

The Money Rolls In

1. My father makes book on the corner,
My mother makes illicit gin.
My sister sells kisses to sailors,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus
Rolls in , rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, rolls in.
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.
2. My mother's a bawdy house keeper,
Every night when the evening grows dim.
She hangs out a little red lantern,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus
3. My sister's a barmaid in Sydney,
For a shilling she'll strip to the skin.
She's stripping from morning to midnight,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus
4. My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves little girlies from sin.
He'll save you a blonde for a guinea,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus
5. My Grandad sells cheap prophylactics,
And punctures each one with a pin.
My Grandma gets rich from abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus
6. Uncle Joe is a registered plumber,
His business in holes and in tin.
He'll plug up your hole for a tenner,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus
7. Uncle Tommy was once in a prison,
Where he was a joy to the men,
Now he bends over for business,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus
8. Aunt Joan keeps a girl's seminary,
Teaching young girls to begin.
She doesn't say where they will finish,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus
9. My cousin's a Harley Street surgeon,
With instruments long, sharp and thin.
He only does one operation,
My God how the money rolls in.
Chorus

10. I've lost all me cash on the horses,
I'm sick from the illicit gin.
I'm falling in love with me sister,
My God what a mess I am in.

Chorus

This is a collection of verses from various sources. There is no particular order to these and depending on the rate of alcoholic consumption by the singer(s), the verses can be sung in any order or, more probably, some will be omitted.

The tune is "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean". There are other bawdy parodies to this which are not included here.