

# Money

Maria Mena

I'm not scared of consequences  
Don't believe in god  
I trust this moment  
I am helping her, the rest of you are vultures

Where were you when our father passed away  
I stayed and helped her pay her bills  
She drank her pain away  
She's always been so helpless

The cause of aging is undecided  
But she must be stored away  
Our family's always been divided  
Why cooperate today?  
Oh you smell money, money  
She reeks of money

You're my sister  
But you never came around on Christmases  
You travelled, kept great distances  
Between you and your family

I've been the kind of son I always wanted for myself  
My kids are flawed  
Look at my ex-wives  
I deserve some compensation

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