

Money

Daggers

Four footsteps leave the disco
Your feet couldn't hurt anymore.
Four footsteps running for cover
So sure that you think that she saw.
Her lips were whisky tainted
Your whiskers dripped with gin
This is the perfect story
You don't know where to begin

And maybe we'll keep on running home
(we'll stay, stay)
Because money don't mean much here
(come on out tonight)
And take me away from her

There's flash to a beat you remember
And the lights hide the look in her eye
So blank that you think she's forgotten
Her smile said 'remember the time...?"
So they run through the crowd to the doorway
Pushing out to the purple parade
Two heartbeats break the silence
Two lovers are running, they're running..

And maybe we'll keep on running home
(we'll stay, stay)
Because money don't mean much here
(come on out tonight)
And take me away

A queen don't beat the dealer's cards
And money, money, money won't make you a star
The talk won't change what we are
And money, money, money won't make you a star