

Answered Prayers

Hoodoo Gurus

It was a difficult time
And I was in the right place
Your boyfriend was suicidal
And you were looking vulnerable
I took ya for a spin
I tried you on for size
I knew you'd fall for me
'Cause people always do

I want your money
I want your money, honey
I want your money
I want your money, honey

You had me on the side
That's how I had you too
You weren't the only one
You shouldn't kid yourself
That's how it is with me
And how it's always been
You shouldn't kid yourself
The rest is up to you

I'm feeling fickle
A little Travis Bickle
I'm feeling fickle
A little Travis Bickle
Hammer and sickle
It's either slap or tickle
Your wooden nickel
You found a wooden nickel

I don't want you
I don't want you

I don't want you
I don't want you

You come home from your day job
And now your work can start
These might turn so nasty
If you keep acting smart
I'm on fire, it's no secret
I'm way too hot to hold
Razor wire, I don't need it
You're under self-control, whoa-whoa

I want your money
I want your money, honey
I want your money
I want your money, honey

I was your answered prayer
I filled a yearning need
Now you depend on me
So you can go to hell

I don't want you
I don't want you
I don't want you
I don't want you
(I don't want you)
I don't want you
(I don't want you)
I don't want you
(I don't want you)
I don't want you
(I don't want you)
I don't want you