

Cooder Ry

"The Very Thing That Makes You Rich (makes Me Poor)"

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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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