

# Your Cash Ain't Nothin' But Trash

Huey Lewis & The News

Walking down the main drag one night  
I met a fine chick that looked- just right  
She stopped in and I flashed my roll  
I told her she could have all of my dough  
She turned around, and with a frown  
She said this ain't no circus and I don't need a clown  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
So there ain't no need in your hangin' around

Just to make the hit with that chick  
I tried to get a Cadillac right quick  
The man at the place looked so strange  
I had nine hundred bucks and some change  
We disagreed, I tried to plead  
He said I ain't no chicken and I don't need your feed

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Then brother you're crawling we passed your speed

I'm walking and countin my bucks  
The man with the gun said hands up  
I tried to get away but I was too slow  
He caught me and took all of my dough  
I heard him shout, as he cut out  
"you really lost nothing what you're crying about?"

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
And he took my watch and I passed out

I woke in the arms of a big cop  
Police station next stop  
The judge swung his fist down plunk plunk  
Twenty dollar fine 'cause you're drunk  
Dig up the dough, and you can go  
And all I had was a buffalo

Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
Your cash ain't nothin' but trash  
But I sure better get me some more