



Money

Lisa Poelma - Jeroen Buse

Money

There's a song in my head
Don't know how to describe it
Cause I don't even know if it's good
Get this feeling on paper
Say goodbye see you later
Thinking 'bout us when days pass by

Place one foot for the other
Does it hurt does it bother
Without music where do I begin
Switching jobs I get nothing
Boy I need to get something
'Cause I'm trying so hard to fit in

Still I need this feeling to know that I am free
Life should be 'bout making music but it would

But I hope to buy you diamonds
I hope to buy you a car
I hope to buy you anything
But I've got nothing at all
I hope to buy you watches
A penthouse with a pool
That someday people say of us
They've spend money like a foo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-ool

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never be

But I hope to buy you diamonds
I hope to buy you a car
I hope to buy you anything
But it won't matter at all
Your last penny in your pocket
You would throw it far away
Cause life is not about the money
It's about the things you say - ay - ay - ay - ay - ay - ay
It's about the things you say - ay - ay - ay - ay - ay - ay

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