

## Drivin' To The Poorhouse In A Limosine

Joe Ely

Drivin' to the Poorhouse in a Limosine  
Livin' on soda-pop and nicotine  
Brushin' off the glitter from a 2nd-Hand suit.  
Lookin' for a Marks-A-Lot to polish my boots.  
That's the life I live in a rock and roll band  
Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.

Sleepin' in the back-seat at the Shopping Mall  
Parkin' at the pay phone waitin for a call  
If it wasn't for 'collect' and 'I.O.U.'  
I'd be up to my neck in 'Overdue'

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand  
Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.

Diggin' through the bottles and magazines  
Hope I got some money for some gasoline  
Government agents nippin at my heels.  
I'm a limo-length ahead of a jailhouse meal.

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand  
Drivin' to the Poo house just as fast as I can.

Feelin' like a sailor in a submarine  
Feedin' quarters to the car-wash keepin' her clean.  
Dropped my last dime thru the cracks in the floor  
Hope the promotor don't take the back door.

Me and my baby rollin' hand in hand  
Drivin' to the Poorhouse just as fast as I can.  
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Fat-assed businessmen suckin my blood  
Slingin my name like it was mud  
If I go to hell in a Caddilac  
Give 'em my money and I won't look back

I ain't gonna be treated this a way  
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