

Fancy Passes

The Supremes

Money isn't everything, ask anyone who's rich
It can buy pain and misery or grief
Though money isn't everything
I have a pauper's itch, so though I crave a brave
Yes, I'll take the chief!
He bought me a cat, Siamese, imagine that
He keeps making, fancy passes at me
All those fine and fancy passes
Oh joy, now I've got sixty feet of brand new yacht
He keeps making fancy passes at me
All those fine and fancy passes
He owns New York or Spain but I don't know which
He got fat in Uptown Manhattan
Poor Cinderella's got her a fella who's rich
Every penny, he's worth a plenty
He owns United Airlines, that as well?
He owns receding hairlines, oh, well
He's not so hip or smart as a whip
But healthy, wise and wealthy
He bought me a summer place
Somewhere out in outer space
He keeps making fancy passes at me
What a man you've got, Diane
Did he buy you a mink? Passion pink
And a Cadi too? Baby blue
You're speaking of? My baby love
Your Romeo? My Daddy Dough
I love him a lot, how much has he got?
He's got a plot of ground, he found over oil
Oh, my how chic we are
He bought New Jersey
So he could call me his girl
Oh, man, a feat we are
Chocolate excites my tummy
He bought me a firm called Yummy
So, he's one of those gents
With good bizness cents
And quarters, half's and dollars
Ding, dong, ain't it swell

They just delivered the liberty bell
How sad all those Philadelphians will be
I'll get half of what he owns
To keep up with Mrs. L. B. Jones
And if he keeps making fancy passes
I'll start holding evening classes
I'll give him sugar and molasses
And the life, I live, I'll live luxuriously
From those late and evening classes
That sugar and molasses
Those fine and fancy passes at me
My honey, yeah

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