

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