

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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