

# Soul Asylum, Ode

Well my friend Jud he was a fuddy-dud  
Chewed his cud, was a stick in the mud  
I swear he hated everyone  
And he's bumming nickels and bumming dimes  
But most of all you know he's just bumming time  
And every day was a bad day  
They walked out and on and over him  
He was turning gray  
Never knew love he gave up on hope  
Stayed in bed and he stopped using soap was a dirty old man  
But he never said poor little old me  
Poor poor  
Now one fine day he won the lottery  
Instant millionaire without a care it didn't change a thing  
Drove up to Reno he lost everything at a roadside casino  
You know he never made it into town  
Where the bright lights trickle down  
He was a casualty  
Well he \_\_\_\_\_ and he ran out of food  
And all he got was more lewd and crude  
He was very rude  
The only thing he hated worse than the city  
Was charity and self pity he'd been around  
I talked to him that's what I found  
He was a casualty  
Poor little old me  
Poor poor casualty