

Ode

Soul Asylum

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