

Let A Poor Man Be

Clutch

I'm gonna move to the outskirts of town
Where none of your friends are hanging around
That's right, I'm gonna move to the other side of town
Where none of your business is hanging around
Woman, please let a poor man be
Let a poor man be
Columbia girl, please let a poor man be
Let a poor man be
I'm gonna build a castle out of Goodyear tires
Cinder block and busted doors, that's where I'll retire
Gonna dig a mote, fill it up with ale
Not much of a defense I know but the supply never fails
Woman, please let a poor man be
Let a poor man be
Columbia girl, please, please let a poor man be
Let a poor man be

When you come knocking all in tears
Wringing hands and genuflecting
You'll understand that I am a busy man
And my subjects demand my attention
These walls don't build themselves
And I am running out of time
So if you desire anything else
You had better get in line
Woman, please, please, please let a poor man be
Let a poor man be
Columbia girl, please, please, please let a poor man be
Let a poor man be
Woman, please, please, please let a poor man be
Let a poor man be
Columbia girl, please, please, please let a poor man be
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