

1. Can't take it with you; that's what they say,  
Then when you go it gets taken away,  
Nobody knows where this stuff should belong,  
So stealing from the dead and gone don't seem very wrong.
2. He was a miser, a frugal recluse,  
Most of his things have had far too much use,  
Worn-out belongings, a fitting swansong,  
So stealing from the dead and gone don't seem very wrong.

**CHORUS**        *Vultures, we are who will pick his bones clean,  
Specially as he was so callous and mean  
When you have nothing to make a new bob,  
It's a legitimate job... sort of!*

3. Bedclothes and curtains, trousers and shoes,  
Gather it up, he's got nothing to lose,  
He's far more use to us now that he's gone,  
So stealing from the dead and gone don't seem very wrong.

**CHORUS (With optional harmony)**

4. Now the old skinflint's faded away,  
All that is left is a smell of decay,  
No one will miss the old goat who's passed on,  
So stealing from the dead and gone don't seem so very wrong.