

**Broke Song**  
Eli Conley

Maybe you get to a certain age and you get nice furniture  
(What age is that?)  
I haven't got there yet, but I'll let you know  
My things are used or they're particle board  
From a place I'm loathe to name  
And I'm damn ready for something steady  
Wish money would call my name

It ain't no joke being broke all the time  
There's no romance or hope  
In the unemployment line  
I've got five bucks the bank and  
In my pocket just a dime  
Hallelujah, what's it to ya?  
Back to the grind

Baby we've got a lotta love but our love won't pay the rent  
Our story's old as mud and fresh as dew  
It wasn't us who made this bed  
It was bankers, it was suits  
But here we lay and we've got bills to pay And the straps broke off our boots

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There's no romance or hope  
In the unemployment line  
I've got five bucks in the bank and  
In my pocket just a dime  
Hallelujah, what's it to ya?  
Lord I think it's by design  
Hallelujah, what's it to ya?

You know that I once dreamed it would be easy  
That I'd grow up and the money it would flow  
I wish that I'd get used to having little  
But it ain't so

I watch the birds as they fly along with no need for bank accounts  
I know that humans too could do without that mess  
Just think if we all raised the kids, grew the food and built our homes And there  
weren't no bosses  
No more gains and losses  
We would all feel less alone

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