

Kevin Ayers, Money, Money, Money

Nothing comes easy
You've got to put your money down
Never let your honey down,
When she's on your side.

You want love, they want houses,
Better dig in your trousers
Put your money where your mouth is
Pull out that cash, from your stash.

And then, pay through the nose,
buying buttons and bows
And never-ending clothes
Keep your love in style...

Ooh, money, money, ooh, money, money
Where does it go?
Down in some bottomless ditch.
Ooh, money, money, ooh money, money
Guess you all know--
Your money goes back to the rich, la ti da..
Your money goes back to the rich.

There ain't no way around it
You can't joke, you can't tease her
When she wants a new freezer,
It's a serious thing.
And she knows you'll pay double
To avoid any trouble;
She knows you can't stand to squabble;
And you're bound to give in..
So you pay, once again, through the nose
for a new quelque chose,
And you throw in a rose
To give your love a thrill.

Ooh, money, money, etc.

You get moonlight in the evening
Sunshine by day;
That's all you get for nothing
You want more?

Ooh, money, money, etc.