

# You Never Give Me Your Money – The Beatles

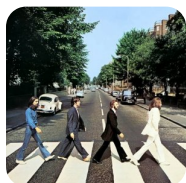
You never give me your money  
You only give me your funny paper  
And in the middle of negotiations  
You break down

I never give you my number  
I only give you my situation  
And in the middle of investigation  
I break down

Out of college, money spent  
See no future, pay no rent  
All the money's gone, nowhere to go  
Any jobber got the sack  
Monday morning, turning back  
Yellow lorry slow, nowhere to go  
But oh, that magic feeling, nowhere to go  
Oh, that magic feeling  
Nowhere to go

One sweet dream  
Pick up the bags and get in the limousine  
Soon we'll be away from here  
Step on the gas and wipe that tear away  
One sweet dream came true today  
Came true today  
Came true today (yes it did)

One two three four five six seven,  
All good children go to Heaven



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych