

## Loudon Wainwright Iii "Old Ballyhoo"

Visit "[Old Ballyhoo](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Mister, won't you lend a poor dime a cripple?

I'm about a thousand dollars from my home.

Ain't got no mile in my pocket, no head to poke my hole  
through,

And I don't know where I'll die when I go to.

I have tried living in the valley and working at the  
mill -

I like bootlegging better, running whiskey through  
these hills.

Now I'm back down from the mountain, and living on  
the

bum.

If you've got change for five dollars, why don't you  
give me some?

Mister, won't you lend a poor dime a cripple?

I'm about a thousand dollars from my home.

Ain't got no mile in my pocket, no head to poke my hole  
through,

And I don't know where I'll die when I go to.

Hey, I could play in your theater, local church or  
corner bar -

Long as there's fun and money, I ain't too particular.

I can sing and dance and whistle, turn cartwheels  
through the air,

And if I get too tight to stand upright, just tie me to  
a chair.

Mister, won't you lend a poor dime a cripple?

I'm about a thousand dollars from my home.

Ain't got no mile in my pocket, no head to poke my hole  
through,

And I don't know where I'll die when I go to.

Now when this song is over, gonna pass around my hat  
-

So won't you reach down deep inside - Hey, quiet in the  
back!

Did you come to talk or listen, folks? Now everybody  
hush!

'Cause when I hit that high note, I can make a statue  
blush.

Visit [Loudon Wainwright Iii](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.