

Creedence Clearwater Revival, Penthouse Pauper

Now if I was a bricklayer,
I wouldn't build just anything;
And if I was a ball player,
I wouldn't play no second string;
And if I were some jew'lry, baby,
Lord, I'd have to be a diamond ring.

If I were a secret,
Lord, I never would be told;
And if I were a jug of wine,
Lord, my flavor would be old.
I could be most anything,
But it got to be twenty-four-karat solid gold, oh.

If I were a gambler,
You know, I'd never lose;
And if I were a guitar player,
Lord, I'd have to play the blues.

If I was a hacksaw,
My blade would be razor sharp;
And if I were a politician,
I could prove that monkeys talk.
You can find the tallest building;
Lord, I'd have me the house on top.

Oh, let's go!

Alright, keep goin'!

I'm the penthouse pauper;
I got nothin' to my name.
I'm the penthouse pauper, baby;
I got nothing to my name.
I can be most anything;
Oh, when you got nothin', it's all the same.

Oh, let's move to this song!

Lord, look at my penthouse.