

## 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