

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