

Deep Purple, Money Talks

(Airey/Gillan/Glover/Morse/Paice)

I was young and healthy
Extremely wealthy
I swung in the trees
And did as I pleased
I thought I was rich
Oh yeah
Such sweet seduction
I could feel the suction
Greasing my palm
And doing no harm
Just making some deals
What a bitch

Money talks to me
Whispers in my ear
Gives me everything I want
Everything I want

I had rising stock
So I got more pockets
I knew somewhere to stick it
Where no-one would nick it
I kinda went private
And then, aha
Such sweet seclusion
No more intrusion
Too much food on my plate
But there's guards at the gate
Such joy
I could almost die of it

Money talks to me
Lays it on the line
Gives me everything I want
Everything I want

Money goes to money
Yes it always returns
Finds its way back to the big house
Where it lives all alone
Wraithlike silent partners
Operators of the system
Give words of quiet assurance
To an otherwise healthy victim

It's all coming back to me
I would swing in the trees
And I'd swim in the ocean
I used to show some emotion

I was not to blame
I feel no shame
The structure was shaking
Was there for the taking
I had the resources
But then, oh no
Someone outbid me
I can't take it with me?
Then I will devour it
I can't go without it
It's simply a question of
Market forces

Money talks to me
Whispers in my ear
Gives me everything I want
Everything I want
Money talks to me
Laughs right in my face
Gives me everything I want
Everything I want