

The Supremes, Fancy Passes

(R. Miller/W. O'Malley/A. Vandenberg)

Money isn't everything
As anyone who's rich
It can buy pain and misery
Or grief

Though money isn't everything
I have a pauper's itch
So though I crave a brave
Yes
I'll take the chief!

He bought me a cat
Siamese, imagine that
He keeps making
Fancy passes at me
All those fine and fancy passes

Oh joy, now I've got
Sixty feet of brand new yacht
He keeps making
Fancy passes at me
All those fine and fancy passes

He owns New York or Spain
But I don't know which
He got fat in Uptown Manhattan
Poor Cinderella's got her a fella who's rich
Every penny, he's worth a plenty

He owns United Airlines
That as well?
He owns receding hairlines
Oh, well!
He's not so hip
Or smart as a whip
But healthy, wise and wealthy

He bought me a summer place
Somewhere out in outer space
He keeps making
Fancy passes at me

What a man you've got, Diane
Did he buy you a mink?
Mmmm..Passion pink
And a Cadi too?
Mmmm, Baby blue
You're speaking of?
My baby love!
Your Romeo?
My Daddy Dough!
I love him a lot
How much has he got?

He's got a plot of ground
He found over oil
Oh, my how chic we are
He bought New Jersey
So he could call me his girl
Oh, man, a feat we are!

Chocolate excites my tummy

Ooh
He bought me a firm called Yummy
So
He's one of those gents
With good bizness cents
And quarters, half's and dollars

Ding, dong, ain't it swell
They just delivered the liberty bell
How sad all those Philadelphians will be

I'll get half of what he owns
To keep up with Mrs. L. B. Jones
And if he keeps making fancy passes
I'll start holding evening classes

I'll give him sugar and molasses
And the life, I live
I'll live luxuriously
From those late and evening classes
That sugar and molasses
Those fine and fancy passes at me
Oooweee
My honey
Yeah!