

Stubborn as a Mule

Voltaire

If you gave me a nickel to mend my ways
Well, then I'd have a nickel
And I reckon I'd probably owe you change.
I don't have a care,
I don't have a plan.
I've got nothing to spare.
And it's just the way I am.

If you gave me a two-cents
On how to live my life.
Well, then I'd have two cents
And a great big pile of bad advice
I don't doubt your mind or ability
I just highly doubt that you know
What's right for me.

You say I'm stubborn as a mule, boy
'Cause you've got words I just won't hear.
I may seem stubborn as a mule, boy
But if wealth is measured by the ease,
To do just what you please.
Then I'm the richest man in here.

You say to save my pennies
For a rainy day
But I can't buy beer with pennies
I've gone and stashed away.
That rainy day might be when I'm dead.
So I'd rather spend them
Now on beer instead.

If you bet me a dollar
That I am wrong.
I'd take that dollar
And I'd put it in the jukebox for this song.
Then I'd sit on back
And pretend to hear your nagging words
While I finish up my beer.

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'Cause you've got words I just won't hear.
I may seem stubborn as a mule, boy
But if wealth is measured by the ease,
To do just what you please.
Then I'm the richest man in here.

You got the things you need,
And that's alright for you.
You got your cubicle
And your three-piece suit.
You got security and hypertension, too.
And you've got that tie that fits you like a noose.

Bet your bottom dollar
That the buck stops here.
'Cause if you meet me in another forty years,
I'll still be broke

And I may be old.
But the life I've lived,
Would've been worth more than gold.

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