

Dire Straits, Money For Nothing (Live)

Yeah, would you look at them yo-yos
That's the way you do it,
You play your guitar on the MTV
That ain't 'a workin', That's the way we do it
Get your Money for nothing
And your chicks for free
Yeah that ain't workin'
That's the way you do it
Let me tell you, them guys
They ain't so dumb
Maybe get a blister on your little finger
Maybe get a blister on your thumb
We got to install microwave ovens
Custom kitchen delivery
We gotta move these, refrigerators
We got to move these colour TV's
See that little faggot
Got his ear-ring got his make up on,
Let me tell you buddy that's his real hair
That little mother-fuckers got his own get airplane
Little "mother-trucker" he's a millionaire
We got to install microwave ovens
Custom kitchen delivery
We gotta move these, refrigerators
We got to move these colour TV's
I shuda learned, for to play on that 'a G-tar
I shuda learned to go play them drums
Look at that ma-ma got it stickin' in the camera
Yes oh yes oh yes oh yes we could have some
And who's up there? What's that?
Hawian noises?
He's banging on them bongos like a chimpanze
Oh that ain't workin' that's the way you do it
Get your money for nothing
Get your chicks for free
We got to install microwave ovens
Custom kitchen delivery
We gotta move these, refrigerators
We got to move these colour TV's
Yeah look at them yo-yos
That's the way you do it,
You play your guitar on the MTV
That ain't 'a workin', That's the way you do it
Get your Money for nothing
And your chicks for free
Yeah you get your money for nothing
And your chicks for free.....
(Repeated with add lib i.e. 'Yeah the chicks are all for free')