

# Time Is Money

Placebo

Time  
Time is money, bastard  
And hope  
Is all that you can steal  
And time  
Is happy ever after  
With Jesus, Jesus,  
Jesus, Jesus at the wheel

And you are so beautiful  
That I would drink my fill  
More pure and more suitable  
Than any pint of poison  
I could guzzle or spill

War  
War is money, bastard  
Cos fear  
Keeps knocking at your door  
But war  
Is spreading like a cancer  
With Jesus, Jesus  
Jesus marching on before

And you are so beautiful  
That I will drink my fill  
More pure and more suitable  
Than any pint of poison  
I could guzzle or spill

Love  
Claims to have the answer  
To all  
Your troubles every day  
Love  
Love is money, bastard  
So like Jesus, Jesus,  
Jesus, give it all away

And you are so beautiful  
That I will drink my fill  
More pure and more suitable  
Than any pint of poison  
I could guzzle or spill

I could guzzle or spill  
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