

# Gimme Your Money Please

Bachman-Turner Overdrive

I was walking on down the alley  
When a face I've never seen  
Came so from deep in the darkness  
And his mouth came on real mean

And I saw that he'd been liquored  
And he staggered up to -- you know -- he staggered up to his feet  
And he said, "Boy, you'd better move real slow  
And gimme your money please."  
He said, "Gimme your money please."

Wasn't that strange  
Wasn't that strange indeed  
Wasn't that strange  
Wasn't that strange indeed  
He said, "Gimme your money please."  
He said, "Gimme your money please."

Being born and raised in New York  
There ain't nothing you won't see  
'Cause the streets are filled with bad goings-on  
And you know that's no place to be

But my car broke down in the evening  
You know it just stopped stone cold  
Stopped stone cold in the street  
And a dirty mean man with sharp glass eyes  
He said, "Gimme your money please."  
He said, "Gimme your money please."

Wasn't that strange  
Wasn't that strange indeed  
Wasn't that strange  
Wasn't that strange indeed  
He said, "Gimme your money please."  
He said, "Gimme your money please."

Being born and raised in New York  
There ain't nothing you won't see  
'Cause the streets are filled with bad goings-on  
And you know that's no place to be

But my car broke down in the evening  
You know it just stopped stone cold  
Stopped stone cold in the street  
And a dirty mean man with a shotgun in his hand  
He said, "Gimme your money please."  
He said, "Gimme your money please."

Wasn't that strange  
Wasn't that strange indeed  
Wasn't that strange  
Wasn't that strange indeed  
He said, "Gimme your money please."  
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He said, "Gimme your money please."

(Awww!)