

# All That Money Wants

The Psychedelic Furs

City sky comes down like rain  
Through all the alleys to the sea  
I hear footsteps getting louder  
Drowning in my sleep

Painted lies on painted lips  
That promise heaven tastes like this  
I don't believe that I believed in you

All that money wants  
All that money wants  
All that money wants

Sunday's child will fall through faith  
I feel I'm falling out of grace  
Grey city sky comes down like rain  
To drown me in my sleep

People fade and I forget you  
I hear footsteps, see their faces  
But it all means nothing to me now

All that money wants  
All that money wants  
All that money wants

City sky comes down like rain  
Through all the alleys to the sea  
I hear her footsteps getting louder  
I'm drowning in my sleep

Painted lies on broken lips  
That promise heaven tastes like this  
Came home pushed and full of pins

Sunday's child will fall through faith  
I feel I'm falling out of grace  
I see the sky comes down like rain  
To drown me in my sleep

People fade and I forget you  
I hear footsteps I see faces  
But it all means nothing to me

All that money wants  
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People fade and I forget you  
I hear footsteps, see their faces  
But it all means nothing to me now