

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