

# Emma Pollock, Fortune

There is fortune in my name  
Currency in letters  
If this life is just a game  
I'll try to play it better

We all started just the same  
The hopeful and the hopeless  
On the streets we made our name  
Our confidence, our harness

And I know the marks  
They don't show on the outside  
But each of us carries a tale  
And one of these days  
We won't talk anymore  
The silence begins when we fail  
And I think I might break

Now we separate again  
But who to lay the blame on?  
These years are laying claim  
To values I could count on

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They don't show on the outside  
But each of us carries a tale  
And one of these days  
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