

The Good Mad

"What Money Paid For"

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Listen children,
Don't give up on this world were livin in
An endless chorus or beepin, countless digits
Were prayin to god from these holes that were digin
Oh I get get that it's all cataclysmic and someday we'll
fall
What good is a warning?
Like old men before me, I'll rise up and meet the road.
I have no fear of the crash of the tumblin market
Why bother saving with holes in my pockets
It's all a relic someday,
We can not look back and wonder what money paid for.

Oh, gone lover, it's never the words that we see
There's nothing new I would gladly talk through
Tin cans with some strings tied between
Over land over sea
They'll threaten you as far as their gun can reach
Don't think about it, or what allowed it
Just enlighten
What do I worship, send me my options
There's already too much, too much too often
They say peace is warring, if that much is true
Why am I always running to what's in pursuit?
I don't know

Oh now the moon is shaking
Watch it as his mothers taken
Stock of water has been done (?)
Soo more

I have no fear of the crash of the tumblin market
Why bother saving with holes in my pockets
There's too many lovers that don't mean a thing
We should carve our initials into the machine
Cause it's all a relic someday,
We can not look back and wonder what money paid for

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