

Editors "For The Money"

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Here's where the wind leaves its mark across your face,
And the ocean knows more than we'll ever know.
Wake from our sleep, we are crippled but unique,
A cat in a bag meets the undertow

Make to the fields that are neighbouring your town,
Take all that you can carry.
Play with the fire and let the money burn,
It only bought a lack of sincerity.

Who's gonna make us better,
If we won't believe there are things left to say?
And who's gonna take away the slaughter,
And put us to bed at the end of the day?

Here's where the wind leaves its mark across your face,
A perfect place to fall on your sword.
Keep your hands to yourself,
Overestimate your wealth,
Don't touch what you can't afford.

Who's gonna make us better,
If we won't believe there are things left to say?
We watch as the dust settles around us,
Now put us to bed at the end of the day.

And everyone says:
One for the money!
Two for the money!
Three for the money!
Four for the money!
Five for the money!
Six for the money!
Seven for the money!
Eight for the money!

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