Stones in your pockets – sung

Have you ever wondered why the lights always turn red

Have you ever noticed that

The good always end up dead

Black and white where they’re both alright

But you always end up brown

Stones in your pockets, bringing you down

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I’m sailing away, I’m sailing away on the crust of a wave

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

Is it frown

Have you always wondered why the flies always bug you

Went to days in summer haze, 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

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Have you ever wondered why, they never have your size

Have you ever noticed that, your camera always lied

When you’re square, everything sounds fair, in the world that’s always round

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