

# 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...

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...

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 bubbling in his shoes.

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Lyrics submitted by Leslie Turriff.

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<https://damnlyrics.com/>