

Your Cash Ain't Nothin' but Trash

Steve Miller Band

Spoken: Your cash ain't nothing but trash (Take 1). Here we go. Yeah, you may have heart about the gangster of love and the space cowboy, but I'm gonna whip a cat on you right now who's had more trouble, trials and tribulations.

One, two, three, hey
Yeah
It's alright
Look here

I was walking down the main track
One night
I met a fine chick
She was built just right

She stopped when I flashed my roll
I told her she could have all of my dough

She turned around and with a frown
She said this ain't no circus
And I don't need a clown

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
And there ain't no need in your hangin' around

Just to make a hit with that chick
I tried to get a Cadillac right quick
The man at the place he looked so strange
I had 900 bucks and some change

We disagreed
I tried to plead
Well, he said I ain't a chicken
And I don't need your feed

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Well, baby you're crawling way past your speed

I was walkin' into town in my white bucks
A man with a gun, he said hands up
I tried to get away but too slow
He got me and took all of my dough

I heard him shout
As he cut out
Well you ain't lost nothin'
What you cryin' about

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
And he took my watch and I passed out

I woke up in the arms of a big cop
Police station
Next stop
Judge swung his fist down
Plunk plunk

\$20 fine cause you're drunk
Pick up the dough
And you can go
All I had was a buffalo

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
But I'm sure gonna get me some more