

Money

Lime Cordiale

I don't want to know all the things that you've lied about
I'll find better things to do, then get so fucking down about it
I've got broken bones but which ones, oh who knows?
I won't sit here in the dark and cold, getting old and mad with
out it

It's the end of the evening and what is left?
You're looking around for a lover but not for sex
Can be a fool if you want to cos they don't care
As long as there's a dollar that you can spend

Money
It's written on your face now
All you want is money
But that ain't what I make now

Walk down a different road
At the end, not much to tell your friends about
You know you'll never reach that pot of gold
Just two kids that you'll argue about

I'll put my money on you're just searching for his money
Couldn't care what type of week he's had or if he's stuck like
honey
Make a lifetime full of small talk pretending he's so funny
You just put that big old smile on, a lapdog to that dummy

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As long as you can spend

Money
It's written on your face now
All you want is money
But that ain't what I make now
You want money
It's written on your face now
All you want is money
But that ain't what I make now