

Talking About Money

Wye Oak

Right side headache
Maybe I'm dying
Oh but a child then
You told me anything
Now you've got me

Dreaming a tragedy
When I'm holding his hand
I'm talking about money

Oh scare me
Can't you see I am ghostly
And what I owe you
Is more than how I know you
So the worthless intangible
Is instantly valuable
And if you
Don't