

## **The Tossers**

# **"The Crock Of Gold"**

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We'll live out our lives on this dirty old street  
Only because we just can't compete  
But in the concrete of our younger days  
We left our names, our names

Just like the people before  
When they reached the distant shore  
With their drink and their dance  
And their dreams and sincere aims

All ghosts long gone, through old buildings they stare  
With their offspring staring at me for they are still there  
Dreams that are dead and lives not realized

Well, why did we write our names  
In these streets to show we're alive?  
Alive, alive, alive, alive

Well, Chicago is my home and I'll never want to roam  
To live on any sun swept distant shore  
Well, it is that I was reared by forbearer's so revered  
And I sing the songs that they all sang before

Well, any woman that's neared me  
Has been repelled most thoroughly  
Still I'm a lover, God, I am foremost of all

A musician that's my call  
Of high degree professional  
But I'm afraid that they do not know my trade at all

Well, if it's every twenty years  
Some small relief to me appears  
Then the crock of gold will wait until

Until that day to defend myself no more  
Lay the shield of anger at my door  
And the sword of alcohol will stow away

Well, all young people in our town  
Are overworked and broken down  
Begging cheques but it's just not enough they're giving

Crying quietly, living life so desperately  
That something has to make  
This life worth living

Real life is only a time line  
And the excitement holds the short times  
It will never measure up to what TV sells as great

All the drunken jokes and views  
Exciting pubs they tell the news  
But the exciting pats  
Well, they just weren't all that great

Well, if it's every twenty years  
Some small relief to me appears  
Then the crock of gold will wait

Until that day to defend myself no more  
Lay the shield of anger at my door  
And the sword of alcohol will stow away, go

Well, I met a girl one night  
And enchantment fixed our sight  
So we decided we would hold it for awhile

But she would not love me  
So inside me finally, I said, "It's not your fault  
But I would like love if only for a while"

Well, it's on and on I've seen  
Yeah, that's how it's always been  
And how it will be as ever on I go

Oh, but ever on I will  
Through all the banal times until  
Well, I find some place  
To me that seems like home

Well, and if it's every twenty years  
Some small relief to me appears  
Then the crock of gold will wait

Until that day to defend myself no more  
Lay the shield of anger at my door  
And the sword of alcohol will stow away

Well, and if it's every twenty years  
Some small relief to me appears  
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