

Chicago, I Don't Want Your Money

(Words: Robert Lamm - Music: Terry Kath)

I don't want your money
It don't mean a thing
I don't need no fancy clothes
Or a diamond ring
I don't have to ride in style
In your limousine
I don't want no trouble
Tax or Uncle Sam
All I want is you
I want to be your natural man
I don't need your prestige
'Cause I got my pride
I don't want your social standing
I'd rather stand outside
I don't have no time to worry
'Bout your greedy jive
I don't want your money
I don't like that game
All I want is you
I want to be your natural man.