

The Root Of All Evil

The Beautiful South

If euro replaces the pound
It's still likely to be shiny and round
Rich may switch the way they feel rich
But not the man who's alive
Or the man who has drowned
Keeping pound only makes sense
If you're worth more than 99 pence Those who have a lot and those who have not
Remain francs marks pesetas or cents
If money is the root of all evil
What does that make lover of pound
We'll be eating frogs and modeling clogs
And you'll be hunting french
And dutch with a hound
Now a nation goes to the vote
So our country has its name on the note
Same set of people same boat
Need their name in the back of their coat
Heads or tails can't have been won
On whose head graced whatever was spun
If queen's head's not on money they've got
It's still business and money's still fun
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