

Thousands or More

Sung with maximum pathos and not a little tomfoolery on the last chorus!

The time passes over more cheerful and gay,
Since we learned a new act to drive sorrows away.
Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away,
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away.

Bright Phoebe arises high up in the sky
With her red, rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye,
Sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye,
With her red, rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye.

If you ask for my credit you'll find I have none,
With my bottle and friend you will find me at home.
Find me at home, find me at home, find me at home,
With my bottle and friend you will find me at home.

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more,
Thousands or more, thousands or more, thousands or more,
I'm as happy as those wot's got faasands or mowa.