

# Money Talks

## Soul Asylum

Money talks these days and everybody listens

We're whipping out our wallets trying to buy what we're missing  
Money screams out "I need a slave"  
I'm just trying to find some worker to dig my grave  
Everybody's listening, everybody's listening, all those eyes  
are glistening

I need more, a little more, in a little while  
I say those?

Machines? I'm just trying to find somebody to pay my bail

Money screams and says "My soul's for sale"  
Everybody's listening, everybody's listening, all those eyes are  
glistening  
I need a maid to pick up my mess, help me in the morning, help me get dressed

I'll pay you when I get paid, I'll pay you when I get paid  
Money talks these days, money talks these days

What you gonna do when the criminal says "Your money or your life"?

(Not used?)

I need more, I'm bored, shine my shoes, wax my floor  
Mew father of our powerful land of the free  
I ain't doing nothing, I'll just hire someone to do it for me  
No matter how small George gets he'll still talk  
louder than you

Dollars shrieking "Ha, ha, ha jokes on you"  
End everybody's listening, all those eyes are glistening  
Rich bored,  
blind, and lone, better buy me a wife

I'm saving up everything to buy me a knife

Songwriters

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