I WANT SOME MONEY.
(GIMME SOME, GIMME SOME.)

Words by
HERBERT RULE & FRED HOLT.

Music by
L. SILBERMAN.

What is it that everybody craves
Some get tired of drinking and of eat
Ab-ey Co-hen had a little bu-
for, What is it that ev'-ry-bo-dy raves for, You know and I know and
-ing, Sweethearts sometimes they get tired of meet-
ing, Some get so tired of
by, Said when he grows up well call him Ab-
ey, They watch'd him grow and they
ev'-ry one knows What's so hard to get as you know ve-
work night and day People ev'en get so wea-
taught him to walk Mother was so pleased and when he start-
ed to talk Dad-dy bought him
ev'-ry bo-dy wants to-day, Can't do with-
ask-ing someone for a kiss, No-
choc-o-lates to chew but oh Young Ab-ey said I don't want'em Oh no?

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CHORUS.

I want some money, gimme some, gimme some, gimme some, gimme some, gimme some do.

Oh ain't it funny the difference that money makes to you, whether you're rich or poor.

Somebody comes knocking at your door and they say I want some money.