Poverty Stricken But Still I'm A-

Stickin' To The Things I Know To Be Facts

One Day It's Feathers And The Next Day Chicken While I'm Pickin ' My Yakety Axe

Ev'rybody Says That I Never Will Get Far, Keepin' Out Of Work B y Pickin' This Guitar

Livin' On A Shoe-

String, Puttin' Off Things Like A Shave And A Hair Cut

Money Don't Matter As Long As I Scatter A Little Bit Of Happine ss Around

If People Keep A Grinnin' I Figure I'm A Winnin' My Good Old Ya kety Sound

City Folks Go Around Turnin' Up Their Noses And Countin' Their Greenbacks And Smellin' Their Roses

But I Wouldn't Trade My Yakety Axe, Even For A T-Bone

I'm Confessin' I Never Took A Lesson, All My Notes Are A Matter Of Guessin'

Hopin' They'll Come Out In Some Kinda Of Manner That'll Make The Yakety Sound

So If You're In The Mood And Your Feet Start Tappin' And You Feel Laid Back And Your Hands Start Clappin' Then I'll Have Done What I Wanted To From Way Back You're Diggin' My Yakety Axe

Now, A Pick