# Poor Boy Boogie

## Mac Davis

Poor boy don't need 'lectronics to make no rock and roll,
Poor boy got boogie-woogie born right in his soul.
Poor boy got rhythm;
Poor boy got blues;
Poor boy got boogie-woogie bubblin' in his shoes.

He got ham-bone rhythm an' a cardboard box;
He got friends to eef with;
He got funky ol' guitar.
Now, put 'em all together with a boogie beat, and go:

Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm...
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm...
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm...
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm...

Poor boy don't need 'lectronics to make no rock and roll;
Poor boy got boogie-woogie born right in his soul.
Poor boy got jew's harp;
Poor boy got spoons;
Poor boy got a cider jug an' a rusty ol' harpoon.

Now, do your thing with the jug and the jew's harp;
Now, lay some spoons on me, boy;
Now, I'm gonna blow my ol' harpoon.
Now, put 'em all together with a boogie beat, and go:

Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm...
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm...
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm...
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm...

Poor boy don't need 'lectronics to make no rock and roll;
Poor boy got boogie-woogie born right in his soul.
Poor boy got rhythm;
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Lyrics submitted by Leslie Turriff.

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