

# Pockets

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Pockets  
Pockets full of joy  
Pockets full of rain  
Pockets full of sunshine and pockets full of pain  
Pockets full of you  
Faded souvenir  
Pockets full of pills that may never stop your  
Tears from falling  
After all, it's

You, you got you through it  
Carried it all this way  
Oh, you thought you'd been through it  
But somehow you still make change

With your pockets  
Pockets full of songs  
Those that did you wrong  
Pockets full of things that you don't need anymore

Some things you're meant to let go  
Some things you hold on to  
Some things'll leave their mark  
Some things'll get you through  
Ah  
Ah  
Ah

Pockets  
Pockets full of notes  
Promises you broke  
Holding back the words  
But you tried but never spoke your mind  
But there's still time, oh

You, you got you through it  
Carried it all this way  
And you thought you'd been through it  
But somehow you still make change

With your pockets  
Pockets full of keys  
Places left behind  
Young love that you gave up, but it's still stuck in your mind  
And pockets full of doubt  
You turn 'em inside out  
Not sure where to go, but you'll find a way somehow

Mm, mm