

# Raised On Robbery

[Joni Mitchell](#)

He was sitting in the lounge of the Empire Hotel  
He was drinking for diversion  
He was thinking for himself  
A little money riding on the Maple Leafs  
Along comes a lady in lacy sleeves  
She says let me sit down  
You know, drinkin' alone's a shame (It's a shame it's a crying shame)  
Look at those jokers  
Glued to that damn hockey game  
Hey honey-you've got lots of cash  
Bring us round a bottle  
And we'll have some laughs  
Gin's what I'm drinking  
I was raised on robbery I'm a pretty good cook  
Sitting on my groceries  
Come up to my kitchen  
I'll show you my best recipe  
I try and I try but I can't save a cent  
I'm up after midnight, cooking  
Trying to make my rent  
I'm rough but I'm pleasin'  
I was raised on robbery We had a little money once  
They were pushing through a four lane highway  
Government gave us three thousand dollars  
You should have seen it fly away  
First he bought a '57 Biscayne  
He put it in the ditch  
He drunk up all the rest  
That son of a bitch  
His blood's bad whiskey  
I was raised on robbery You know you ain't bad looking  
I like the way you hold your drinks  
Come home with me, honey  
I ain't asking for no full length mink  
Hey, where you going  
Don't go yet  
Your glass ain't empty and we just met  
You're mean when your loaded  
I was raised on robbery



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