

# Thompson Twins, Gold Fever

Well ya thought you were one of the chosen few  
Ya tried to change the world but the world changed you  
Oh yeah, you've gotten old but you didn't get wise  
And now you can't see further than those dollar signs

You got gold fever  
It's makin' you blind  
You got gold fever  
Sell your brothers down the line

Ooh yeah they're down there workin' their fingers to the bone  
But you couldn't care much less, you just keep counting out your gold  
So you think you got the Midas touch  
But let me tell ya mister you ain't worth that much

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Well ya tell me just how you sleep at night  
When ya know what ya doin' just ain't right  
Ooh yeah bad money breeds bad men  
Now it bothers me to think I used to call you a friend

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