

Early November

"Money In His Hand"

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I just can't get this off my mind.
My voice it yells inside.
It tells me all the time that I could leave right now.
It tears me up to see this place green and a machine
washed grey.
But all we know is this.

I've been trying for the past four years.
Broken a lie to get this here.
It's not the heart that makes the man, its the money in
his hand.
It's been a struggle for the past few nights.
I had to quit to realize that I can't waste no time on it,
incase this is all I get.

One year, one month, and seven days to lose the love it
takes,
And grow plastic from my hands so I can leave right
now.
It tears me up to see this place green and a machine
washed grey,
With all the shine and ritz.

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incase this is all I get.
I get.

