

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "Money Make The Man"

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Play on words like a jungle gym.
Juggle until there's nothing left of them.
Shriveled and shrinking, foolishly believing
that we would be the first grapes to become a fine
wine.

[Chorus:]

How do we keep fresh and still measure out success?
Will our best be good enough to keep doing what we
love?

Until the state of stagnation takes the taste of
inspiration.

The place in which all creation subsides.
Now it's up to us to decide

Should the friends make the music, or the music make
the friends?

Does the man make the money or the money make the
man?

If we can't get along should we bother writing songs?
If we can't make a dime is it even worth our time?

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