

Crate Of Gold

Alberta Cross

Try to stay hungry
With something to speak
Looked out my window
Whose after meGive up my heart
It's too much guilt
Gazed out my window
Someone's scared of meHey lord show me
Too many people are after me
Oh lord show me
Too many people are mocking meCut off my hands
Let it bleed
I've got a crate of gold inside of me
Get it straight
I'm not a jail
And little folks don't bother me
Get it straight now
I'm not a saintHey lord show me
Too many people are mocking me
Oh lord show me
Too many people are mocking meMocking me...

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>