

Poor Man's House

[Patty Griffin](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You know you've done enough when every bone is sore
You know you've prayed enough when you don't ask any more
You know you're coming to some kind of understanding
When every dream you've dreamed has passed and you're still standing
Mama says God tends to every little
skinny sheep
So count your ribs and say your prayers and get to sleep
Nothing is louder to God's ears than a poor man's sorrow
Daddy is poor today and he will be poor tomorrow
Hey, that's the poor man's house
Everybody get a look at the poor man's house
Everywhere they went before must have turned them out
And now they're living in a poor man's house
There's nothing like poverty to get you into heaven
They got a lot of wine and fish up there and the bread's unleavened
They got a lot of ears that heard a whip go crack
Lots of missing toes and fingers and scars upon their backs
Daddy's been working too much for days and days
and doesn't eat
And he never says much but I think this time it's got him beat
It isn't that he isn't strong or kind or clever
Your daddy's poor today and he will be poor forever
Hey, that's the poor man's house
Those kids are living in a poor man's house
They walk to school with the soles of their shoes worn out
And come home in the evening to the poor man's house
Why are you chopping that wood for
Why are you growing that corn
Mama's sewing a brand new shirt and
You're wearing the one that's torn
And I guess it's for some one else's kid who wasn't born
In a poor man's house, a poor man's house
Hey, take a look at that house
Everybody we're living in a poor man's house
Seems like everywhere we go they find us out
Find out that we've been living in a poor man's house

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