

## Burn Money Burn

Morten Harket

Burn, money, burn  
I don't like the wheels that you turn  
You don't know the value of things  
I still like your bells when they ring

Burn, money, burn  
What I was taught is not what I learn  
I don't need an IQ-score to beat  
Take my heart, there's nothing to compete

You could say that  
Love's late for someone  
You could say that  
Love waits on someone

Sing, my heart, sing  
I know that you can change anything  
I cross the street and lean on the wind  
The truth is like a whisper, laughing  
Sting, my heart, sting  
Our enemy must save their own skin  
It just takes a spark to light across  
If they could, they would want to be like us