

Psychedelic Furs, The

"All That Money Wants"

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City sky comes down like rain
Through all the alleys to the sea
I hear footsteps getting louder
Drowning in my sleep
Painted lies on painted lips
That promise heaven tastes like this
I don't believe that I believed in you
All that money wants
All that money wants
All that money wants
Sunday's child will fall through faith
I feel I'm falling out of grace
Grey city sky comes down like rain
To drown me in my sleep
People fade and I forget you
I hear footsteps, see their faces
But it all means nothing to me now
All that money wants
All that money wants
All that money wants
City sky comes down like rain

Through all the alleys to the sea
I hear her footsteps getting louder
I'm drowning in my sleep
Painted lies on broken lips
That promise heaven tastes like this
Came home pushed and full of pins
Sunday's child will fall through faith
I feel I'm falling out of grace
I see the sky comes down like rain
To drown me in my sleep
People fade and I forget you
I hear footsteps I see faces
But it all means nothing to me
All that money wants
All that money wants
All that money wants
All that money wants
People fade and I forget you
I hear footsteps, see their faces
But it all means nothing to me now

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