Musique : “The Complete Banker” – Neil Hannon

25/10/2011 à 11h00

Paroles de la chanson

Can anyone lend me ten billion quid?
Why do you look so glum, was it something I did?
So I caused the second great depression, what can I say?
I guess I got a bit carried away
If I say I’m sorry, will you give me the money?

But you know me, the complete banker
In a black Bentley, sweet Samantha right here next to me
Oh, how I hanker for the good old days

When I was free, the complete banker
In my Armani, before the rancour and disharmony
Well money makes the world go round and round
and down the drain

We went to war on the floor of the exchange
To all of us it was just a big game
But God I loved it: making a profit from somebody’s loss
I never knew exactly whose money it was

And I did not care as long as there was
Lots for me, the complete banker
In a black Bentley, sweet Samantha right here next to me

Oh, how I hanker for the good old days
When I was free, the complete banker
In my Armani, before the anger and the inquiries
Well money makes the world go round and round
and down the drain

We’ll learn the lessons, run tests and analyze

We’ll crunch the numbers, ’cause the numbers never lie
Well maybe this recession is a blessing in disguise
We can build a much much bigger bubble the next time
And leave the rest to clean our mess up

Well that’s just me, the complete banker
In a black Bentley, Margaret Thatcher right here next to me
Oh, how I hanker for the good old days

When I was free and a complete banker
I’m a conscience free, malignant cancer on society
And one day you’ll let your guard down
And I’ll come ’round again