

Simon Townshend, For The Money

She don't pretend to love him, she don't pretend to care
It's ringing in her head, what did she expect
She doesn't want his body, she doesn't want his soul
Breathing down her neck, should show her some respect
She don't pretend to love him, she don't pretend to care
She does it all for the money, for the money
Stuck on a stairway spiral
Keeps going around and round and down
With No way to get off
Maybe now she's had enough
Cause she don't pretend to love him, she don't pretend to care
She does it all
Last thing you need now, baby
Some poor stranger lying in your bed dead
Anything you need now baby
Some poor stranger coked out of his head, dead
She doesn't need nobody she don't pretend to care
She does it all for the money, for the money
For the money, all for the money