

The Black Keys, For The Love Of Money

For the love of money
We would do most anything
Anything, for a taste of honey
We would do it all again
All again, yeah

We got tall, tall buildings
We got streets of gold
Cheats and liars, our friends get old
Bright, bright diamonds that shine like shame
Green, green acres and God's good name

For the love of money
We would sell our very souls
Goodness knows
Start acting funny, do anything that we're told
That we're told, yeah

We got fools with britches getting fat on lies
Nothing but trouble here in paradise
Deal's in the making, you just name your price
If your soul's for sale, you just name your vice

Don't need to tell you that money can buy you love, love
Once you get money then you'll never have enough, no

For the love of money
We will climb the highest hill
Yes, we will
Turn your back on Buddy
For a greenback dollar bill
Dollar bill, yeah

Love of money
Love of money, yeah
Love of money
Love of money, yeah
Love of money
Love of money, yeah