Poor Girl

Candice Pillay

This is a story 'bout a poor girl
A story that you ought to know
She lived all alone in a one room flat
On a street where the lights are lowEvery night about the same time
She'd go and put her glad rags on
Go to the place where everyone goes
To boogaloo all night longShe's a poor girlBorn and raised in the country
She got tired of pushing a plow
She take my train to the city
And mother, you should look at her nowWith her rattlesnake boots, elephant bag
Genuine crocodile hat
Around her neck to top it off
She even wears a Persian catShe's a poor girlThat was the story of the poor girl
But now she uses her head
She's back home working on the land
Instead of playing in bedThe fast life she was living
Took her as it's prey
Now she's back in the country
Getting fatter every dayShe's a poor girl

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