

# Money Man

Lynyrd Skynyrd

This song goes out to all the money men

He drives around in a fancy car  
Smokes those long, Cuban cigars  
He don't know how to play guitar  
And he can't sing but still the pretty girls think he's a star

We play music, got families to feed  
Ain't good with numbers and he knows we can't read  
If we get a dollar you know he gets three  
It ain't hard to figure out, it's as simple as can be

Don't ask me, ask the money man

These boys are livin' in a fantasy land  
I just keep 'em on the road so they can pay the money man  
I'll be long gone before they understand  
My promises are strong like a road made out of sand

I wanna be your money man  
My mortgage is picked up by the band  
I wanna be your money man  
The boys, oh they're sleepin' out in the van

Don't ask me, ask the money man

You boys are livin' in fantasy land  
You signed the dotted line, I'm takin' all I can  
Your money's lookin' good in my retirement plan  
That's just the way it is when you're playin' in a band

That's my money man, down on his knees  
He ain't prayin' but he damn sure ought to be  
He's at a place where money doesn't grow on trees  
And all his prison buddies doin' more than shoot the breeze

How does it feel no money man, not too good  
What did you do with my money man  
Well I a, well a you know a  
How does it feel to be a honey man  
Are you sure that you're still a man

Aw you're dressed up like a little girl  
Just shootin' the breeze, down on your knees  
Money man, oh money man