

## The Smell Of Money

Utopia

The smell of money  
Like flies and honey  
Appeals to something  
More immediate than mere foreplay  
And now if you're hungry  
This one is on your mind  
The aroma takes my will away  
Who does this young man think he is?  
Who needs this turgid love he gives?  
For though he strives to please me  
He can't hit the spot like fifty g's can  
How can I help but notice  
The smell of money  
It makes me runny  
I want a man whose been endowed  
And is preparing to pay  
And if you're tipsy  
It even smells like love  
The aroma takes my will away  
It takes my will away  
The aroma takes my will away!