

i wouldn't give two cents for somebody to love.

by Lila Allen

money ain't nothin next to lovin.
and baby, that's saying something. i'm disgusting.

when i was seven i counted pennies and quarters.
had a business selling fruit. made money like my father.

if i had money now, i'd throw it in the air and roll in it
like a dog coming in from a shower.

i ate a check in front of you one time. i love the taste
of being nicked and dimed. pulp and saliva, dollars and chyme.

get in line. money can't fill you up like love can. money can't
make you feel things like teeth, hair. hands.

i want something real, something that can
put me in a headlock. money makes your brain rot.

isn't life for feeling? loving you is like peeing.
easy and warm. free. relieving.

