

# Crate Of Gold

## Alberta Cross

Try to stay hungry  
With something to speak  
Looked out my window  
Whose after me Give up my heart  
It's too much guilt  
Gazed out my window  
Someone's scared of me Hey lord show me  
Too many people are after me  
Oh lord show me  
Too many people are mocking me Cut 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 saint Hey lord show me  
Too many people are mocking me  
Oh lord show me  
Too many people are mocking me Mocking me...

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