Poor Man's Son

Kris Drever

Advert hangs upon the wall "workers needed apply below",
You don't need a job if you've got a gun and there's a bank across the road,
My Ma hangs around my neck,
I point the pistol and tell the clerk,
I'm not a bad man I'm just a poor man's son,
so give me the money and nobody gets hurt,The deputy sheriff points his gun at me,
you'll never learn will you McGee,
I'm starting to think that you like that cell,
and you can't wait to go to hell!Hey, Ma! It's me and I'm not married yet,
I'm sorry I'm going away again for another five year stretch,
I'll make good someday you wait and see,
I love you Ma say hi to Billy.(Repeat last verse)

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