You Never Give Me Your Money

The Beatles

You never give me your money,
You only give me your funny paper,
And in the middle of negotiations, you break down.

I never give you my number,
I only give you my situation,
And in the middle of investigation, I break down.

Out of college, money spent,
See no future, pay no rent,
All the money's gone, nowhere to go.

Any jobber got the sack,
Monday morning turning back,
Yellow lorry slow, nowhere to go.

But oh, that magic feeling, nowhere to go!
Oh, that magic feeling, nowhere to go!
Ah Ah

One sweet dream
Pick up the bags and get in the limousine.
Soon we'll be away from here,
Step on the gas and wipe that tear away.

One sweet dream came true today,
Came true today, came true today.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/