

## 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