

Jana Hunter, Have You Got My Money

Dear neighbor
Have you got my money
I need the milk and my baby needs
some honey
I wish I didn't draw myself
in so many shades
Sometimes you can't pick the rules
of the game
She won my favorite heart
Took two years and went
back to the start
But of course
I was wrong
Dear neighbor
I thought I left my sugar at home
Have you by any chance seen the man
with the dusty dome
We had a party, invited Marty
talked to the band in the back for a while
Say, baby, why don't you smile
I needed my friends that time
But all I got was a poor imitation
of humankind
But of course
I was myself