

Lovely Money

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 hunting 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
[Non-compositional] 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
They come to see the dungeons here
The tourists flock from far and near
The picking pockets cost your life
They bring the kids and show the wife
Lovely money, lovely money

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