

No Friend Of Money by Adrian Mowry

Well I had a good thought last week and it's lonely
I've been on a losing streak and the crowds getting angry
I guess I see a dark cloud in every silver lining
You know I try and tell the truth when I feel like lying
I could work a merchant ship across the atlantic
I would work hard for my meals and passage
I could take a freight train through a mountain range
Hold up on the north end where the first snow lays
But I've been breaking rocks trying to get me some honey
My girl she's tired of being poor
I'm so sorry never been a good friend of money
When the spending is through no one's hanging around your door
I ride a horse across the midwestern plains
I would ride at night and I'd sleep in the day
I could dust crops, storming barns in the southland
I would know them farm fields like the back of my right hand
But I've been breaking rocks trying to get me some honey
My girl she's tired of being poor
I'm so sorry never been a good friend of money
When the spending is through no one's hanging around your door
Well I had a good thought last week and it's lonely.