

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
I could guzzle or spill
I could guzzle or spill
I could guzzle or spill