

Money

Badfinger

Money stole my lady
Fools have a way of making me lazy
Money buy you freedom
Rules have a way of making me crazy

So we grow a little older
With another tale to tell
So we grow a little colder
With another tale to tell

Money make you feel unhappy
Fools have a way of making me crazy

So we grow a little older
With another tale to tell
So we grow a little colder
With another tale to tell