

Penthouse Pauper

Creedence Clearwater Revival

Now, if I was a bricklayer,
I wouldn't build just anything;
And if I was a ball player,
I wouldn't play no second string.
And if I were some jew'lry, baby;
Lord, I'd have to be a diamond ring.
If I were a secret, Lord, I never would be told.
If I were a jug of wine, Lord, my flavor would be old.
I could be most anything,
But it got to be twenty-four karat solid gold, oh.

If I were a gambler, You know I'd never lose,
And if I were a guitar player,
Lord, I'd have to play the blues.

If I was a hacksaw, My blade would be razor sharp.
If I were a politician, I could prove that monkeys talk.
You can find the tallest building,
Lord, I'd have me the house on top.

Oh, let's go!
All right, keep goin'!

I'm the penthouse pauper;
I got nothin' to my name.
I'm the penthouse pauper; baby,
I got nothing to my name.
I can be most anything,
'Cause when you got nothin' it's all the same.

Oh, let's move to this song!
Lord, look at my penthouse.