

Rockets

"Every Man's Got A Mountain"

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It ain't easy: the road of life, it ain't easy.
It don't matter if you're black or white,
Nobody rides for free.
Well, believe me, life is a bitter-sweet journey,
An' everybody that starts out in the cradle,
Still ends up in the grave.

Well, every man's got a mountain to climb:
He's got his own cross to bear.
Well, every day's just another step you take,
On the road that takes you there.
On the road that takes you there.

Well, you might be a rich kid livin' on milk and honey,
Livin' off your Daddy's money.
But money ain't everything.
Can't buy forgiveness; it sure can't buy salvation.
But it can numb your senses,
And tarnish your golden rings.

Well, every man's got a mountain to climb:
He's got his own cross to bear.
Well, every day's just another step you take,
On the road that takes you there.
On the road that takes you there.

You can have nothin' an' still have it all;
Be a blind man and still see.
You can be locked up in a cell,
But your heart can still be free.
(Your heart can still be free.)

It ain't easy: the road of life, it ain't easy.
Everybody's got a cross to bear,
On the road that takes you there.
(Aw, take me there.)

You can have nothin' an' still have it all;
Be a blind man and still see.
You can be locked up in a cell,
But your heart can still be free.

(Your heart can still be free.)

It ain't easy: the road of life, it ain't easy.
Everybody's got a cross to bear,
On the road that takes you there.

Yeah, everybody's got a cross to bear,
On the road that takes you there.

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