

# Woody Guthrie, Poor Boy

My mother called me to her bedside  
These words she said to me  
If you don't quit your rambling ways  
They're gonna get you in the penitentiary  
Gonna get you in the penitentiary poor boy  
Gonna get you in the penitentiary  
If you don't quit your reckless ways  
They're gonna get you in the penitentiary

So I sat myself down in a gambling game  
But I could not play my hand  
Just thinking about that woman I love  
Run away with another man  
Run away with another man poor boy  
Run away with another man  
Just thinking about that woman I love  
Run away with another man

The cards came around the table lord  
And I had such a worried mind  
My stack of gold dollars I wasted away  
And I lost about ninety-nine  
I lost about ninety-nine poor boy  
I lost about ninety-nine  
My stack of gold dollars I wasted away  
And I lost about ninety-nine

It wasn't very long till I seen him again  
He ran away left her behind  
And I laid him down with my old forty-four  
And the judge gave me ninety-nine  
The judge gave me ninety-nine poor boy  
The judge gave me ninety-nine  
I laid a man down with my big forty-four  
And the judge gave me ninety-nine

Well the jury said I had to pay  
And the clerk he wrote it down  
And the judge called out my number  
Two sixes upside down  
Two sixes upside down poor boy  
Two sixes upside down  
The judge called out my number  
Two sixes upside down