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

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

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

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