

The Jam

"Pretty Green"

Visit "[Pretty Green](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

PRETTY GREEN (Paul Weller)

I've got a pocket full of pretty green -
I'm gonna put it in the fruit machine -
I'm gonna put it in the juke box -
It's gonna play all the records in the hit parade -
This is the pretty green - this is society -
You can't do nothing - unless it's in the pocket - oh no -
I've got a pocket full of pretty green -
I'm gonna give it to the man behind the counter -
He's gonna give me food and water -
I'm gonna eat that and look for more -
And they didn't teach me that in school -
It's something that I learnt on my own -
That power is measured by the pound or the fist -
It's as clear as this oh -
I've got a pocket full of Pretty Green!

MONDAY (Paul Weller)

Rainclouds came and stole my thunder -
Left me barren like a desert
But a sunshine girl like you
It's worth going through -
I will never be embarrassed about love again.
Tortured winds that blew me over -
When I start to think that I'm something special
They tell me that I'm not -
And they're right and I'm glad and I'm not -
I will never be embarrassed about that again.
Oh baby I'm dreaming of Monday,
Oh baby will I see you again,
Oh baby I'm dreaming of Monday.

MAN IN THE CORNER SHOP (Paul Weller)

Puts up the closed sign does the man in the corner
shop
Serves his last and says goodbye to him
He knows it is a hard life
But it's nice to be your own boss really
Walks off home does the last customer
He is jealous of the man in the corner shop
He is sick of working at the factory
Says it must be nice to be your own boss (really)
Sells cigars to the boss from the factory

He is jealous is the man in the corner shop
He is sick of struggling so hard
He says - it must be nice to own a factory
Go to church do the people from the area
All shapes and classes sit and pray together
For here they are all one
For God created all men equal.
SET THE HOUSE ABLAZE (Paul Weller)
I was in the Pub last night
When a mutual friend of ours said
He'd seen you in the uniform.
Yeah the leather belt looks manly
The black boots butch
But oh what a bastard to get off.
Promises, promises
They offer real solutions
But hatred has never won for long.
And something you said set the house ablaze
You was so open minded
But by someone blinded
And now your sign says closed.
Promises, promises
They offer real solutions
But hatred has never won for long.
I think we've lost our perception -
I think we've lost sight of the goals we should be
working for
I think we've lost our reason
We stumble blindly and that vision must be restored!
I wish that there was something
I could do about it
I wish that there was some way
I could try to fight it
Scream and shout it -
It is called indoctrination
And it happens on all levels
But it has nothing to do with equality
It has nothing to do with democracy
And though it professes to
It has nothing to do with humanity
It is cold hard and mechanical

Visit [The Jam](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.