Your Cash Ain't Nothing 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 of love and the space cowboy,
But I'm gonna whip a cat on you right now who's had more trouble, trials and tribulations.
One, two, three, hey
Yeah
It's alright
Look hereI was walking down the main track
One night
I met a fine chick
She was built just rightShe stopped when I flashed my roll
I told her she could have all of my doughShe turned around and with a frown
She said this ain't no circus
And I don't need a clown[Chorus]
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash [Repeat: x3]And there ain't no need in your hangin' aroundJust 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 changeWe disagreed
I tried to plead
Well, he said I ain't a chicken
And I don't need your feed[Chorus]Well, baby you're crawling way past your speedI 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 doughI heard him shout
As he cut out
Well you ain't lost nothin'
What you cryin' about[Chorus]And he took my watch and I passed outI 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[Chorus]But I'm sure gonna get me some more

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