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JUST HERE FOR THE MONEY

Well I'm just here for the money, don't need no gold guitar
Don't need somethin' of painted tin to prove that I'm a star
Don't need an award to tell me what I already know
And acknowledgement don't pay the rent, I'm just here for the dough
Don't want to further my career, the time for that's long past
Don't want to raise my profile, just want to raise some cash
So I'll stand aside and stay aloof while everybody else competes
The only prize I recognise is lots of bums on seats.

Now I've never been to Nashville, never been to where it's at
I don't look cute in a cowboy suit, don't wear a big black hat
Don't sing, Y'all, in an American drawl, how luv is a painful thang
I sing how it is, with no show-biz, in a Scottish-Aussie twang
But look the Awards are bein' announced, I wonder who will win?
God dang my eyes, what a surprise, it's John and Gina, Lee and Slim!
Makes a pleasant change from last year, I'm sure you will agree
If I remember right, the Winners that night, were John and Gina, Slim and Lee!

Well I'm just here for the money, laughin' all the way to the bank
Don't care too much for Awards and such, they're all just a total waste of time
You can sign your life away or be independent just like me
But you'll get no Award unless you record with EMI or ABC
So I'll say goodbye to Tamworth, Gold Guitars and all that Jazz
The root-tootin' and boot-scootin', the hype and the razzamatazz
Go back to my lonely bedroom gaze on my empty shelf
If I don't win a Gold Guitar next year I'm gonna kill myself!