

## **THE DAY THE MARKET FELL**

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'Round 10 A.M. that fateful day  
Fortunes fled and flew away  
Some were spared, but few fared well  
On the day the market fell

The winds of doom blew fierce and cold  
As kingdoms crumbled, young men grew old  
Each one endured a private hell  
On the day the market fell

(chorus)

Put your pennies in a Mason jar  
And bury them so deep  
That the demons down on Wall Street  
Won't torment you as you sleep  
Ev'ry nickel you invest  
Will be a nickel you can't keep  
It's a slipp'ry slope  
And no one gets off cheap

The best advice you'll ever hear  
Is, "Riches fade and disappear."  
Case in point, with no parallel  
That fateful day the market fell

(chorus)

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