

Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Gimme Your Money

I was walking on down the alley
When a face I've never seen
Came so from deep in the darkness
And his mouth came on real mean
And I saw that he'd been liquored
And he staggered up to you know
He staggered up to his feet
And he said, "Boy, you'd better move real slow
And gimme your money please"
He said, "Gimme your money please"
Wasn't that strange?
Wasn't that strange indeed?
Wasn't that strange?
Wasn't that strange indeed?
He said, "Gimme your money please"
He said, "Gimme your money please"
Being born and raised in New York
There ain't nothing you won't see
'Cause the streets are filled with bad goings on
And you know that's no place to be
But my car broke down in the evening
You know it just stopped stone cold
Stopped stone cold in the street
And a dirty mean man with sharp glass eyes
He said, "Gimme your money please"
He said, "Gimme your money please"

Wasn't that strange?
Wasn't that strange indeed?
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Being born and raised in New York
There ain't nothing you won't see
'Cause the streets are filled with bad goings on
And you know that's no place to be
But my car broke down in the evening
You know it just stopped stone cold
Stopped stone cold in the street
And a dirty mean man with a shotgun in his hand
He said, "Gimme your money please"
He said, "Gimme your money please"
Wasn't that strange?
Wasn't that strange indeed?
Wasn't that strange?
Wasn't that strange indeed?
He said, "Gimme your money please"
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