

no Title

The Script

Well, I got no worry and I got no pain
'Cause when I get rid of them, they come back again
I just keep on doing what I want to do
If I keep on trying, I'm sure to come through Well money's no problem, it comes and it goes
It stops me from starving, it keeps me in clothes
There's a God and a Devil, I'm sure it must be
But why should I bother them, they don't bother me So, I'll keep on playing and do what I do
These strings on my fingers are all that is true Well, I got no worry and I got no pain
'Cause when I get rid of them, they come back again
I just keep on doing, what I want to do
If I keep on trying, I'm sure to come through
I'm sure to come through, I'm sure to come through
I'm sure to come through

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