

Worn Out Suits, Brand New Pockets

Dave Edmunds

They say money is the root of all evil
But if that's so they should make a saint of me
Cos whenever things look up
I can depend on my bad luck
And I'll be wearing worn out suits with brand new pockets.

They say a fool and his money are soon parted
And I can safely say I'm living proof of that
In one pain and out the other
I lose more than I recover
And I'm wearing worn out suits with brand new pockets.

If I make more than a dime
I know I'll lose it back in time
Leaving me right back where I started
If my name was Rockefeller
Yes I'd still lose every dollar
And I'd be wearing worn out suits with brand new pockets.

(Instrumental break)

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