

Basie Count

"With Plenty Of Money And You"

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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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