

## Adam Brand

### "Part Till The Moneys All Gone"

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Adam Brand - Part Till The Moneys All Gone

Oh man, give me a cold beer, maybe two  
Well she cleaned out my house lock stock and barrel  
And never even kissed me goodbye  
She took my dog, my horse, my boots and my saddle  
So friend if you're wondering why  
I'm gonna sit right here and drink cold beer  
Sure as hell aint goin' home  
Till they give last call for alcohol  
We'll party till the money's all gone  
I got a letter from her big shot lawyers  
Saying they weren't thru with me yet  
They want the entire amount in my bank account  
I get to keep what's left  
There's gonna be nothing left, not a zip not a cent  
I don't care and it don't matter  
We'll just have a good time  
Cause she' gonna choke  
When she sees I'm flat broke  
Coz I'm spending every last dime  
It's all gone and all mine  
Ah I'm sorry baby there's nothing left!  
Oh hang on

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