

## **Crimson King**

### **"Easy Money"**

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Your admirers on the street  
Gotta hoot and stamp their feet  
In the heat from your physique  
As you twinkle by in moccasin sneakers  
And I thought my heart would break  
When you doubled up at the stake  
With your fingers all a-shake  
You could never tell a winner from a snake  
but you always make money  
Easy money  
With your figure and your face  
Strutting out at every race  
Throw a glass around the place  
Show the colour of your crimson suspenders  
We would take the money home  
Sit around the family throne  
My old dog could chew his bone  
For two weeks we could appease the Almighty  
Easy money  
Got no truck with the la-di-da  
Keep my bread in an old fruit jar

Drive you out in a motor-car

Getting fat on your lucky star just making

Easy money

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