

Money

Money

Get away

You get a good job with more pay and you're okay

Money

It's a gas

Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash

New car, caviar, four star, daydream

Think I'll buy me a football team

Money

Get back

I'm alright, Jack, keep your hands off of my stack

Money

It's a hit

Don't give me that do goody good bullshit

I'm in the high-fidelity first-class traveling set

And I think I need a Lear jet

Money

It's a crime

Share it fairly, but don't take a slice of my pie

Money

So they say

Is the root of all evil today

But if you ask for a rise

It's no surprise that they're giving none away

Away, away, away

Away, away, away