

Money Man

Lynyrd Skynyrd

This song goes out to all the money men

He drives around in a fancy car
Smokes those long, Cuban cigars
He don't know how to play guitar
And he can't sing but still the pretty girls think he's a star

We play music, got families to feed
Ain't good with numbers and he knows we can't read
If we get a dollar you know he gets three
It ain't hard to figure out, it's as simple as can be

Don't ask me, ask the money man

These boys are livin' in a fantasy land
I just keep 'em on the road so they can pay the money man
I'll be long gone before they understand
My promises are strong like a road made out of sand

I wanna be your money man
My mortgage is picked up by the band
I wanna be your money man
The boys, oh they're sleepin' out in the van

Don't ask me, ask the money man

You boys are livin' in fantasy land
You signed the dotted line, I'm takin' all I can
Your money's lookin' good in my retirement plan
That's just the way it is when you're playin' in a band

That's my money man, down on his knees
He ain't prayin' but he damn sure ought to be
He's at a place where money doesn't grow on trees
And all his prison buddies doin' more than shoot the breeze

How does it feel no money man, not too good
What did you do with my money man
Well I a, well a you know a
How does it feel to be a honey man
Are you sure that you're still a man

Aw you're dressed up like a little girl
Just shootin' the breeze, down on your knees
Money man, oh money man