

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