

## Various Artists

### "Wages Of Sin"

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Crime don't pay, that's wot I tells 'em  
If it did, would I be here?  
Mixing pipes, wot then I sells 'em  
For a pint of rotten beer  
Throats you cut to pocket thruppence  
Or you slut to cop some sleep  
Bash a face for bleedin' tuppence  
Pure disgrace to work so cheap  
So I say, "Don't be a sinner,  
For the price of London Gin.  
You can't pay for one square dinner  
With the wages of sin."  
Sell my soul? Cor love come off it.  
Who would buy this sack of skin?  
On the whole there's greater profit  
Than the wages of sin.  
Than the wages of sin.  
I've seen girls from gutter families  
Trap rich men with fluttery ways,  
And they coo  
"Cor pass the jam please."  
Over nuptial breakfast trays  
Over there in bed eleven  
Sleeps a bleedin' hypocrite  
Spends his days eyes cast to heaven,  
Spends his nights amongst this shit.  
S'why I say, "Don't take half measures,  
Do things right, and dig right in."  
For this world has greater treasures  
Than the wages of sin.  
I get threats, but seldom offers.  
If I did, I'd pack it in.  
You can't fill that many coffers  
With the wages of sin  
With the wages of sin

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