates.
He told my old boss in front of me,
"Sir you'll have to wait."
Then he waved me on through and he winked his eye.
He told me, "Some get rich while the rest get by."

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