

# Badfinger, Money

Money stole my lady  
Fools have a way of making me lazy  
Money buy you freedom  
Rules have a way of making me crazy  
So we grow a little older  
With another tale to tell  
So we grow a little colder  
With another tale to tell

Money make you feel unhappy  
Fools have a way of making me crazy  
So we grow a little older  
With another tale to tell  
So we grow a little colder  
With another tale to tell