

## Beautiful South "Pocket"

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Here comes pockets  
His trousers hold a thousand deadly sins  
The maddest things we ever found in bins  
He clutches them and looks at you and grins

Here comes pockets  
The children wary of what they may contain  
The linen may have changed, the contents same  
A trouser treasure island with no name

And socially at the platform that the timetable forgot  
Picking up used tickets in a station of have nots  
When you are on that train of thought  
You pass some pretty funky stops  
When you are on that train of thought  
You pass some pretty funky stops  
That's the pocket, let him be  
That's the pocket, let him be

Here comes pockets  
Picking up the things we cannot see  
A bicycle, a dame, a Christmas tree  
Things of no value to you or me

Here comes the pocket  
Reduced through history to just a crawl  
History turns the tall into the small  
But natural born trawlers love to trawl

And the guitar of his dreams hangs upon some wall  
Or laying underneath the staircase in a hall  
We can carry dreams but we can't hold them all  
That's why we learn the blues before we actually fall  
That's the pocket, let him be  
That's the pocket, let him be

And he's clinging on to hope  
Like the oak tree to the gale  
'Cause finding one love letter in a sky high jumble sale  
Is one single reason, why the pocket will not fail

