John Farnham, Time And Money

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As they clock winds down, on another day
Worked your hands to the bone
You know no other way

You're just working all night, sleeping all day
The time of your life
Just gets taken away

Time, time, and money
Slip away from me, into the air
Time, time, and money
It's a mystery, but it's everywhere

We'll there's no way around it
You can't live without it
You think about it
Money

It's the bread on the table
The car in the drive
The clothes on your baby
It keeps you alive