

Money

CB Milton

This money I made up when I was ten
Now I'm singing it once more again
It's something pure and innocent
I wanna go back in time
When all that mattered was
The music I made

And if you want to survive
In this jungle that we're in
You better tell the truth
At least to yourself
Whatever it is that you do
It will come right back to you
So don't you dare to put your
Conscience on the shelf

Now it's all about money
All about cash and getting paid

I don't wanna go on this way
Now it's all about money
All about sex, and getting laid
It doesn't matter what you say

There's so many people out there
Thinkin' only of cash
Makin' music they really despise
And I can never say
I haven't done it myself
But it's time to get away
From those lies

And if you want to survive
In this jungle that we're in
Whatever it is that you do
It will come right back to you