

Money Money

Grateful Dead

My baby, gives me
The finance blues
Tax me to the limit
Of my revenues Here she comes finger-poppin'
Clickety-click
She says, furs or diamonds
You take your pick She wants money
What she wants?
She wants money
What she wants? She wants money
What she wants?
She wants money
What she wants? Money, money
Money, money, money
Money, money
Money, money, money And she say, money, honey
I'd rob a bank
I just load my gun
And mosey down to the bank Knockin' off my neighborhood
Savings and load
To keep my sweet Chiquita
In ea u de cologne She wants money
What she wants?
She wants money
What she wants? She wants money
What she wants?
She wants money
What she wants? Money, money
Money, money, money
Money, money
Money, money, money Mama don't send me down
To rob that bank again
I got a notion that
You're leadin' me to sin Won't you relax
Won't you lay way back
Don't you bug
Your honey 'bout no Cadillac It's only bucks
You don't need no jack
So, won't you please

Relax and lay way backMy baby's lovin'
Gives me such a thrill
It gives me inspiration
Makin' counterfeit billsNow, some folks say
The best things in life are free
I sure don't get no love
And livin' honestlyShe wants money
What she wants?
She wants money
What she wants?She wants money
What she wants?
She wants money
What she wants?Money, money
Money, money, money
Money, money
Money, money, moneyLord made a lady
Out of Adam's rib
Next thing you know
You got women's libLovely to look upon
Heaven to touch
It's a real shame
They got to cost so muchShe wants money
What she wants?
She wants money
What she wants?She wants money
What she wants?
She wants money
What she wants?Money, money
Money, money, money
Money, money
Money, money, moneyMoney, money
Money, money, money
Money, money
Money, money, money

Songwriters

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