

Peter Hammill, Where The Mouth Is

Money where the mouth is, pennies on the eyes.
Yeah, times are hard and you find that you're in trouble
but it's hard to sympathize.
You talk up quite a story, you blow the bubble well.
Money where the mouth is, silver-tongue the sell.

Put up or shut up.
Cut price or cut-up.
Put up or shut up.

Money where the mouth is, will there be just desserts?
White-collar crime yeah, the summing-up
will reckon surely nobody got hurt.
Hey, offer jam tomorrow the cash will do quite well.
With your fair shares for all, try to practice what you preach
when they ring that Lutine bell.
Hey, put your money where your mouth is
and hope the money talk will spring you from the cell.

We've heard the empty promises, the barely veiled threats;
we've yet to see the colour of the money now
we've yet to see it...
Oh, but we'll get to see it, you bet.

Put up or shut up.
Cut price or cut-up.
Put the money where the mouth is.

Yeah, you copped for quite a lot,
but everything you got fell off the back end of the yacht.
You did your best to grease the machinery,
you shut us out of the talking shop:
the desks are empty when the buck full stops.
Hey, you put your money where your mouth was not.
You put your money where your mouth was not.

Well, put the money where the mouth is,
snuffling in the trough.
Yeah, put your money where your mouth is,
with the pigs in the trough.

Where the mouth is,
where the mouth is.