

Money

Peter Bjorn and John

I stay to watch the sidewalks,
being cleaned up by the dustmen
Chilly winds under my collar
and I walk and I walk and I walk
In Amsterdam and New York,
in cities and in forests
At least I'm not bored yet
and I walk and I walk and I walk and I walk

The shoes are almost worn out,
the sheets are dry and empty
Let go of prejudice, let go of cleverness
and open up your heart mate
And let all flow in there freely,
no matter in what form
Perhaps someday it'll touch you
And I love to see you crumble
I love to see you cry

And I wake up feeling lonely, I let the sunshine in
I know you're not the only, and I really don't care

One time per minute is enough for me,
one time per minute is just what I need
Don't leave me stiff and cold,
don't bring me down at all
(I sleep with better friends)