

Nobo

Tijuana Panthers

Half past 5 and the sun starts to creep
Peak out the curtains and fall back to sleep
Plan to attack the night, gotta get my rest
All days are lost, this is a care to test
I see your pictures they post
Wandering thoughts, I fear I'm missing out
All this free time's not free, honey
So I must ask, where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?
I tapped her on the shoulder, I told her I'm asleep
She said, "You're ridiculous, have another drink."
Her friends she's with, they're just friends
You ask her to dance, full glasses in their hands
I said, "I work in the morning."
They all giggle, "Oh we're Artists, we don't sleep."
It's all a façade
Typewriter sellout, where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?
Guitar
My turn
She sunk into the sand, I told her not to wear
High heels on the beach, but she don't really care
I knew this would be the last time I would see
Her hand holding mine, and we'll never be
All out of money
Where'd you get your money?
Measure your self-worth
Where'd you get your money?
Do you know?
Where'd you get your money?
How do you feel about
Where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?
Where'd you get your money?

