

2 Poor Kids

Ruth B.

I don't want no time on the big screen.

I'm okay with me and my ripped jeans and you, and you. Messy hair, that's what he likes on me.

I don't care as long as we're happy and free to be just you and me, and free to be just you and me. They think it's
a shame

that the world will never know our names,

but I think that's okay,

'cuz love gets ruined by money and power and fame, and we're just 2 poor kids
from a really rich city. My oh my,
what a pity.

'Cuz we've got a love story unlike the rest,
no fancy suit

and no fancy dress. Just us, just us, just love, just love (x2) He picks her up in a Benz,
but my lover comes by himself and a dozen roses,
he probably stole 'em. He's got a smudge of mud on his eye
yet it makes

me break into smile,

'cuz he drives them mad.

Oh he drives them mad. 'Cuz they think it's a shame

that the world will never know our names,

but I think that's okay,

'cuz love gets ruined by money and power and fame,
and we're just 2 poor kids
from a really rich city. My oh my, what a pity.

'Cuz we've got a love story unlike the rest,
no fancy suit

and no fancy dress. Just us, just us, just love, just love (x2) Dollar signs all around us,
we sneak onto the city bus.

Too blinded by what we have to miss

your mean old laughs. Dollar signs all around us,
we sneak onto the city bus.

Too blinded by what we have

to notice your mean old laughs. And they think it's a shame
that the world will never know our names,

but I think that's okay,

'cuz love gets ruined by money and power and fame,
and we're just 2 poor kids
from a really rich city. My oh my,

what a pity.

'Cuz we've got a love story

unlike the rest,
no fancy suit and no fancy dress. Just us, just us, just love, just love (x2), love, love.

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