

# Pocketful of Golden

Robert Plant

And if the sun refused to shine  
Upon my island home  
And darkness fell upon the earth  
And once I walk alone

I have pockets full of golden  
A little more wirth every day  
Inside my coat a silver lining  
Who knows the price I have to pay

Once I was set up upon by thieves  
They stole my heart away  
I finally found it in your arms  
And that's just where it's going to stay

I wondered high upon the mountain  
With the naked and the free  
And if bare my soul in asking  
One day she'd care for me

Red hair, raven hair gold like the sun  
All of us in motion, moving on and gone

And I was cast out on the ocean  
Adrift to count the seven seas  
So all alone, so high and lonesome  
Maybe, one day, she'll care for me

I have pockets full of golden  
A little more with every day  
Inside my coat a silver lining  
Who knows the price I have to pay

Red hair, raven hair gold like the sun  
All of us in motion, moving on and gone

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