

# Poor Boy

## SmokeBox

Can you believe me when I say, "There's nothin' I like better"  
    Than just to sit here and talk with you  
Although I'll rant and I'll rave about one thing and another  
    The beauty of it is so pure to me, though  
        I'm a poor boy  
    I can still be happy as long as I can feel free  
    So many people I know, get old way too early  
        (Well are you feelin' kind of weary?)  
    Just to impress you with the money they've made  
(You better, you better, you better change your theory)  
    One drop of rain, they complain  
    It's the same about the ways they're earning  
    Well, that is not the way I'm gonna be  
Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, don't mind nothin'  
    If I know, you will be right here with me  
    We'll let her stay, don't mind a point of view  
    How can we all afford to live like you?  
    This simply life is simply not enough  
    We have no grievances, we must be tough  
        (Poor boy)  
    If that's the way it's gonna be  
        (Poor boy)  
    It's you for you and me for me  
        (Poor boy)  
I've tried all I can, understanding, all the fools and all their money  
    When half of what they've got, you know they never will use  
Enough to get by, suits me fine, I don't care if they think I'm funny  
    I'm never gonna change my point of view  
    Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, don't mind nothin'  
    If I know, you will be right here with me, all the way  
        Na na na  
    Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, dont' mind nothin'  
    If I know, you will be right here with me

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