

# Money

## Badfinger

Money stole my lady  
Fools have a way of making me lazy  
Money buy you freedom  
Rules have a way of making me crazy So we grow a little older  
With another tale to tell  
So we grow a little colder  
With another tale to tell Money make you feel unhappy  
Fools have a way of making me crazy So we grow a little older  
With another tale to tell  
So we grow a little colder  
With another tale to tell

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