

VINCE GILL, Pocket Full Of Gold

(Vince Gill, Brian Allsmiller)

He slipped the ring off his finger
When he walked in the room
And he found him some stranger
And promised her the moon
How many lies you must have told
You think you're a rich man
With your pocket full of gold

For another man's treasure
You'd say anything
But is one night of pleasure
Worth the trouble you'll bring
Don't look so surprised
'Cause son I should know
I once was a rich man
With my pocket full of gold

Some night you're gonna wind up
On the wrong end of a gun
Some jealous guy's gonna show up
And you'll pay for what you've done
What will it say on your tombstone
Here lies a rich man
With his pocket full of gold

Yeah, here lies a rich man
With his pocket full of gold