

Morten Harket

"Burn Money Burn"

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Burn, money; burn
I don't like the wheels that you turn
You don't know the value of things
I still like your bells when they ring

Burn, money; burn
What I was taught is not what I learn
I don't need an IQ-score to beat
Take my heart, there's nothing to compete

You could say that
Love's late for someone
You could say that
Love waits on someone

Sing, my heart; sing
I know that you can change anything
I cross the street and lean on the wind
The truth is like a whisper, laughing
Sting, my heart; sting
Our enemy must save their own skin
It just takes a spark to light across
If they could, they would want to be like us

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