

# Money Machine

James Taylor

When I was just a child  
My life was, oh, so simple  
And the ways of the great world  
Seemed strange and funny  
Then when I was a young man  
I learned of that machine  
That turns out all those bails of precious money

Now you can measure your manhood by it  
You can get your children to try it  
You can bring your enemies to their knees  
With the possible exception of the North Vietnamese

It takes a strong hit from the money machine  
Sitting on top, on top of the world  
Strong hit from the money machine  
Sitting on top, on top of the world

General Motors and IBM  
AFL-CIO and all the king's men  
When I began the game  
See me singing 'bout fire and rain  
Let me just say it again  
I've seen fives and I've seen tens

It was a strong hit from the money machine  
Sitting on top, on top of the world  
Strong hit from the money machine  
Settle up top, on top of the world  
(Money, money, money)  
(Give me that dough)  
(Mine, mine, mine)  
Been living in the lap of luxury too long  
Please, Mr. DJ, won't you play my song  
Maybe my baby will listen on the radio  
Come back home to me  
Help me spend my dough

I need a strong hit from the money machine  
Sitting on top, on top of the goddamn world  
I need a strong hit from the money machine  
Strong hit from the money machine  
Sitting on top, on top of the world  
Money, money, money