

# Morten Harket, Burn Money Burn

Burn, money, burn  
I don't like the wheels that you turn  
You don't know the value of things  
I still like your bells when they ring

Burn, money, burn  
What I was taught is not what I learn  
I don't need an IQ score to beat  
Take my heart, there's nothing to compete

You could say that  
Love's late for someone  
You could say that  
Love waits on someone

Sing, my heart, sing  
I know that you can change anything  
I cross the street and lean on the wind  
The truth is like a whisper, laughing  
Sting, my heart, sting  
Our enemy must save their own skin  
It just takes a spark to light across  
If they could, they would want to be like us

You could say that  
Love's late for someone  
You could say that  
Love waits on someone  
/x3