

# 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 Well, he ran out of food 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

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