

It's Only Money

Concrete Blonde

You don't believe in love
You don't believe in hatred
Put your money in the bank
It's the only way to save it You try to make a buck
But you haven't made a penny
You need a little luck
But you know you won't get any You don't believe in God
You don't believe in glory
You've got a brother in the clinic
Tells the same kind of story If he had another life
He'd know what would be waiting
If he had another soul
He could sell it all to Satan You don't believe in war
You don't believe in Jesus
Got a sister in New York
She knows how she pleases Walking the streets
On the South side of the city
Trying to make ends meet
Isn't that a pity for money?

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