Grateful Dead "Money, Money"

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My baby, gives me The finance blues Tax me to the limit Of my revenues

Here she comes finger-poppin' Clickety-click She says, furs or diamonds You take your pick

She wants money What she wants? She wants money What she wants?

She wants money What she wants? She wants money What she wants?

Money, money Money, money, money Money, money Money, money, money

And she say, money, honey I'd rob a bank I just load my gun And mosey down to the bank

Knockin' off my neighborhood Savings and load To keep my sweet Chiquita In ea u de cologne

She wants money What she wants?
She wants money What she wants?

She wants money What she wants?

She wants money What she wants?

Money, money Money, money Money, money Money, money, money

Mama don't send me down To rob that bank again I got a notion that You're leadin' me to sin

Won't you relax Won't you lay way back Don't you bug Your honey 'bout no Cadillac

It's only bucks You don't need no jack So, won't you please Relax and lay way back

My baby's lovin' Gives me such a thrill It gives me inspiration Makin' counterfeit bills

Now, some folks say The best things in life are free I sure don't get no love And livin' honestly

She wants money What she wants? She wants money What she wants?

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Money, money Money, money Money, money Money, money, money

Lord made a lady Out of Adam's rib Next thing you know You got women's lib

Lovely to look upon Heaven to touch It's a real shame They got to cost so much

She wants money What she wants? She wants money What she wants?

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