

Money (Girly-Sound Version)

Liz Phair

Elvis's is probably 30 years old
He looks like a Saab in '45
Cliff says he's got a headache
Looks like shit and feels like America
Looks like shit and feels like America Teach them kids about disease (?)
'Cause Lois can't think of anything to run from(?)
And you just can't get up anymore(?)
They just can't get up anymore
Looks like shit and feels like America
Looks like shit and feels like America Why fly when you can walk?
Why sing when you can talk?
Why hit the wall when you just punched the clock?
Oh why sing when you can talk?
Jeremy's talking about the Bronx
He thinks it's probably a bad place to be
He says, it's gonna be worse than Manhattan
Looks like shit and feels like America
Looks like shit and feels like America Take the train on up to the zoo
Don't look on what you didn't do
'Cause everybody's got a Monday
Looks like shit and feels like America
Looks like shit and feels like America It's nice to be liked
But it's better by far to get paid
I know that most of the friends that I had
Don't really see it that way
But if you could give 'em each one wish
How much do you wanna bet?
They'd wish success for themselves and their friends
And that would include lots of money
That would surely include lots of money
So if there are any of you little green elves
Sitting out there today
Step right up, wish me old Irish luck
But I also need shitloads of money And if there are any of you dirty rich old men
Sitting out there today
Step right up, I'm a lucky fuck
But I'm gonna need shitloads of money
I'm gonna need shitloads of money
I have got to have shitloads of money

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

