

## With Plenty Of Money And You

Count Basie

Well, baby, what I couldn't do  
With plenty of money and you  
In spite of the worry that money brings  
Just a little filthy looker buys a lot of things

And I could take you to places  
That you would like to go  
But outside of that  
I've no use for dough

It's the root of all evil  
Of strife and upheaval  
But I'm certain, honey, that life would be sunny  
With plenty of money and you

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