

# Dollar

GRAHAM

Rent is paid, but rent is high  
What remains on the day I die  
Money made won't ever make me feel alive  
Working days, working nights  
Anything just to survive  
Reaching things, but tell me what's the goal inside

Woah  
Gotta let it go  
'Cause when it's over  
I got nothing left to show

Best friends with the dollar  
They don't really have much else they could offer  
Gotta be more, more  
Don't know where my head is  
I don't wanna wait one day and regret it  
That ain't my goal, goal

I can have everything I ever needed  
Memories with ocean breezes  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh oh  
All these satisfactions never last and  
All this greed don't ever feel  
Enough  
Yeah enough

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