

# Tom T. Hall, All You Want When You Please

I'm sittin' here lookin' at some mighty hard times  
money ain't growing on trees  
A little while ago I was rollin' in dough  
singin' all you want when you please  
All you want when you please girls  
all you want when you please  
The wind blows up this road  
all summer in the evening it cools one and all  
If you like a good breeze you can have all you please  
If you don't get blown away in the fall  
All you want when you please girls  
all you want when you please  
( dobro )  
My money's all gone and my breeze died down  
my bloom of youth's gone to seed  
I sit here and cry for the days all gone by  
when I sang all you want when you please  
All you want when you please girls  
all you want when you please  
Well the meat's all lean and the bread's all done  
And the cook rides a big white horse  
You just come like you look and if you get your picture took  
You can tell 'em you was at the Mardi Gras  
All you want when you please girls  
all you want when you please