

# Poor Boy

[Tyler Farr](#)

I used to drive my truck 'cross the train tracks  
A hard day's work piled up in the back  
Muddy boots and a grease stained Atlanta Braves cap, yeah  
I was just a poor boy I felt a little outta place on your front porch  
The look on your daddy's face when he opened the door  
Everything he didn't say told me he wasn't sure  
'Bout this poor boy But you didn't worry 'bout what I wasn't  
You didn't care that I came from nothin'  
All I could give you was my love and  
The key to the heart  
Of a poor boy I'd crack a smile when them rich boys would look our way  
I knew that they were thinkin', man, there ain't no way  
He can't keep her happy, no, that girl won't ever stay  
With that poor boy But you didn't worry 'bout what I wasn't  
You didn't care that I came from nothin'  
All I could give you was my love and  
The key to the heart  
Of a poor boy Baby, we just kept on rockin' on  
In a beat up truck, a Keith Whitley song  
Girl, your heart of gold  
Proved 'em all wrong 'Cause you didn't worry 'bout what I wasn't  
And you didn't care that I came from nothin'  
All I could give you was my love and  
The key to the heart  
Of a poor boy  
I was just a poor boy  
You loved a poor boy, yeah yeah

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