

# Big Money

Garth Brooks

My older brother Tommy  
Was a lineman  
Rest his soul  
His job was hanging hot wires  
On them high-line power poles  
Every morning bright and early  
He'd climb way up in the sky  
And I never understood it  
So one day I asked him why

He said it pays big money  
And man I'm into that  
It pays big money  
If you're willing to  
Take a chance  
Let me tell you something sonny  
You ought to see  
My bank account  
It pays big money but  
He sure can't spend it now

Well, my late Uncle Charlie  
Was this demolition hound  
He'd travel across the country  
Blowing buildings to the ground  
He carried a case of dynamite  
Seemed everywhere he went  
He smoked them big long cigars  
And he'd wink at you and grin

Well now the  
Moral of this story boys  
Is don't go  
Getting yourself killed  
Be kind to your rich relatives  
They just might  
Put you in their will

That pays big money and  
We're all into that  
It pays big money and  
Big money's where it's at  
Let me tell you something sonny  
You ought to see my bank account  
It pays big money and  
We're rolling in it now

It pays big money  
Having foolish kin  
It pays big money  
Guess I owe it all to them  
Let me show you something sonny  
Take a look at this bank account  
It pays big money  
Let's all spend some of it now