

# 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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