Poor Man's Son

Charlie Robison

Baby if you really love me
You had better understand
That the silver in your pocket
Ain't no measure of a manAnd though the fortunes of our fathers
We aspire to rise above
When you're born into a breed
You're signed in bloodIm a poor man's son
Workin all night long
Got a bad guitar
And a simple songYoure a rich man's daughter
Look at what youve done
You went and fell in love
With a poor man's sonBaby, you were born in splendor
To a house of wealth and fame
Your mother was a spender
And you grew up on a stageAnd girl you could've loved for money
Could've fooled around for fame
But you went and took a chance
On the real thingThough the fortunes of our fathers
We aspire to rise above
When you're born into a breed
You're signed in bloodIm a poor man's son
Workin all night long
Got a bad guitar
And a simple songYoure a rich man's daughter, youre a rich man's daughter
Im a poor man's son, Im a poor man's son
Im a poor man's son, Im a poor man's son
Poor man's son, Im a poor man's son, Im a poor man's sonIm a poor man's son
Im a poor man's son
Im a poor man's son
Im a poor man's son

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