Pieces Of Eight

Radioactive Man

It's six O'clock, good morning sounds are everywhere
The warmth of spring, a gentle breeze blows through my hair
I hurry through my life never stopping to see
How beautiful it was meant to beI'm just a prisoner in a king's disguise
Broken dreams as we shuffle byIt's six O'clock, it's quitting time I'm done for the day
Out on the streets, I overheard a lady say
We now have everything, or so people say
But now this emptiness haunts me every dayWe seek the lion's share never knowing why
Come alive spread your wings and flyPieces of eight, the search for the money tree
Don't cash your freedoms in for gold
Pieces of eight can't buy you everything
Don't let it turn your heart to stonePieces of eight, the search for the money tree
Don't cash your freedoms in for gold
Pieces of eight, treasures filled with emptiness
Don't let it turn your heart to stonePieces of eight, the search for the money tree
Don't cash your freedoms in for gold
Pieces of eight, treasures filled with emptiness
Don't let it turn your heart to stone

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