

# You Don't Need Money

Roy Harper

Nobody's got any money in the Summer  
Oh dear me, what a terrible drag  
I couldn't get very much numb-er than in Summer  
Beseeching the rent-man  
To be soft as he can  
'Cause I've got a little money coming when I sell my MBE

All the folkie student population wearing rucksacks  
Taking my meal ticket over the seas  
And half the blasted idiots are stuck in Yugoslavia  
With hardly a Dinar  
And looking no cleaner  
Than a Chinese wrestler's jock-strap  
Cooked in chip fat  
On a greasy day  
And think what money could do for my tummy  
And think what my tummy could do for my mind

And think what my mind could do for the world  
For the stars and infinity

Has anybody got any money for this strummer?  
I won't need much in the parasol shade  
But I could have used a million quid a year ago last Summer  
To grace the Bahamas  
In see-through pyjamas  
But never mind I'm worth two buns, a sherbet  
And a liquorice root  
Oh rooty-toot-toot

Nobody's got any money in the Summer  
Oh dear me, and if I was stoned out of my mind in the park  
I'd say  
That nobody needs any money in the Summer  
Except, of course, for scoring  
On a sunny day