

Money Talks

"My Baby"

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Walking through the open door
Watch the day break through
Bloodstains on the naked floor
In my mind
The evil desert sun
Sparkles on my loaded gun
When this dirty job is done
I am on my own

My baby - playing games with me
My baby - crazy as it seems
My baby - is on the borderline
My baby - is gonna cry this time

Drivin' down the empty road
To this story's end
Death is written on his face
By my hands
He didn't play the game too well
He'll rest inside a six-foot cell
'Cause she was laughing when she said
That our love was dead

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