Hey lucky people, North and South
This is your leader, I'm called 'the mouth'
We're gonna play a game that's funny
Get the, get the, get the money

Money, money, money, money Money, money

Walking on the beach, all disenchanted
Blackness in my heart
Anything they want now, they can't stop me, energy goes dead.
Riviera buildings, high, depressing
Look like cookie boxes
In my heart a huricane is blowing
In my head a clock ticks.
Tic-tack

Get the money, Mr. Potato Get the money, pay the Eskimo

Money, money, money, money

ABC

Schoolboys, schoolgirls, don't make funny Take a deep breath, get the money

Money, money, money, money

A lot of neigbourhood, oncrete and windows
Uphere on the mountain
I wonder if somebody sees me walking
I could hide in that fountain.
Pretty little girl, I like to know her, coming this way
Back in school, I can't believe that I could not obey

Get the money, Mr. Potato Get the money, pay the Eskimo

Money, money, money, money, money

Crawl on your belly, bust your skull There's the money, real as hell

William Tell

Money, money, money, money Money, money

I met an actor, river speed boat He made crabby movies Robin Maxwell had a yacht But it didn't die so groovy

Me, I confess, I like to swim and watch the telly, my news
I've been hanging 'round the beach
But the money pays my kwanos

Get the money, Mr. Potato Get the money, pay the Eskimo

Money, money, money, money, money,

It's kind of like a fortress, it's kind of like a tomb Sitting with your money in a near dark room

Feels like a discharge, feels like a death Feels like a taste of dying breath

Feels like a toed, feels like a frog Feels like a serpent, all night long