

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 someway

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