

Tossers

"The Crock Of Gold"

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We'll live out our lives on this dirty old street
Only because we just can't compete
But in the concrete of our younger days
We left our names, our names

Just like the people before
When they reached the distant shore
With their drink and their dance
And their dreams and sincere aims

All ghosts long gone, through old buildings they stare
With their offspring staring at me for they are still there
Dreams that are dead and lives not realized

Well, why did we write our names
In these streets to show we're alive?
Alive, alive, alive, alive

Well, Chicago is my home and I'll never want to Roam
To live on any sun swept distant shore
Well, it is that I was reared by forbearer's so revered
And I sing the songs that they all sang before

Well, any woman that's neared me
Has been repelled most thoroughly
Still I'm a lover, God, I am foremost of all

A musician that's my call
Of high degree professional
But I'm afraid that they do not know my trade at all

Well, if it's every twenty years
Some small relief to me appears
Then the crock of gold will wait until

Until that day to defend myself no more
Lay the shield of anger at my door
And the sword of alcohol will stow away

Well, all young people in our town
Are overworked and broken down

Begging cheques but it's just not enough they're giving

Crying quietly, living life so desperately
That something has to make
This life worth living

Real life is only a time line
And the excitement holds the short times
It will never measure up to what TV sells as great

All the drunken jokes and views
Exciting pubs they tell the news
But the exciting pats
Well, they just weren't all that great

Well, if it's every twenty years
Some small relief to me appears
Then the crock of gold will wait

Until that day to defend myself no more
Lay the shield of anger at my door
And the sword of alcohol will stow away, go

Well, I met a girl one night
And enchantment fixed our sight
So we decided we would hold it for awhile

But she would not love me
So inside me finally, I said, "It's not your fault
But I would like love if only for a while"

Well, it's on and on I've seen
Yeah, that's how it's always been
And how it will be as ever on I go

Oh, but ever on I will
Through all the banal times until
Well, I find some place
To me that seems like home

Well, and if it's every twenty years
Some small relief to me appears
Then the crock of gold will wait

Until that day to defend myself no more
Lay the shield of anger at my door
And the sword of alcohol will stow away

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