

# Stereophonics, Everyday I Think Of Money

I drive a truck, it carries money,  
And everyday, I dream up my fantasies.  
Yesterday, I bought my beach house,  
A little place just off the coast of France.

Everyday I think of money,  
Everyday I think of running.

I love my truck, I love my family,  
Stuck in the back, the good life surrounds me.  
Could tie my right hand man, and put him some place,  
Then I'd ditch the truck, and buy a new face.

Everyday I think of money,  
Everyday I think of something.

It cant buy you love, cant give you soul,  
Can pick you up, can down you low.  
Can drag you out of the hole,  
You dug, yourself, out of again.

Sat in a truck, it it carries convicts,  
My hands are bound to the seat by handcuffs,  
Tomorrow, I'll maybe walk around the yard,  
Or paint in my cell, and hate imprisonment.

Everyday I think of money,  
Everyday I miss my family.