

# Money Becomes King

Tom Petty

If you reach back in your memory  
A little bell might ring  
About a time that once existed  
When money wasn't king  
If you stretch your imagination  
I'll tell you all a tale  
About a time when everything  
Wasn't up for sale

There was this cat named Johnny  
Who loved to play and sing  
When money wasn't king.

We'd all get so excited  
When John would give a show  
We'd raise the cash between us  
And down the road we'd go  
To hear him play that music  
It spoke right to my soul  
Every verse a diamond  
And every chorus gold

The sound was my salvation  
It was only everything  
Before money became king.

Well I ain't sure how it happened  
And I don't know exactly when  
But everything got bigger  
And the rules began to bend  
And the TV taught the people  
How to get their hair to shine  
And how sweet life can be  
If you keep a tight behind

And they raised the cost of living  
And how could we have known  
They'd double the price of tickets  
To go see Johnny's show?

So we hocked all our possessions  
And we sold a little dope  
And went off to rock 'n' roll.

We arrived there early  
In time to see rehearsal  
And John came out and lip-synched  
His new lite-beer commercial  
And as the crowd arrived  
As far as I could see  
The faces were all different  
There was no one there like me

They sat in golden circles  
And waiters served them wine  
And talked through all the music  
And to John paid little mind

And way up in the nosebleeds  
We watched upon the screen  
They hung between the billboards  
So cheaper seats could see

Johnny, rock that golden circle  
And all those VIPs  
And that music that had freed us  
Became a tired routine  
And I saw his face in close-up  
Tryin' to give it all he had  
And sometimes his eyes betrayed him  
You could see that he was sad

And I tried to rock on with him  
But I slowly became bored  
Could that man on stage with everything  
Somehow need some more?

There was no use in pretending  
No magic left to hear  
All the music gave me  
Was a craving for lite-beer  
As I walked out of the arena  
My ears began to ring  
And money became king.