

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Beggars' Blues

Ain't got no money, ain't it a shame
Ain't got no time to get a job
I drink my whiskey, I drink my wine
I left my worries far behind

I'm feeling hungry, I'm feeling broke
If you could spare one, I could surely use a smoke
I got no history, I got no past
If you don't help me, don't think I'll last

I got to get more time
To drink a bit more wine
I've got to the perfect crime
Brother can you spare a dime?

You see me standing on your street
My hand are open I got nothing there to eat
I drink my whiskey, I drink my wine
I want the band to play when I die

Ooh-oo-hoo-oo-hoo-oo-hoo
Ooh-oo-hoo-oo-hoo-oo-hoo
Ooh-oo-hoo-oo-hoo-oo-hoo
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