

Good Living

The castle that you live in, is it really made of stone
Or would a gentle breeze blow it down
Did you build it in your dream world
Is it really not your own
Well live there as long as you can

For good living is a habit Live it while you can
Soft sable furs, not rabbit,
And superfast cars on Mercantile Credit
And why worry if the money isn't really real
Your as rich as you feel

And the lady you're in love with
None can be as sweet as her -
A beauty that's all of her own
And don't let them tell you different
It's got nowt to do with them
Take her and run to your home

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So believe in what you're doing
And just do the best you can
No-one does better than that
And don't let your troubles get you
cos they'll get you if they can
sweep them up under a mat

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