I Told You I Was Poor

Skeleton Staff

She just appeared one afternoon
This babe of wealth and breeding
Who has sucked the chrome from off a silver spoon
Could I (give her the life) she'd been used to?
(Poor piteous fool)

I never asked her to,
I never wanted to
She just rolled in
Like I was Poland back in World War II
She made her estimate
She didn't hesitate
To take my hard-earned scratch
And splash it 'round the town
I told her from the beginning
That there weren't enough to go 'round

Oh don'tcha want me to
Appear my best for you?
I simply cannot walk through Double Bay
In these old shoes
Now there's the bag to match
And there's the gloves and hat
And baby this platinum bracelet
Goes so well with that

I'm sure that you'll agree
How good this looks on me
I simply can't leave
Without buying this bi-kini
And when I step outside
This changing room, you'll see

Her father cut
Her credit line
But that won't stop her
From spending all of mine
I might be soft
I might be weak
But I can't get a word in

Everytime I try to speak

I told you I was poor
I told you I was poor
But now my pocket's empty
You don't want me anymore
And how was I to know
That I'd been taken
By a pro who had the meter on
And running all the time
Now my wallet's spent
You've got your fingers
On the next one in line

And if you do for me
I'm gonna do for you
I might just get you backstage entry
If we see U2
The seats are in demand
So come on pay the man
I heard the tix for skybox
Only cost 2 grand

I know some things
From book learnings
But I can't manage these
Bloody purse strings
I make a fuss
But don't earn much
I certainly can't finance
No society slut

I told you I was poor
I told you I was poor
But now my pocket's empty
You don't want me anymore
And how was I to know
I'd gone and hooked up
With a pro who had the meter on
And running all the time
Now my wallet's spent
You've got your fingers
On the next one in line

Well

I told you I was poor
I told you I was poor
But now my pocket's empty
You don't want me anymore
And how was I to know
That I'd been taken
By a pro who had the meter on
And running all the time
Now my wallet's spent
You've got your fingers
On the next one in line
But now that she's gone
I can't help thinking of her all the time

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