

How can we make you understand
All you can be is right given in your hand
You won't need money
Trust in me, take me by the hand
Give us a chip
Dreams are strewn across the sand
You won't need money

Verse:

E
And all the pimps, punks, pederasts, jugglers and fools
They drive me crazy, it s no good at all

A
show me the way, the way to the store
E B
Cause I m so sick of it all
E
But when the penny drops...