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 boyI 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 boyBut 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 boyI'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 boyBut 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 boyBaby, 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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