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 boyHe 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 boyWell, 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 boyWell, 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]

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