

Your Cash Ain't Nothin' but Trash

Steve Miller Band

Your cash ain't nothing but trash (Take 1). Here we go. Yeah, you may have heart about the gangster

One, two, three, hey

Yeah

It's alright

Look here I was walking down the main track

One night

I met a fine chick

She was built just right

She stopped when I flashed my roll

I told her she could have all of my dough

She turned around and with a frown

She said this ain't no circus

And I don't need a clown Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

And there ain't no need in your hangin' around Just to make a hit with that chick

I tried to get a Cadillac right quick

The man at the place he looked so strange

I had 900 bucks and some change

We disagreed

I tried to plead

Well, he said I ain't a chicken

And I don't need your feed Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

Well, baby you're crawling way past your speed I was walkin' into town in my white bucks

A man with a gun, he said hands up

I tried to get away but too slow

He got me and took all of my dough

I heard him shout

As he cut out

Well you ain't lost nothin'

What you cryin' about Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash

And he took my watch and I passed out I woke up in the arms of a big cop

Police station

Next stop

Judge swung his fist down

Plunk, plunk
\$20 Fine 'cause you're drunk
Pick up the dough
And you can go
All I had was a buffalo Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash
But I'm sure gonna get me some more

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