

Eleni Mandell, Nickel Plated Man

With a lousy, little grand he'd pay off everyone he owed
Drive the fleet-side; take the stake-bed; cafe handlebars
My brushed chrome
Wrap his ring around my finger with a tire iron
There's too much money in the world for my Nickel Plated Man
I love him

Now stop going 'round with those sleazy little pigeons
Hanging from a slack wire, but sweet my little dove
Looking for a good time, a bite to eat,
And strutting 'round on those pigeon feet
There's too much money in the world for my Nickel Plated Man
I love him

I hear them coming for the bottles in the late night/early morn
I never even read the paper 'cause they took it from my door
And I hardly took the trash out, now they're coming back for more
Oh, there's too much money in the world
There's too much money in the world
There's too much money in the world for my Nickel Plated Man
I love him, I love him, I love him.