

# Money

bAnoffe

I have been waking up late  
And it already feels too hard  
I just wanna stay in the dark  
Your messages are making me cry, so  
I'm like an ankle weight  
Drag me round all of your days  
You're driving down on the freeway  
Crying on the hands-free

This is how it happens  
But I know I'm fine  
This is how I get stuck  
Everything's so fucked  
Don't wanna worry?  
I'll stay offline

This is all my garbage  
You've got yours, here's mine  
Everything's not perfect, so I'll  
Make a chart, put it all in line

Money, money, money  
Couldn't make me happy, happy, happy  
Nothing could  
Nothing could  
I know, I know, I know  
I won't get up, get up, get up  
But I should  
But I should

I've been, I've been losing my feet  
Never awake, never asleep  
My eyes all red and bruisy  
But I kinda like the look I think  
I could just wait till the end of the week  
Wait for this dose to increase  
But when a minute feels like an hour  
And an hour a year, what do you think?

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