

Big Jake and Little Bob

(A)

Little Bob had worked all his life--and he (D) never saved a (A) dime
Never had no money to burn—but (B) now it's come his (E) time
He'd (A) take his buddy Big Jake—who (D) was to watch the (A) truck
While he (D) hurried into (A) that old bank--To (E) draw a few easy (A) bucks

The problem with his plan--was (D) Little Bob had no (A) account
But with the right with-drawl slip--it (B) didn't matter no (E) how
Every (A) thing was going well--the (D) money bag was crammed (A) full
But Big (D) Jake saw a cute little (A) poodle—and he (E) totally lost his (A) cool

Oh the love of money is evil—be it a (D) million or one thin (A) dime
Be a (D) ware of ill-gotten (A) gains--they'll (B) get you every (E) time
And (A) should you ever think of (D) rounding up a little easy (A) cash
(D) Easy is easy and (A) hard is hard—but (E) doing wrong is never (A) right

Big Jake hurried to the other door—to (D) sneak a better (A) peek
Bumped the truck into gear--leaving (B) Little Bob there in the (E) street
The (A) truck flew down the hill--it was (D) quite a sight to (A) see
It hit (D) two parked cars (A) jumped the curb--and (E) climbing a little (A) tree

The Swat team came with sirens—the (D) animal control came (A) too
They Tasered and cuffed Little Bob--they (B) collared Big Jake (E) too
The (A) quick withdrawal didn't work --and the (D) story has a bad (A) end
Little (D) Bob is in the (A) Big House now--Big (E) Jake is back in the (A) pen

(Chorus)

RAY PAGE Jr.

