**Working Class Millionaire – Richard Digance**

People say to me what do you think you’re gonna be

When I tells them I see laughter in their eyes

If you wants an explanation I’ve found me true vocation

Though me answer seems to take ‘em by surprise.

There ain’t no good jobs to be found round Bethnal Green or Canning Town

Bar a councillor a magistrate or mayor

But I just sit and laugh ‘cause I’d really like not half

To be a working-class millionaire.

I don’t want to be a clerk a conductor or a spark

Life’s too short for working who knows where

So I’ll just sit back and dream forget the ‘ouses in-between

And be a working-class millionaire.

I’d have a mansion down in Bow where all me mates could go

A carriage and a team of dappled greys

And on the lawn I’d have a seat for tired pairs of feet

On folks that’s walked search of better days.

There’d be a lion either side of the gateway to the drive

A statue of Lloyd George would greet me guests

And in the marble ‘all goalposts painted on the wall

And other things the ‘ampstead crowd detests.

I don’t want to be a clerk a conductor or a spark

Life's too short for working who knows where

So I’ll just sit back and dream forget the ‘ouses in-between

And be a working-class millionaire.

So now I’ve got this palace grand it sounds like something down the Strand

But it ain’t it’s down by Royal Albert Dock

The boats sail in an ‘our and the word is passed about

There’s a welcome at me mansion if yer knock.

Yes it’s the simple life for me: that’s all I want you see

That’s all the Cockney pride in me expects

There’s nothing can compare with an East End millionaire

That’s used to living just from one day to the next.

I don’t want to be a clerk a conductor or a spark

Life's too short for working who knows where

So I’ll just sit back and dream forget the ‘ouses in-between

And be a working-class millionaire.