

Six Feet Under

"What Do You Do For Money Honey"

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You're working in bars
Riding in cars
Never gonna give it for free
You're apartment with a view
On the finest avenue
Looking at your beat on the street
You're always pushing, shoving
Satisfied with nothing
You bitch, you must be getting old
So stop your love on the road
All your digging for gold
You make me wonder
Yes I wonder, I wonder
Honey, whaddya do for money?
Honey, whaddya do for money?
Where you get your kicks?
You're loving on the take
And you're always on the make
Squeezing all the blood out of men
They're all standing in a queue
Just to spend the night with you
It's business as usual again
You're always grabbin', stabbin'
Trying to get it back in
But girl you must be getting slow
So stop your love on the road
All your digging for gold
You make me wonder
Yes I wonder, I wonder
Honey, whaddya do for money?
Honey, whaddya do for money?
Whaddya do for money honey, how you get your kicks?
Whaddya do for money honey, how you get your licks?
What you gonna do?

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