

Asylum Soul

"Ode"

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Well my friend Jud he was a fuddy-dud

Chewed his cud, was a stick in the mud

I swear he hated everyone

And he's bumming nickels and bumming dimes

But most of all you know he's just bumming time

And every day was a bad day

They walked out and on and over him, he was turning gray

Never knew love he gave up on hope

Stayed in bed and he stopped using soap was a dirty old man

But he never said poor little old me, poor poor

Now one fine day he won the lottery

Instant millionaire without a care it didn't change a thing

Drove up to Reno he lost everything at a roadside casino

You know he never made it into town

Where the bright lights trickle down, he was a casualty

And all he got was more lewd and crude, he was very rude

The only thing he hated worse than the city

Was charity and self pity he'd been around

I talked to him that's what I found, he was a casualty

Poor little old me, poor poor casualty

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