

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