Lovely Money (Extended)

The Damned

They come to see the dungeons here
The tourists flock from far and near
They do the tower and try the beer

The picking pockets cost your life
And every jury has a price
They bring the kids and show the wife

It makes them proud to be around
And take their summer piccies
To drink at night in Soho bars
And end up feeling sickie
And we're all making money
Lovely money

Rubber necks with cash to burn
Export criminals return
They keep on coming, never learn

They fill their diaries page by page
And make it sound so thrilling
They're searching for the real thing
They're flushed and they are willing
And we're all making money
Lovely money

The victors of the opium wars
Now take their trips and open doors
They stand upon the actual floors
Actual floors, actual floors

It makes them proud to be around
And take their summer piccies
To drink at night in Soho bars
And end up feeling sickie

More money, more money
More money, more money

Now off you go, away you fly

We've had your money now goodbye
We fleeced you good we bled you dry
Goodbye goodbye

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