

The Fall Of Max

English Dogs

Do you remember I told you a story
About Max the Millionaire?
He had all his inherited money
Piled up in stocks and shares
For years he'd been a meanie
Kept his money to himself
Thought he knew the best way
And refused financial help

Fall of Max
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Once a Millionaire- blew it in the air
Fall of Max
Fall of Max
Fall of Max
Then one cold winter's morning
He has a letter from the bank
Could you please pay attention?
I am afraid I'll have to be frank
You see all your invested money
Tied up in oil and cotton
Has taken a turn for the worse
And you account has reached rock bottom

It was more or less three years later
And Max the once rich man
Had slipped below the poverty line
Eating from a baled bean can
And it was the next morning's paper
At the bottom of page nine
That a tramp thought to be Max
Was found hanging from a washing line