**Money**

*1982*

Money, money, money

Where the hell you been?

I've chased you round

This goddamned world

And chased you round again.

And still I have no money.

And still I long for sin.

And still no satisfaction --

When or where

I do not care

Just let the torment end.

Now once I wanted pennies.

Then nickels, dimes, and bills.

Thousands, millions, homes and fortunes,

Thrills and pills and ills.

Money, money,

Death and taxes.

What price to lose a friend?

For love is where one really cares --

The rest a shadow -- no more, no less.

Then, now, or later -- all that's left

Is paper, ashes, nothing else

Safe children, lovers, friends.

That's all there was.

That's all there is.

Will it ever come again?

What you've really been.