

S I spent my whole life making some body rich. I

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S bu - sted my ass for that son - of - a - bitch. And he left me to die like a

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S dog in a ditch, and told me I'm all used up. He

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9 B \flat F

S used up my la - bor; he used up my time. He

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11 B \flat C

S plun - dered my bo - dy and squan - dered my mind. Then he

A

T

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13 F B \flat F C F

S gave me a pen - sion of hand - outs and wine. And told me I'm all used up. —

A

T

B

I spent my whole life ma-king some bo-dy rich.
 I bu-sted my ass for that son-of-a-bitch.
 And he left me to die like a dog in a ditch,
 and told me I'm all used up.
 He used up my la-bor; he used up my time.
 He plun-dered my bo-dy and squan-dered my mind.
 Then he gave me a pen-sion of hand-outs and wine.
 And told me I'm all used up.

My kids are in hock to a god you call work.
 Slaving their lives out for some other jerk.
 And my youngest in 'Frisco just made shipping clerk,
 and he don't know I'm all used up.
 Some young people reach out for power and gold
 And they don't have respect for anything old.
 For pennies they're bought; for promises sold.
 Someday, they'll all be used up.

They use up the oil, they use up the trees.
 They use up the air, and they use up the seas.
 Well, how about you, friend, and how about me?
 What's left when we're all used up?
 I'll finish my life in this crummy hotel.
 It's lousy with bugs, and, my God, what a smell.
 But my plumbing still works, and I'm clear as a bell.
 Don't tell me I'm all used up.

Outside my window, the world passes by.
 It gives me a hand-out then spits in my eye.
 And no one can tell me,
 'cause no one knows why,
 I'm living, but I'm all used up.
 Sometimes in a dream, I sit by a tree.
 My life is a book of how things used to be,
 and kids gather 'round, and they listen to me.
 They don't think I'm all used up.

And there's songs and there's laughter and things I can do.
 And all that I've learned, I can give back to you.
 I'd give my last breath just to make it come true__
 No, I'm not all used up.
 They use up the oil and they use up the trees.
 They use up the air, and they use up the seas.
 Well, how about you, friend, and how about me?
 What's left when we're all used up?