

THE VERY THING THAT MAKES HER RICH

Ry Cooder

My father told me, lyin' on his bed of death
 "Boy," he says, "Woman, she's gonna make it, don't fool yourself
 'Cause she's got somethin' to make a man
 Lay that money, uh, right in her hand
 And the very thing that makes her rich will make you poor
 The very thing that makes her rich will make you poor", that's right

Well, I put you behind the wheel of a deuce and a quarter, yes I did
 Had you livin' like a rich man's daughter, yes I did, I sure did
 While you were livin' high on the hog
 You had me down here scuffling like a dog
 Well, the very thing that made you rich made me poor
 Very thing that made you rich made me poor

Don't you never, ever make such a bad mistake
 You know I'd rather climb into bed with a rattlesnake, that's right
 Then to work hard every day bringin' that woman all my pay
 The very thing that makes her rich makes me poor
 Makes me so damn poor

The thing that makes her rich makes me poor
 Very thing that makes you rich makes me poor
 Very thing that makes you rich makes me poor
 Makes me so damn poor

Money won't change it, no no
 Money won't change it, no no
 Money won't change it, no no