

Montrose, Paper Money

I play the game of a rich boy,
I buy everything I can.
My bankroll is a foot thick,
I'm a wealthy man.
A million dollar reserve note is right there in my hand
And I can't stand to think...it's all that I've got.
Take away all my silver
Take away all my gold
And hand me a stack of paper
Paper money don't hold. Paper money don't hold.
Well, you act as though you don't remember
The way it all used to be.
Now one man, he locks up the money
Another man holds the key.
My car cost me fifteen grand,
Some say I got a deal.
Melt it down, I've got a thousand pounds of junk
And ten dollars worth of steel.