

Forty Dollars

The Twilight Singers

Just bein' honest --
sucker swallow every time
Airplane come erase your mind
Seems there's been an accident
Telephone costs 50 cents
to find out the retail
Gory detail
Nothing here for me
I get all of my kicks for free
mangy dog without a collar
Buy me love for forty dollars
I got love for sale
Come on, get some before it gets stale again
I win the double for a lie
I get my money on the fly
We're throwin' down
So come on by, I'll be around
I've got 3, 6, 9,
'nother dollar makes a dime
Yeah all in double dutch again
Notify your next of kin
I say:
mangy dog without a collar
Buy me love for forty dollars
I got love for sale
Come on, get some before it gets stale, now
love don't mean a thing
But 2 a.m. and a telephone ring
love is all you need
And all you need is love
Love is all you need
And all you need is love
we go underground
'cause there's emptiness above
she loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah
She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah,
She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm just bein'
I'm just bein'
I'm just bein'
I'm just bein'
honest, honest, honest
Honest, honest, honest . . .
yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah,
Yeah yeah, yeah, yeah