

# Who Makes Your Money

Spoon

Japanese John, his slight face fur  
Still just as confused still just as sure  
He's still just as charming, points out the view  
As he hands your wage to you  
Don't you break it  
Or they'll take it

Who makes your money  
Who thinks they might  
Who's gonna be there to take the fight  
Some try to relax  
Some try to know  
Some try to get there with no place to go  
No place to go  
Who makes your money  
Oh they take it

When all is quiet and on your own  
And all your love, there it goes  
It's come to hate  
With everything you call  
And now your back  
Is against the wall  
Who makes your money