

# For the Money

Montgomery Gentry

Ah, let me tell you a little story about my family

Daddy almost made a living with eighty acres and a plow  
He could've bought that place twice over working for someone in town

Ah, but you should've seen him in his fields at harvest time  
He'd swear the gates of heaven opened and he was standing first in line

You can't be in it for the money  
Money comes and money goes  
You can't be in it for the money  
Oh, you got to satisfy your soul

I grabbed the world when I turned eighteen  
I turned it over and I shook it hard  
I filled my pockets up with money  
But it burned a hole right through my heart

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You know everybody's got a purpose  
From mending bones to tending farms  
You might say that I found mine  
When I wrap my hands around this guitar

And I still wonder if I'm crazy  
Trying to bring a dream to life  
But I look forward to tomorrow  
And I sleep pretty good at night

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