

More Dreams Than Dollars

Maggie Rose

Counting quarters in the ash tray
Low riding in the fast lane
Dinner's spinning in the microwave
Turning bills into paper planes
The only thing we got figured out
Is we don't got it figured out
Just sleeping on a shitty couch, hanging out, making out

We got more dreams than dollars
Got more gut than gold
We got more sweat than tears
More time than years, more soul than a stereo
We got more dirt than diamonds
But damn if we don't shine
We got more dreams than dollars
And more tomorrows we can spend for the rest of our lives

Got my threads at the goodwill
98 needs a refill
Reality is a tough pill to swallow without a whiskey chaser
The only thing we got figured out
Is we don't got it figured out
But we get by with a little love and a good buzz because

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We're posers and poets
We're broke and we know it
And nothing is free
We look like we're sinking, but really we're stinking rich as long as we

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