

## Carole King "Pocket Money"

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Pocket Money

From the Motion Picture "Pocket Money"

By 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 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.

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