

McCarthy

"Monetaries"

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On a cold mids mourner sun sharp right
Upon a few tables smiling five pound note
Gazing at me from the pavement
Wet we looked, it wasn't there
I was dreaming, you always are

I see coins that were your eyes
My eyes shining like sapphires
I can't think, and I can't paint, I can't love
And no one will, for money makes us of

Death to monetaries
Death to monetaries

I've been happy, you've been sad
You have died, you've own you'll be alive
Always at my back I hear
Always at my back I hear

Monetaries
Monetaries
Monetaries
Oh, death to monetaries
Death to monetaries

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