

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 man I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living
In poverty My 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 am I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living
In poverty Oh Lord, it's so hard but it's fair
Everybody talks but nobody really cares, Lord I 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 line I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living
In poverty They say there's 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, oh Poverty, that's where I'm gonna stay now
Oh Lord, it seems that's where I'm gonna stay

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