

All The Money's Gone

Greg Brown

That was a trip. Wasn't that a trip, my darlin
I love to see ya happy in the mountains
But who's that knockin on the door now
How many pennies in that stack you're countin

All the money's gone. All the money's gone
Gut it out, pack it up and move on
All the money's gone. All the money's gone

Do you know how much I love you
I'd like to buy ya the world's largest bathtub
But I put my hand so deep in my pocket
I found some lint, some burnt matches and a couple of
ticket stubs

But all the money's gone. All the money's gone
Gut it out, pack it up and move on
All the money's gone. All the money's

I've been walkin the streets
Where the shoes and the clothes and the haircuts, they
holler and they holler
We Americans, we are so easily pleased
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and fifty thousand dollars

But all the money's gone. All the money's gone
Gut it out, pack it up and move on
All the money's gone. All the money's
All the money's gone. All the money's