

## Virginmarys

# "You've Got Your Money, I've Got My Soul"

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I am just a poor boy hunting mushrooms in a forest,  
Pick them for a man who gives me a £45 pound  
promise,  
It's better than an office,  
It pays more than the dole.

Planet Earth is prison while the devil walks the green  
lands,  
Lock and key still missing, see them resting in his red  
hand.  
He's a killer of the free man, he wants you bought and  
sold.

Breaking the mould, so my blood don't run so cold,  
You keep your money, I will keep my soul.

Looking for the answer man I'm hunting for the cure,  
Fellow men keep dying even Christ don't know what for,  
Business men malicious when, the devil pays out more

Breaking the mould, so my blood don't run so cold,  
You keep your money, I will keep my soul.

Give me peace to ease my mind,  
Give me strength to keep alive.  
Keep your money,  
God is calling, planet Earth is falling,  
Without warning you could see the end.  
Look around you, look at what surrounds you,  
God is calling, listen to your heart.  
Listen!

Keep your soul, keep your soul  
Keep your soul, keep your soul

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