

## Shitloads of Money

Liz Phair

Louis is probably thirty years old but he looks like a solid 45  
Louis says he's got a headache  
I look in his eyes, and I believe him  
The big L.K.'s and the gangster disciples  
Louis can't think of who else could take over, but he just can't  
Get up in the morning  
A genuine face, braced for survival...  
It's nice to be liked  
But it's better by far to get paid  
I know that most of the friends that I have don't really see it  
That way  
But if you can give 'em each one wish  
How much do you wanna bet?  
They'd wish success for themselves and their friends and  
That would include lots of money  
Don't know how many times you were stuck in the morning  
You just couldn't move, though your mother was calling  
You know what you need  
Is a Lotto revival  
A train flashes by and you're lost in a spiral...  
Take the train on up to the zoo, don't look back  
On what you've been through  
Cause everyone's got a Monday...  
It looks like shit and must be America  
It burns so quick, so it must be America  
We all need a shitload of M-O-N-E-Y, money