

## **Creedence Clearwater Revival "Penthouse Pauper"**

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Now, if I was a bricklayer,  
I wouldn't build just anything;  
And if I was a ball player,  
I wouldn't play no second string.  
And if I were some jew'lry, baby;  
Lord, I'd have to be a diamond ring.

If I were a secret, lord, I never would be told.  
If I were a jug of wine, lord, my flavor would be old.  
I could be most anything,  
But it got to be twenty-four karat solid gold, oh.

If I were a gambler, you know I'd never lose,  
And if I were a guitar player,  
Lord, I'd have to play the blues.

If I was a hacksaw, my blade would be razor sharp.  
If I were a politician, I could prove that monkeys talk.  
You can find the tallest building,  
Lord, I'd have me the house on top.

Oh, let's go!  
All right, keep goin'!

I'm the penthouse pauper;  
I got nothin' to my name.  
I'm the penthouse pauper; baby,  
I got nothing to my name.  
I can be most anything,  
'cause when you got nothin' it's all the same.

Oh, let's move to this song!  
Lord, look at my penthouse.

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