

# Time Is Money - song lyrics

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TIME IS MONEY.

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Music by Walter Tilbury.

Now, every fairy rhyme begins with, "Once upon a time I"  
"Time." we are told, "was made for slaves!"  
There's the good time, a bad time, a happy time, a sad time,  
And "time" for the man who misbehaves.  
There's the time that you are born, a time you will be gone,  
That's just about the time that you repent;  
All the little tricks you've done, you remember one by one,  
That's the time you think of where you will be sent.

Chorus.

Time is money, yes, and money it is time,  
And don't you be forgetting it,  
Always get as much money as you can,  
But don't get time for getting it.

There's the time you wend your way down to Coney for the day,  
That's the time you have a pretty girl to meet;  
It's a sunny time, a funny time, a corae-and-kiss-your-honey time,  
The time you find this maiden you must treat.  
There's the time upon the sand, when you hold this maiden's hand,  
That's the time you wish your friends were all in sight:  
When the girl says, "This is bliss," and she wants to hug and kiss,  
That's the time you should bid the girl good-night- or you'll find that

Chorus.

There's the time that you imbibe and you get a lovely tide,  
And you start for home about the hour of two:  
It's a boozy time, a carousy time, I don't care whose a whosey time,  
A time you don't care what you say or do.  
There's the time you meet police, and time you want release.  
That's the time you see the error of your ways;  
When the judge tells you you're fined, and you haven't got a dime,  
Then the kind of time you get is "thirty days "-and you know that.

Chorus.

There's the time you wink your eye, and the time you heave a sigh.  
That's just the time your heart begins to shoot;  
It's a happy time, a floppy time, a spooney time, a sloppy time.  
Until the time you meet her father's boot.  
There's the time you're apt to reach, when the girl sues you for breach.  
For doing things she said you hadn't ought;  
Though you vow that it's no" t true, but the judge says, "That will do.  
And a thousand dollars pay her," says the Court-and you know that.

Chorus.

There's the time you back a horse and he doesn't win, of course,  
That's the time the bookmaker gives you the laugh;  
That's an airy time, a sweary time, a make-you-tear-your-hairy time,  
A time you'd like to break him right in half.  
There's the time upon the train, when you start for home again,  
That's the time a little game of draw you play:  
You get up without a cent, that's the time that you repent,  
And the time you And that you have been the jay-and you know that  
Chorus.