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Alberta Cross "Crate Of Gold"

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Try to stay hungry With something to speak Looked out my window Who's after me

Give up my heart It's too much guilt Gazed out my window Someone's scared of me

Hey Lord show me Too many people are after me Oh Lord show me Too many people are mocking me

Cut off my hands Let it bleed I've got a crate of gold inside of me Get it straight I'm not a jail And little folks don't bother me Get it straight now I'm not a saint

Hey Lord show me Too many people are mocking me Oh Lord show me Too many people are mocking me

Mocking me...

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