

The Grateful Dead, Money, Money

My baby gives me the finance blues, tax me to the limit of my revenues.
Here she comes finger-poppin', clickety-click
She says furs or diamonds, you take your pick.

She wants money, what she wants, she wants money, what she wants,
She wants money, what she wants, she wants money, what she wants,
Money money, money money money. money money, money money money.

She say, "money, honey", I'd rob a bank,
I just load my gun and mosey down to the bank.
Knockin' off my neighborhood savings and load,
To keep my sweet chiquita in eau de cologne.

She wants money, what she wants, she wants money, what she wants,
Money money, money money money. money money, money money money.

Mama don't send me down to rob that bank again,

I got a notion that your leadin' me to sin.
Won't you relax, won't you lay way back,
Don't you bug your honey 'bout no cadillac.
It's only bucks, you don't need no jack.
So won't you please relax and lay way back.

My baby's lovin' gives me such a thrill;
It gives me inspiration makin' counterfeit bills.
Now some folks say the best things in life are free,

She wants money, what she wants, she wants money, what she wants,
Money money, money money money. money money, money money money.

Lord made a lady out of adam's rib, next thing you know, you got women's lib.
Lovely to look upon, heaven to touch;
It's a real shame that they got to cost so much.