

Give, Give, Give Me More, More, More

The Wonder Stuff

Well I hope I make more money than this in the next world.

I hope there's a lot more riches there for me.

I'd like my trousers pressed and my shoes
shined up by a rich girl,
who's only care in the world is me.

"But are these all the brains I'm entitled to have?
Don't try to make me happy, when I'm happy feeling bad.
I've got no manners nor a hand to shake,
why should I tell the truth when it's easier to fake."

So, Give, Give, Give Me More, More, More
I'd like it all.

Is the bank big enough?

coming ready or not to the next world.

I hope there's a whole lot more in it there for me.

I'd have the presence to be rich and I'll never do a
stitch,

in the next world, and my only care in the world is me