

# The Who, Man With The Money

She wants a man with lots of money  
Not a poor boy  
He buys her things she calls him honey  
She calls me poor boy  
What good could it do  
To give a love pure and true  
When any fool could understand  
She thinks that money makes the man

She wants a man with lots of money  
Not a poor boy  
She wants the things she'll buy with money  
Not a poor boy  
A man with money, man with money, man with money

Just down the street  
I know a place  
When they're asleep  
I'll cover my face  
I'll break the lock, open the door  
I'll slip inside, I'll rob the store

Then I'll be a man with lots of money  
Not a poor boy  
I'll buy her things, she'll call me honey  
Not a poor boy  
A man with money, man with money, man with money, man with money