

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 satifacitions never last and
All this greed don't ever feel
Enough
Yeah enough

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