

Pocket Full of Gold

American Authors

All I need is a head full of hope
And a love, and a home, and a car, and a loan
And I wish I had a pocket full of gold
All I need is a laugh
And a drink, and a couch, and a shrink, and a moment to think
And I wish I had a pocket full of gold

So throw your sticks and throw your stones
Cause you ain't gonna break my bones, yeah

If I'm a sinner
Then I don't feel ashamed
Life goes on, and if I'm wrong
I guess I'll burn in flames
Been up the river
And I've been down the drain
But life goes on, and if I'm wrong
I guess I'll burn in flames

All I need is a hand I could hold
And a crowd at the show, and a rhyme, and a flow
And I wish I had a pocket full of gold
All I need is a job that I love
And some friends at the pub, and a night full of fun
While I'm searching for a pocket full of gold

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Unless the moon explodes and the sun goes cold
Life will always, and always goes on
Through the highs and lows with a fist of gold
Life will always, it always goes on
Na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na
Life will always, life will always go on
Na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na
Life will always, life will always go on
Na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na
Life will always, life will always go on
Na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na
Life will always, life will always go on

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