

# Crystals and Cash

## Bleach

I search for the truth, I find no luck  
I search for solace in my friend the rock  
And I have a friend on the telephone  
A crystal and some cash and my tomorrow's known  
Cross my legs and I am one  
With what I was or I am to become  
And I have the stars and some pixie dust  
Oh, and Elvis nights on Thursday and it's a must  
Have your every thought just possibly  
Your ideals are a twisted philosophy  
By a man in a suit who loves currency  
Or a woman who is called instability

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