Poverty

Roomful Of Blues

Up every morning with the sun
I work all day till the evening comes
Blisters and corns all in my hands
Lord, have mercy on a working manI guess I'm gonna die just like Im living
In povertyMy pay goes down and my tax goes up
I drink my tea from a broken cup
Between my woman and Uncle Sam
I can't figure out whose fool I amI guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living
In povertyOh Lord, it's so hard but it's fair
Everybody talks but nobody really cares, LordI can't save a dime, can't buy me one cent
I pay my bills, I can't pay my rent
The old lady's fussing and the kids are crying
They won't let me join the welfare lineI guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living
In povertyThey say theres one poverty
They say it's going around now
But all I need is people, oh Lord
They're trying to keep you down now, ohPoverty, that's where I'm gonna stay now
Oh Lord, it seems thats where Im gonna stay

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