

Money - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MONEY.

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What makes the world so busy? is what I want to know,
And why do we observe on every hand,
And in every society in which I chance to go,
An eagerness we all can understand?
Why do Smith, Jones, and Brown, each morning go to town,
And never miss a day through the year?
Why do policemen walk their beat? it cannot be a treat,
And why they do so really is, I fear-

Chorus.

It's for money, ain't it funny
How it drives away all sorrow and dull care?
If you want honey, you must have money,
Yes, it's money, money, money everywhere.

Why does the little charmer, whose age is seventeen,
And who to leave her school is very glad,
Get married to some fellow, this we have often seen,
Who's really old enough to be her dad?
Why do politicians jaw, and soldiers go to war,
And the great salvation army preach and pray?
And at election time, how is it that we find
A voter who will vote the other way?-Chorus.

Why does an old acquaintance come knocking at your door,
Who's friendship's been for years behind the time,
And with a tale of misery he visits you once more,
To remind you of the days of auld lang syne?
Why does-, who's well known unrivalled stand alone
In the amusement enterprise right here to-day?
For the benefit of all he opened up this hall.
And why he did so to you I will say:-Chorus.

Why does the champion, Sullivan, whom you all know so well,
Stand up in front of any other man?
And why does R. G. Ingersoll declare there is no hell,
And prove this proposition say he can?
Why does the masher in distress, have to leave his Sunday dress
"With his uncle round the corner on the sly?
Why am I singing here to-night if not to get a sight,
And also have a finger in the pie?-Chorus.