

Money In His Hand

The Early November

And I just can't get this off my mind
my voice it yells inside
It tells me all the time
that I could leave right now
oh, it tears me up to see this place
green and a machined washed grey

But all we know is this...

I been trying for the past four years
broken a lie to get this here
it's not the heart that makes the man,
it's the money in his hand
it's been a struggle for the past few nights
I had to quit to realize,
that I can't waste no time on it
in case this is all I get

One year, one month, and seven days
to lose the love it takes
and grow plastic from my hands
so I can leave right now
oh, it tears me up to see this place
green and a machined washed grey

With all the shine and ritz...

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I get...