

M.O.N.E.Y.

The 1975

Drink slow to feed the nose
You know he likes to get blown
Has he got enough money to spend?
Leave? No. He's to and fro
He doesn't like it when the girls go
Has he got enough money to spend?

It's going off cause they're not gonna let him in
2 and a half, the boy is rushing out his skin
He's got his charm with the girls that are smoking
He takes her arm, jumps the bar and now he's in

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A broken half a glass has opened up his chin
He thinks he's hard, a powdered mouth that tastes of gin
He's just been barred for that blues he was smoking
And then he barks: it's my car I'm sleeping in

Tabs with unlimited 0's
New clothes
Bloody nose
Powders and walking back home
Has he got enough weed?
No
Broken phone
Retching on the floor alone
I can't believe that we're talking about him

"I'm searching you mate, your jaw's all over the place"
Can't talk, a quick slap in the face
Yes I threw a nut but your friend's a case
Why you singling him out? Is it because of his race?
"Look, the dog won't bark if you don't lark about"

M-O-N-E-Y'S ME
M-O-N-E-Y
M-O-N-E-Y'S ME
M-O-N-E-Y

M-O-N-E
M-O-N-E
M-O-N-E-Y

M-O-N-E-Y'S ME
M-O-N-E-Y