Stones in Your Pocket

Have you ever wondered why the lights always turn red?

Have you ever noticed that the good always end up dead?

Black and white well they’re both alright, but you always end up brown

Stones in your pockets bringing you down

Stones in your pockets bringing you down

Have you ever wondered why the lights always turn red?

Have you ever noticed that the good always end up dead?

Black and white well they’re both alright, but you always end up brown

Stones in your pockets bringing you down

Stones in your pockets bringing you down

I’m sailing away,

I’m sailing away on the crest of a wave

But some might say, I’m sailing away but I’m doing okay

Is a frown

Have you ever wondered why the flies always bug you?

And winter days, and summer haze, the skies are never blue.

You’ve got pets but they live at the vets, even your fish drowned.

Stones in your pockets bringing you down

Stones in your pockets bringing you down

Have you ever wondered why they never have your size

Have you ever noticed that your camera always lies

When you’re square everything’s unfair in a world that’s always round

Stones in your pockets bringing you down

Stones in your pockets bringing you down

I’m sailing away

I’m sailing away on the crest of a wave

But some might say, I’m sailing away but I’m doing okay

Is a frown

Stones in your pockets bringing you down x6