

Money

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

I'm not the worrying kind,
But you, you lose every time
You lose every nickel, dime, quarter, dollar,
five, ten, twenty
It's a crime that you don't have any money I don't need much,
Just a place I can lay me head
And a warm touch
I save every nickel, dime, quarter, dollar, five, ten, twenty
But I still can't seem to save any money Once step away from the street
Barely got enough to eat
They're closing down the old seven eleven
Everybody's crying for pennies from heaven Nickel, dime, quarter, dollar, five, ten, twenty
It's a crime that we don't have any
Oh it's a crime that we don't have any money No we don't have any money baby
No I don't, no I don't need any money

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