

James Taylor, Money Machine

When I was just a child, my life was, oh, so simple.
And the ways of the great world seemed strange and funny.
Then when I was a young man, I learned of that machine
that turns out all those bails of precious money.

Money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money,
Ooo, that money machine.

Now you can measure you manhood by it. You can get your children to try it.

You can bring your enemies to their knees
with the possible exception of the North Vietnamese.

It takes a strong hit from the money machine, sitting on top, on top of the world.
Strong hit from the money machine, sitting on top, on top of the world.

Oh, General Motors and IBM. AFL-CIO and all the king's men.

When I began the game, see me singing about the fire and rain.

Let me just say it again, I've seen fives and I've seen tens.

It was a strong hit from the money machine, sitting on top, on top of the world.
Strong hit from the money machine, sitting on top, on top of the world.

Money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, ha ha ha.

Money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money.

Give me that dough, give me that dough, give me that dough, give me that dough.

Been living in the lap of luxury too long. Please, Mr. DJ, won't you play my song.

Maybe my baby will listen on the radio.

Come back home to me, help me spend my dough.

I need a strong hit from the money machine. Sitting on top, on top of the goddamn world.

Strong hit, babe, from the money machine, woo, sitting on top, on top of the world.

Money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money.

Money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money.

From that money machine.