

# Damned, Lovely Money

They come to see the dungeons here  
The tourists flock from far and near  
They do the tower and try the beer

The picking pockets cost your life  
And every jury has a price  
They bring the kids and show the wife

It makes them proud to be around  
And take their summer piccies  
To drink at night in Soho bars  
And end up feeling sickie  
And we're all making money  
Lovely money

Rubber necks with cash to burn  
Export criminals return  
They keep on coming, never learn

They fill their diaries page by page  
And make it sound so thrilling  
They're searching for the real thing  
They're flushed and they are willing  
And we're all making money  
Lovely money

The victors of the opium wars  
Now take their trips and open doors  
They stand upon the actual floors  
Actual floors, actual floors

It makes them proud to be around  
And take their summer piccies  
To drink at night in Soho bars  
And end up feeling sickie

More money, more money  
More money, more money

Now off you go, away you fly  
We've had your money now goodbye  
We fleeced you good we bled you dry  
Goodbye goodbye  
(repeat to fade)