Final Fantasy, None of You Will Ever See a Penn

Son, son, we've got to run away from inheritance Son, son, I must allow you to learn of sustenance

None of you will ever see a penny Of my ill-begotten wealth Stick around You will see a rich man cry

I wish, I wish for you a lifetime of labour Hard days make peaceful nights

None of you will ever see a penny Of my ill-begotten wealth Stick around You will see a rich man cry