

## Anita O'Day

### "Untitled 102"

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How can we make you understand  
All you can be is given in your hand  
Oh you won't need money

Trust in me, take me by the hand  
Oh give us a chip  
Dreams are strewn across the sand  
You won't need money

Well, all the bent-back pedderlars the jugglers and  
fools  
They're driving me crazy I'm climbing the walls  
So show me the way, the way to my stool  
Coz I'm so sick, so sick of it all  
But when the penny drops

Trust in me, take me by the hand  
Oh don't cash in your chips, just yet,  
They're strewn across the sand  
Oh you won't need you won't money

Well, all the bent-back pedderlars the jugglers and  
fools  
They're driving me crazy, it's no good at all  
So show me the way, the way to my stool  
But when the penny drops

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