

Pocket Full of Misery

Uncle Lucius

Seven on seven
Till them chains come undone
Fighting a battle that youâ€™ve already won
Singing: â€œHey, hey mama
Look at me
Standing down on Twelfth Street
Pocket full of miseryâ€•

Boxcars and bad luck
Well, they never were your friends
The whiskey and the lightning
Well, it brought you round again
You were singing: â€œhey, hey mama
Look at me
Standing down on Twelfth Street
Pocket full of miseryâ€•

Back down in Texas
Where they all new your name
Seven, come eleven
You could hear them angels sing
They were singing: â€œhey, hey mama
Look at me
Standing down on Twelfth Street
Pocket full of miseryâ€•

They were singing: â€œhey, hey mama
Take a look at me
Standing down on Twelfth Street
Pocket full of miseryâ€•

Lyrics submitted by Anna Hansen.

Lyrics provided by

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