

David Lindley, The Very Thing That Makes You R

(S. Bailey)

My father told me, lying on his bed of death,
"Boy," he says, "woman she's gonna make it, don't fool your self
'Cause she's got something to make a man lay that money, uh, right in her hand
And the very thing that makes her rich will make you poor
The very thing that makes her rich will make you poor"
That's right!

Well, I put you behind the wheel of a deuce and a quarter, yes I did
Had you living like a rich man's daughter, yes I did, I sure did
While you were living high on the hog
You had me down here scuffling like a dog
Well, the very thing that makes you rich makes me poor
The very thing that makes you rich makes me poor

Don't you never ever make such a bad mistake
You know I'd rather climb into bed with a rattlesnake
Then to work hard every day bringing that woman all my pay
The very thing that makes you rich makes me poor,
Makes me so damn poor
The thing that makes her rich makes me poor
The very thing that makes you rich make me poor
Very thing that makes you rich makes me poor
Makes me so damned poor

Money won't change it, no no...