

# Money

## Pink Floyd

Money, get away  
Get a good job with good pay and you're okay  
Money, it's a gas  
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash  
New car, caviar, four star daydream  
Think I'll buy me a football team  
Money, get back  
I'm all right Jack keep your hands off of my stack  
Money, it's a hit  
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit  
I'm in the high-fidelity first class traveling set  
And I think I need a Lear jet  
Money, it's a crime  
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie  
Money, so they say  
Is the root of all evil today  
But if you ask for a raise it's no surprise  
That they're giving none away  
Away, away, way  
(Away, away, away, away)

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