

# Roy Orbison, Where Does All The Money Go

Well I love this business, it's been good to me  
I've got a different shirt to wear every day can't you see?  
The crowds, they respond to me they got my tickets  
And you know my pictures ain't free, so I'm asking you, I really wanna know  
Where does all the money go?

Well I dig applause, yeah, I get high from that sound  
I got roadies, tailors, barbers and bodyguards hangin' round  
I got a top rated tv show, they play my records on the radio  
But won't you tell me true, there's one thing I've got to know  
Where does all the money go?

I got expired credit cards, a pool in my back yard

I bought myself a lot of friends, I got a mortgage on a mansion  
And a mid waist expansion and at forty the fun begins  
I love this business but it might be the death of me  
I've endorsed a lot of products but you don't get me name for free  
I'm not really hard to please, just gimme top billing in every press release  
And I'm asking you, just listen to my show, where does all the money go?

Well I'll be in this business till I'm under the old oak tree  
and the folks will pay a lot of their money just to walk over me  
I've got a hungry agent, gets a gig in every nation, and he books for my nominal fee  
Well I never saw any cash, but I know somewhere there's got to be one hell of a stash  
And the epitaph I want on my headstone is "Where did all the money go?"