The End of the Rainbow

Richard Thompson & Linda Thompson

I feel for you, you little horror
Safe at your mother's breast
No lucky break for you around the corner
'Cause your father is a bully
And he thinks that you're a pest
And your sister she's no better than a whore.Life seems so rosy in the cradle,
But I'll be a friend I'll tell you what's in store
There's nothing at the end of the rainbow.
There's nothing to grow up for anymore
Tycoons and barrow boys will rob you
And throw you on the side
And all because they love themselves sincerely
And the man holds a bread knife
Up to you throat is four feet wide
And he's anxious just to show you what it's for.Your mother works so hard to make you happy
But take a look outside the nursery door
There's nothing at the end of the rainbow.
There's nothing to grow up for anymoreAnd all the sad and empty faces
That pass you on the street
All running in their sleep, all in a dream
Every loving handshake
Is just another man to beat
How your heart aches just to cut him to the core
Life seems so rosy in the cradle,
But I'll be a friend I'll tell you what's in store
There's nothing at the end of the rainbow.
There's nothing to grow up for anymore

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