

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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