

Tell 'em I'm Broke

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

People, I used to be so down and out
They called me the hard luck kid
I just couldn't seem to catch a break
No matter what I did...no no
All these bill collectors would call me up
Cryin' for the money I owed
I'd just tell 'em I'm broke
And don't come 'round here no mo'...uh uh

I went to see this old buddy of mine
'Cause I knew he had some money to lend
But when I rang his front door bell
His wife wouldn't let me in...huumm
I heard him shout from the pool out back
As she was slammin' that door
Tell 'em I'm broke
And don't come 'round here no mo'

Can you believe this stuff?!
What that old fool doesn't realize is;
I know I got the winning lot'ry ticket
Right here in my pocket
And when I collect ALL my winning's...
Brother, are we gonna have a time...
And he ain't gonna be invited
I feel pretty good already...
I think I'll blow some harp

Yeah, there'll be long haired misses
In cocktail dresses
And buddies from my life of crime
I'll buy drinks in every dive in Jersey
And I ain't savin' one damn dime
And if that fool starts to come around
Knock-knock-knockin' on my back door
We'll just tell 'em I'm broke
And don't come 'round here no more