Money Can't Buy a Pulse

No Angel. No Apology. · track 5 of 15

Verse 1

Met a man on the thirty-second floor,
Had a million-dollar view and he still wanted more.
Said he hadn't slept in almost three days,
But his watch cost more than my first place.
His wife was at dinner, his kids were online,
He had six different numbers and nobody to dial.
He laughed when I asked if he was doing okay,
Said, "That's a dangerous question at the end of the day."
I've seen girls trade their weekends for a table with a view,
I've seen boys buy attention just to feel like somebody knew.
We keep putting price tags on the things we can't replace,
Then wonder why the mirror doesn't recognize our face.

Chorus

You can buy the lights,
You can buy the gold,
You can fill a house
But you can't buy a soul.
You can own the night,
You can run the town,
But money can't buy a pulse
When the heart shuts down.

Post-Chorus

Tell me, what's the price
Of a hand that stays?
What's a thousand nights
If nobody knows your name?
You can have it all,
Still be all alone.
Money buys a palace,
It can't make it a home.

Verse 2

There's a waitress working doubles just to pay the rent,
And a millionaire upstairs wondering where his weekends
went.
One has holes inside her shoes, one has gold around his neck,
Both are staring at the ceiling with the same amount of stress.
I don't romanticize the struggle, I know bills don't disappear,
And a full fridge tastes different when you've been hungry for a
year.
Money matters, let's be honest, I like comfort, I like choice,
But I've heard a thousand people with a mansion and no voice.
Somebody's mother waits for calls that never come,
Somebody's father keeps pretending that he's having fun.
Somebody's chasing numbers like the finish line is near,
But you can't take your followers to the funeral, my dear.

Pre-Chorus

What are we collecting?
What are we becoming?
All this running, running,
Where are we going?

Chorus

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Post-Chorus

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Bridge

I want the kind of rich
That doesn't make the news.
A kitchen full of laughter,
And someone I can lose.
I want a table crowded,
A phone that doesn't ring
Because the people that I love
Are already listening.

Final Chorus

You can buy the lights,
You can buy the gold,
You can fill a house
But you can't buy a soul.
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You can run the town,
But money can't buy a pulse
When the heart shuts down.

Outro

I like nice things too.
I'm just not stupid enough
to think they're people.

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