

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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