

Silver and Gold

Trampled by Turtles

I went down to the Devil
Devil, gonna sell my soul
Gonna come back home my little love
With my pockets full of silver and gold

Well, you're out of luck said the Devil
I got no silver and gold
The policeman, he come and take up all my land
And he left me in a hole

And I'm on my own
No place to call my home
Ain't no pretty gal gonna waste her time on me

I'd give you twenty women
Pretty gals for your soul
They'll love you sweet all the good days of the week
'Til you're buried and you're dead and you're cold

Well, I already got me a woman
That's why I look so old
If I go home she's gonna leave me on my own
'Cause I got no silver and gold

And I'm on my own
No place to call my home
Ain't no pretty gal gonna waste her time on me

Well, I'll give you a brand new motorcar
Motorcar for your soul
You can drive around with your good gal on the town
You can take her right down the road

Well, I don't want your brand new motorcar
Motorcar for my soul
Have to bust my ass just to buy a tank of gas
So I can drive right down the road

And I'm on my own
No place to call my home
Ain't no pretty gal gonna waste her time on me

And I'm on my own
No place to call my home
Ain't no pretty gal gonna waste her life on me