

# 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