

Everyday I Think of Money

Stereophonics

I drive a truck, it carries money
And everyday, I dream up my fantasies
Yesterday I bought my beach house
A little place just off the coast of France
Everyday, I think of money
Everyday, I think of running
I love my truck, I love my family
Stacked in the back, the good life surrounds me
Could tie my right hand man, and put him some place
Then I'd ditch the truck and I'd buy a new face
Everyday, I think of money
Everyday, I think of some way
Can't buy you a love, can't give you a soul
Can pick you up, can down you low
Can drag you out of the hole
That you dug yourself, out of, again
Sat in a truck, it carries convicts
My hands are bound, to the seat by hand-cuffs
Tomorrow I'll maybe walk around the yard
Or paint in my cell and hate imprisonment
Everyday, I think of money
Everyday, I miss my family

Songwriters

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