

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