

# Poor Boy

Steve Forbert

He's always alone, wrapped up in his plight  
With his hands in his pockets he's walkin' in the night  
With his dark eyes lookin'; he's a poor boy  
His dark eyes lookin'; he's a poor boy He can't seem to keep any buttons on his clothes  
And the shoes on his feet are pinching on his toes  
And his hair wants a cuttin'; he's a poor boy  
His hair wants a cuttin'; he's a poor boy [Chorus:]  
Hey (now, now) poor boy  
What's it all about?  
Hey, poor boy  
Can you hear me when I shout? Well, he's workin' everyday, slavin' for his pay  
And all the pretty women - they love to swish and sway  
And they always overlook him; he's a poor boy  
They always overlook him; he's a poor boy Well, May turns into June, walking through the park  
And way off in his world he's a-dreamin' in the dark  
With his mind on fire; he's a poor boy  
His mind on fire; he's a poor boy [Chorus] Well, the streets are alive, every body laughs  
People come and go, and they're snappin' photographs  
And he's over by the river; he's a poor boy  
He's over by the river; he's a poor boy Well, spring has come and gone now  
And how much time you got?  
Time's a-flyin' by, yes, and summer's gettin' hot, and he's  
Listenin' to the thunder; he's a poor boy  
He's listenin' to the thunder; he's a poor boy [Chorus]

Songwriters

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