

# Adam And The Ants, Made Of Money

Adam ant/marco pirroni

You think that I'm amde of money  
You've got something coming honey  
This ain't no land of milk and honey  
My accountant thinks that's funny

Instead of trying to use your brains  
You sit round and suck my veins  
Your kind of rat belongs in drains  
You're gonna get around

You like all those big fancy cars  
Trendy people and their wine bars  
But your lying will leave it's scars  
Get around, get on your horse

You think that I'm made of reddiees  
That makes me choke on my shreddies  
I may smile and act so sunny  
But this boy is not your dummy

Marriages are made in heaven  
So what the hell happened to mine?