

Beggars' Blues

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy

Ain't got no money, ain't it a shame
Ain't got no time to get a job
I drink my whiskey, I drink my wine
I left my worries far behind
I'm feeling hungry, I'm feeling broke
If you could spare one, I could surely use a smoke
I got no history, I got no past
If you don't help me, don't think I'll last
I've got to get more time
To drink a bit more wine
I've got the perfect crime
Brother, can you spare a dime?

You see me standing on your street
My hands are open, I got nothing there to eat
I drink my whiskey, I drink my wine
I want the band to play when I die
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
I've got to get more time
To drink a bit more wine
I've got the perfect crime
Brother, can you spare a dime?