Ely Joe "Drivin' To The Poorhouse In A Limosine"

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(Joe Ely)

Drivin' to the Poorhouse in a Limosine Livin' on soda-pop and nicotine Brushin' off the glitter from a 2nd-Hand suit. Lookin' for a Marks-A-Lot to polish my boots. That's the life I live in a rock and roll band Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.

Sleepin' in the back-seat at the Shopping Mall Parkin' at the pay phone waitin for a call If it wasn't for 'collect' and 'I.O.U.' I'd be up to my neck in 'Overdue'

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.

Diggin' through the bottles and magazines Hope I got some money for some gasoline Government agents nippin at my heels. I'm a limo-length ahead of a jailhouse meal.

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand Drivin' to the Poo house just as fast as I can.

Feelin' like a sailor in a submarine Feedin' quarters to the car-wash keepin' her clean. Dropped my last dime thru the cracks in the floor Hope the promotor don't take the back door.

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can. CH.

Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can. Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.

Fat-assed businessmen suckin my blood Slingin my name like it was mud If I go to hell in a Caddilac Give 'em my money and I won't look back

I ain't gonna be treated this a way

I ain't gonna be tzeated this a way I ain't gonna be treated this a way I ain't gonna be treated this a way

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