King Crimson, Easy Money

Your admirers in the street
Got to hoot and stamp their feet
In the heat from your physique
As you twinkle by in moccasin sneakers

And I thought my heart would break
When you doubled up the stake
With your fingers all a-shake
You could never tell a winner from a snake

Easy money

With your figure and your face
Strutting out at every race
Throw a glass around the place
Show the colour of your crimson suspenders

We could take the money home
Sit around the family throne
My old dog could chew his bone
For two weeks we could appease the Almighty

Easy money

Your admirers in the street
Got to hoot and stamp their feet
In the heat from your physique
As you twinkle by in moccasin sneakers

Got no truck with the la-di-da
Keep my bread in an old fruit jar
Drive you out in a motor-car
Getting fat on your lucky star

Just making easy money
</lyrics>

==Alternative second verse in live versions==
<lyrics>
Well I argued with the judge
But the bastard wouldn't budge
'Cause they caught me licking fudge
And they never told me once you were a minor