

Pocket Money

Carole King

No friends, no dreams, no pocket money
There's a wall around my body, a fence around my kind
Nothing comes to me easily not leastwise peace of mind
Still, I keep movin' tryin' to break on through
I don't know nothin' else to do Peelin' paint above my head is just another sign
Black clouds in the distance gettin' closer all the time
I just gotta keep movin' tryin' to break on through
I don't know nothin' else to do Sometimes when I think that things
Are bad as they can be
I see a fella standing
Lower down on the ladder than me Now I'm alive and kickin'
Dust behind my heel
Long as I got my soul
I'm on the good end of the deal And I'm gonna keep movin'
Tryin' to break on through
I don't know nothin' else to do
I gotta keep movin' No friends, no dreams
No pocket money
So I'm gonna keep movin'
No pocket money

Songwriters
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