

# Anne McCue, Money In The Morning

Everyday, thinking about the war  
It won't go away, it's a comforting feeling  
For the men who build machines and guns and bombs  
I guess they love the smell of money in the morning  
Money in the morning  
Every time I see his face again  
I see the worry lines  
He's got an empty feeling  
See the water rise  
And ice falls in the sea  
There's a hole in the sky

But there'll be money in the morning  
Money in the morning  
Every time I see your face again  
I wonder where we'll be  
I've got a scary feeling  
I'm feeling so alone  
When you're here with me  
Will we make it home?  
Will there be money in the morning?  
Money in the morning