

# Grace Potter And The Nocturnals "Money"

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I'm not the worrying kind,  
But you, you lose every time  
You lose every nickel, dime, quarter, dollar,  
five, ten, twenty  
It's a crime that you don't have any money

I don't need much,  
Just a place I can lay me head  
And a warm touch  
I save every nickel, dime, quarter, dollar, five, ten,  
twenty  
But I still can't seem to save any money

Once step away from the street

Barely got enough to eat  
They're closing down the old seven eleven  
Everybody's crying for pennies from heaven

Nickel, dime, quarter, dollar, five, ten, twenty  
It's a crime that we don't have any  
Oh it's a crime that we don't have any money

No we don't have any money baby  
No I don't, no I don't need any money

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