Silas Stingy

Petra Haden

Once upon a time there lived an old miser man
By the name of Silas Stingy
He carried all his money in a little black box
Which was heavy as a rock
With a big padlock
All the little kids would shout
When Silas was aboutMoney, money, money bags
Money, money, money bags
There goes mingy Stingy
There goes mingy Stingy
Money, money, money bags
Money, money, money bags
There goes mingy Stingy
There goes mingy StingySilas didn't eat, which was just as well
He would starve himself for a penny
He wore old clothes and he never washed
'Cause soap cost a lot
And the dirt kept him hot
All the little kids would shout
When Silas was aboutMoney, money, money bags
Money, money, money bags
There goes mingy Stingy
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Money, money, money bags
Money, money, money bags
There goes mingy Stingy
There goes mingy StingyIn the back of his head
Was a voice that said
"Someone will steal it all
You'll be lying in the gutter with an empty box
The thieves will be havin' a ball"Money, money, money bags
Money, money, money bags
There goes mingy Stingy
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Money, money, money bags
Money, money, money bags
There goes mingy Stingy
There goes mingy StingyHe bought a safe to put the box in
And a house to put the safe in

And a watchdog on a chain to make quite sure
And his face was very funny
When he counted up his money
And he realized he hadn't any moreMoney, money, money bags
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