

# Everyday I Think Of Money

Stereophonics

I drive a truck, it carries money  
And everyday, I dream up my fantasies  
Yesterday, I bought my beach house  
A little place just off the coast of France  
Everyday, I think of money  
Everyday, I think of running

I love my truck, I love my family  
Stacked in the back, the good life surrounds me  
Could tie my right hand man  
And put him some place  
Then I'd ditch the truck  
And I buy a new face  
Everyday, I think of money  
Everyday, I think of someday

It can't buy you love  
It can't give you a soul  
Can pick you up  
Can down you low  
Can drag you out, of the hole  
You dug  
Yourself  
Out of ... again

Sat in a truck, it carries convicts  
My hands are bound, to the seat by handcuffs  
Tomorrow, I'll maybe walk around the yard  
Or paint in my cell, and hate imprisonment  
Everyday I think of money  
Everyday I miss my family