

Traveling Wilburys, Poor House

You walk in, half past nine
Lookin' like a queen
Serving me with papers
Calling me obscene
Woman I've tried so hard
Just to do my best
They're gonna put me in the Poor House
And you'll take all the rest
Up all day, down all night
Working on the job
Everything I do is wrong
I always end up right
Woman I try so hard
Done all I can do
They're gonna put me in the Poor House
Leave all the best for you

Ooo in the poor house
Ooo in the poor house

If a drove a pulpwood truck
Would you love me more?
Will you bring me diamonds
And hang around my door
Woman, I've done my best
They're ain't much left for me
They're gonna put me in the Poor House
And throw away the key

Ooo in the poor house

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