

The Beautiful South

"Pockets"

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(Heaton/Rotheray)

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're on that train of thought

You pass some pretty funky stops

When you're 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 Pockets

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

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