

Hallelujah, I'm A Bum

G
Why don't you work like other men do?

D7
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

Chorus :

G
Hallelujah, I'm a bum
D7

Hallelujah, bum again!

G
Hallelujah, give us a handout

D7 G
To revive us again.

Oh, I love my boss, and my boss loves me,
And that is the reason that I'm so hungry.

Oh, springtime has come, and I'm just out of jail,
Without any money, and without any bail.

I went to a house, and I knocked on the door,
The lady said, "Run, bum, you've been here before."

I went to a house, and I asked for some bread;
A lady came out, said, "The baker is dead."

When springtime does come, oh, won't we have fun,
We'll throw up our jobs and we'll go on the bum.

If I was to work, and save all I earn,
I could buy me a bar and have money to burn.

I passed by a saloon, and heard someone snore,
And I found the bartender asleep on the floor.

I stayed there and drank till a copper came in,
And he put me asleep with a slap on the chin.

Next morning in court I was still in a haze
When the judge looked at me, he said, "Thirty days."