

Shitloads of Money

Liz Phair

Louis is probably thirty years old but he looks like a solid 45
Louis says he's got a headache
I look in his eyes, and I believe him
The big L.K.'s and the gangster disciples
Louis can't think of who else could take over, but he just can't
Get up in the morning
A genuine face, braced for survival...
It's nice to be liked
But it's better by far to get paid
I know that most of the friends that I have don't really see it
That way
But if you can give 'em each one wish
How much do you wanna bet?
They'd wish success for themselves and their friends and
That would include lots of money
Don't know how many times you were stuck in the morning
You just couldn't move, though your mother was calling
You know what you need
Is a Lotto revival
A train flashes by and you're lost in a spiral...
Take the train on up to the zoo, don't look back
On what you've been through
Cause everyone's got a Monday...
It looks like shit and must be America
It burns so quick, so it must be America
We all need a shitload of M-O-N-E-Y, money