

# Money

Auteur : Pink Floyd

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{c: Verse}
[Bm7]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.

{c: Chorus}
[F#m7]New car, caviar, four star daydream,
[Em]Think I'll buy me a football[Bm7] team.

{c: Verse}
[Bm7]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.

{c: Chorus}
I'm in the [F#m7]high-fidelity first class travelling [Em]set
And I think I need a Lear[Bm7] jet.

{c: Verse}
[Bm7]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.

{c: Chorus}
[F#m7]But if you ask for a raise it's no sur[Em]prise that they're
giving none a[Bm]way.

{c: Vocal ad lib simile with background conversation effects}
[Bm]"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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