

Avarice

The Tiger Lillies

Avarice, avarice!
Money, money is bliss!
Avarice, avarice!
Money, money is bliss!
The money man makes all the money
that's why the money man lives
He sells the souls of his freakshow,
for the money man money is bliss
He's sold his father and mother;
his daughter and wife do tricks
Each coin and each note that he makes
he greedily gobbles and licks
Avarice, avarice!
Money, money is bliss!
Avarice, avarice!
Money, money is bliss!
He sold all of his children;
he sold his friends as well
Well, one day pretty soon
the money man's going to Hell
The money man's so greedy
he's got a dollar down his jacket's insides
For the sake of making more money
he murders, cheats and lies
Avarice, avarice!
Money, money is bliss!
Avarice, avarice!
Money, money is bliss!
Everywhere he springs misery,
each of the freaks he makes cry
He sold his soul to the Devil
he's the only one who'd buy