

Will Butler, Anna

Hey, little Anna, you're the one
Rising before the lazy sun

Open the store and bake the bread
Leave all the dreamers with the dead

Pray that whatever's lost is lost
Nail all your worries to the cross

Take out the knife
Take out the knife

Sharpen it twice
And count all the money
Money, money, money, my money
Money, money, money, my money

Someday, you know you're gonna die
Some folks'll try to tell you why

Where do you think they'll hide your bones?
Out in the field, oh, all alone

Nobody knows when it will end
You better go and make some friends

Take out the phone
Take out the phone

Sharpen a stone
Cause you got to get money
Money, money, money, my money
Money, money, money, my money
Money, money, money, my money
Money, money, money, my money

Hey, little Anna, you're the one
Rising before that lazy sun

Cross all the numbers off your list
I never knew it'd be like this

Hey, little Anna, what's the move?
I can't believe the things you do

Hey, little Anna, look my way
What's gonna be the price we pay
For the money?
Money, money, money, my money
Money, money, money, no more money
Money, money, money, no more money
Money, money, money, no more money