

## Juliana Hatfield

### "Fool Money"

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Jehovah knocking at my door  
What can I say  
I gave him some  
He wanted more  
So I paid  
And now he's gone  
Another round for everyone  
Now it's all about the Washington's  
Money made a fool out of me  
Made me believe in things I don't believe  
Nothing saved for a rainy day  
Free me from my money

Guilty of the fashion of the day  
Dirty old jeans  
I dropped several hundred on the pair I never wear  
Penthouse suite on my knees  
Throwing up vanilla martinis  
Oh god please  
Money made a fool out of me  
Made me need things that I don't need  
Nothing saved for a rainy day  
Free me from my money

From this bus I'm taking home  
You can have all my diamonds from Sierra Leone  
Money made a fool out of me  
Surrounded me with things that I don't need  
Nothing saved for a rainy day  
Free me from my money

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