

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
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