

Joe Ely, Drivin' To The Poorhouse In A Limosine

Drivin' to the Poorhouse in a Limosine
Livin' on soda-pop and nicotine
Brushin' off the glitter from a 2nd-Hand suit.
Lookin' for a Marks-A-Lot to polish my boots.
That's the life I live in a rock and roll band
Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.

Sleepin' in the back-seat at the Shopping Mall
Parkin' at the pay phone waitin for a call
If it wasn't for collect' and 'I.O.U.'
I'd be up to my neck in 'Overdue';

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand
Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.

Diggin' through the bottles and magazines
Hope I got some money for some gasoline
Government agents nippin at my heels.
I'm a limo-length ahead of a jailhouse meal.

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand
Drivin' to the Poo house just as fast as I can.

Feelin' like a sailor in a submarine
Feedin' quarters to the car-wash keepin' her clean.
Dropped my last dime thru the cracks in the floor
Hope the promotor don't take the back door.

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand
Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.
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Fat-assed businessmen suckin my blood
Slingin my name like it was mud
If I go to hell in a Caddilac
Give 'em my money and I won't look back

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