

No Money

Rifle Sport

Won't you give me something I need?
Won't you get me off of the street?
Don't wet my tongue
Or spit me up and break me a fever Give me something I can believe in
Give me something then walk me away
I'm a waste of time
And all in all a waste of a living
Waste of a living Can't you see me walking alone?
I've been down to the horns and back
And I'm way too tired
Of blowing out the burning candles I got no money but I want you so
I got no money but I want you so
I got so much I can not handle
Can not handle, I can not handle End all this pissing around
Cut me loose of this fucking town
I ain't coming back
I got my ticket on to the next one I got no money but I want you so
I got no money but I want you so
And I want, and I want
And I want, and I want it

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