

Morten Harket, Burn Money Burn

Burn, money, burn
I don't like the wheels that you turn
You don't know the value of things
I still like your bells when they ring

Burn, money, burn
What I was taught is not what I learn
I don't need an IQ score to beat
Take my heart, there's nothing to compete

You could say that
Love's late for someone
You could say that
Love waits on someone

Sing, my heart, sing
I know that you can change anything
I cross the street and lean on the wind
The truth is like a whisper, laughing
Sting, my heart, sting
Our enemy must save their own skin
It just takes a spark to light across
If they could, they would want to be like us

You could say that
Love's late for someone
You could say that
Love waits on someone
/x3