

Love of Money

Kris Kristofferson

Love of money is the root of all evil
Love of money is the root of all evil
Love of money is the work of the devil
Love of money

She began running for the border and her life
Like the wind, straight into the terror of the night
And she survived, bargaining her body for their gold
In the end all she had to sell them was her soul
That's the way it goes

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We began reaching for the future like a dream
In a land where everything was free
Wordly men turned their profits into war
No one knows who we're really fighting for

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