

The Smell Of Money

Todd Rundgren

My boy I say you're unaware of
Things that I am unaware of
The things they say behind one's back
That you suspect but aren't quite sure of
Don't say you haven't noticed

The smell of money is all about me
I just can't rid myself
Of it's overpowering bouquet
My inner beauty cursed with obscurity
By a scent that can't be washed away

I don't know who you think I am
But if I'm who I think I am
Then there's no cranny I've examined
Taints the air where ere I am

But don't say you haven't noticed

The smell of money wafts all about me
It neutralizes any other odors I convey
Best friends won't tell me
They know I'm suffering
With a scent that can't be washed away

The stench of money
Is reeking off of me
A mix of cheap cologne
Weasel pheromone and rotted grave
Thank dad and mommy
I'm filthy, stinking rich
So I can say to you "piss off"
I bathe, I bathe