

## Warm Change

Fucked Up

Insert a coin to hear the band play  
Spend some time, then take your change  
Notes on the page turn to bills on the stage  
Ideas on a tray to take home and play

But don't touch my hands with your warm change  
The cash in the hand changes a man  
To a transaction in some other man's plan  
Time was born in a clock, music comes from a box  
And paper always beats the rock

Value assigned to the dime is a crime  
For six or nine or half of the time  
Don't touch the stones that you don't believe  
You can't take them with you when you leave  
Warm change is a trick up a golden man's sleeve

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Don't open the box and alter the state  
Don't touch what you cherish or it will change  
Tender your soul to the currency  
Hold onto your money like it's a dream