

Ry Cooder

"The Very Thing That Makes You Rich"

Visit "[The Very Thing That Makes You Rich](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(s. bailey)

(c#m) - (g#m7) - (g#7) - (f#7) - (e) - (b)

My father (c#m) told me, lying (g#m7) on his bed of
(c#m) death,
"boy," he says, "woman she's gonna make it, don't fool
your (g#7) self
'cause she's got (c#m) something to make a man (f#7)
lay that money, uh, right in her hand
And the very (e) thing that makes her (b) rich will make
you (c#m) poor (f#7)
The very thing that makes her (g#7) rich will make you
(c#m) 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...

Visit [Ry Cooder](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.