

## Cooder Ry

# "The Very Thing That Makes You Rich"

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(S. Bailey)

My father told me, lying on his bed of death,  
"Boy," he says, "woman she's gonna make it, don't fool  
yourself  
'Cause she's got something to make a man lay that  
money, uh, right in  
her  
hand  
And the very thing that makes her rich will make you  
poor  
The very thing that makes her rich will make you poor"  
That's right!  
Well, I put you behind the wheel of a deuce and a  
quarter, yes I did  
Had you living like a rich man's daughter, yes I did, I  
sure did  
While you were living high on the hog  
You had me down here scuffling like a dog  
Well, the very thing that makes you rich makes me poor  
The very thing that makes you rich makes me poor  
Don't you never ever make such a bad mistake  
You know I'd rather climb into bed with a rattlesnake  
Then to work hard every day bringing that woman all  
my pay  
The very thing that makes you rich makes me poor,  
Makes me so damn poor  
The thing that makes her rich makes me poor  
The very thing that makes you rich make me poor  
Very thing that makes you rich makes me poor  
Makes me so damned poor  
Money won't change it, no no...

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