

Utopia, The Smell Of Money

The smell of money
Like flies and honey
Appeals to something
More immediate than mere foreplay
And now if you're hungry
This one is on your mind
The aroma takes my will away
Who does this young man think he is?
Who needs this turgid love he gives?
For though he strives to please me
He can't hit the spot like fifty g's can

How can I help but notice
The smell of money
It makes me runny
I want a man whose been endowed
And is preparing to pay
And if you're tipsy
It even smells like love
The aroma takes my will away
It takes my will away
The aroma takes my will away!