

Pretty Maids, Your Mind Is Where The Money Is

Look at yourself
life in extreme
you're a symbol of wealth and luxury
fashionable clothes
champagne on ice
that your definition of paradise

You'd sell your soul for glamour
and trade your heart for gold
you've got eccentric manners
you're in control
on top of the hill
what you don't know
is that you're mentally ill

Cause your mind is where the
money
is and it never changes
you go blind when you feel the bliss
of the ghost that haunts your mind
your blind

Valuable friends prestigious might
they'll be gone with the wind
when money's tight
in the eyes of the man on the street
it all seems so absurd
your selfish greed

Material goods mislead us
the rich will tax the poor
we bite the hands that feed us
and ask for more
it's tearing you up
when money talks
you can't get enough

(Chorus)

Can you feel it when it tears your
soul into pieces

One day the score will be equal
again
and the rich will descend from his
throne
you can't buy your way into heaven
my friend
you see fate has its price
on its own

You've been blinded
you just can't hide it
you can't hide it

(Chorus)