

# The Everly Brothers, Man With Money

She wants a man with lots of money, & I'm a poor boy  
He buys her things, she calls him honey, she calls me poor boy  
What good does it do to give her love good & true?  
When any fool would understand  
She thinks money makes a man

She wants a man with lots of money, & I'm a poor boy  
She wants the things you buy with money & not a poor boy  
Man with money  
Man with money  
Man with money

Just down the street, I know a place  
When they're asleep, I'll cover my face  
I'll break the lock, open the door  
I'll slip inside, I'll rob the store

Then I'll be a man with lots of money & not a poor boy  
I'll buy her things, she'll call me honey & not a poor boy  
Man with money  
Man with money  
Man with money  
Man with money  
Man with money