

## Pieces of Eight

Styx

It's six o'clock  
Good morning sounds are everywhere  
The warmth of spring, a gentle breeze blows through my hair

I hurry through my life never stopping to see  
How beautiful it was meant to be

I'm just a prisoner in a king's disguise  
Broken dreams as we shuffle by

It's six o'clock it's quitting time I'm done for the day  
Out on the streets I overheard a lady say  
We now have everything or so people say  
But now this emptiness haunts me every day  
We seek the lion's share never knowing why  
Come alive spread your wings and fly

Pieces of eight  
The search for the money tree  
Don't cash your freedoms in for gold  
Pieces of eight  
Can't buy you everything  
Don't let it turn your heart to stone