Poor Boy

Play Me The Blues

Can you believe me when I say, "There's nothin' I like better"
Than just to sit here and talk with you
Although I'll rant and I'll rave about one thing and another
The beauty of it is so pure to me, though
I'm a poor boy
I can still be happy as long as I can feel free
So many people I know, get old way too early
(Well are you feelin' kind of weary?)
Just to impress you with the money they've made
(You better, you better, you better change your theory)
One drop of rain, they complain
It's the same about the ways they're earning
Well, that is not the way I'm gonna be
Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, don't mind nothin'
If I know, you will be right here with me
We'll let her stay, don't mind a point of view
How can we all afford to live like you?
This simply life is simply not enough
We have no grievances, we must be tough
(Poor boy)
If that's the way it's gonna be
(Poor boy)
It's you for you and me for me
(Poor boy)
I've tried all I can, understanding, all the fools and all their money
When half of what they've got, you know they never will use
Enough to get by, suits me fine, I don't care if they think I'm funny
I'm never gonna change my point of view
Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, don't mind nothin'
If I know, you will be right here with me, all the way
Na na na
Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, dont' mind nothin'
If I know, you will be right here with me

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