

# Money

Auteur : Pink Floyd — (sans accords)

Money, get away.  
Get a good job with more pay and you're okay.  
Money, it's a gas.  
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash.

New car, caviar, four star daydream,  
Think I'll buy me a football team.

Money, get back.  
I'm all right Jack keep your hands off of my stack.  
Money, it's a hit.  
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit.

I'm in the high-fidelity first class travelling set  
And I think I need a Lear jet.

Money, it's a crime.  
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie.  
Money, so they say  
Is the root of all evil today.

But if you ask for a raise it's no surprise that they're  
giving none away.

"Huhuh! I was in the right!"  
"Yes, absolutely in the right!"  
"I certainly was in the right!"  
"You was definitely in the right. That geezer was cruising for a bruising!"  
"Yeah!"  
"Why doesn't anyone do anything?"  
"I don't know, I was really drunk at the time!"  
"I was just telling him, he couldn't get into number 2.  
He was asking why he wasn't coming up on freely, after I was yelling and  
screaming and telling him why he wasn't coming up on freely.  
It came as a heavy blow, but we sorted the matter out"

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