

Baby Woodrose

"Money For Soul"

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Hey little girl is your heart made of steel?
You know how to suck dick but you don't know how to
feel
You've got pearls from your head to your heels
But the sparks in your eyes they look so unreal...
Oh, no, no, no - you can't trade your money for soul

Hey mister phoney suit and tie
With your high fashion looks and your plastic smile
Did you think you could run and hide?
Then pay me back some other time
Oh, no, no, no - you can't trade your money for soul...

Hey little girl is your heart made of stone?
I know your daddy paid for every little thing you own
You would die for all your silver and gold
While your love for me is so hard and cold
No, no, no, no - you can't trade your money for soul

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