

Pocket Change, Golden

Thinking about my golden years and how I've wasted.
I've grown up strong but then again I feel so weakened.
I've gotten sucked into the lies and now I tell them.
I live and sleep and dream about the pain and suffering.

(Chorus:)

But I will hang in there and yes I have forgave you.

I will move on.

Another winter has hit and now I feel a little threatened.

When this time of your comes around then hits the deep depression.

I'll hang out with only those that will comfort me.

And the music in this room brings on a certain darkness.