

Who Makes Your Money

Spoon

Japanese John, his slight face fur
Still just as confused still just as sure
He's still just as charming, points out the view
As he hands your wage to you
Don't you break it
Or they'll take it

Who makes your money
Who thinks they might
Who's gonna be there to take the fight
Some try to relax
Some try to know
Some try to get there with no place to go
No place to go
Who makes your money
Oh they take it

When all is quiet and on your own
And all your love, there it goes
It's come to hate
With everything you call
And now your back
Is against the wall
Who makes your money