

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