

Robert Plant, All The Money In The World

All of the money in the world

Your living in a house of glass
There's no place left you can hide
Your running from the sea and the crash
Where everything beautiful died

Your living in a house of cods
Your waiting for the weather to turn
I dont know how you made it this far
And i'll feel my bridges are burned

All of the money, the money in the world
Wont bring you back your reason
Wont bring you back your world

You waited till the last resort
To mix some of the truth with the lying
Your waiting for the damage report
Its there in the smoke without frying

Yeah, you want to think its house of cards, thats called word twisting. Or, poetry.
The resort, the sea, everything beautiful died, damage report...
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