

# God Bless the Child

## Blood, Sweat & Tears

Them that's got, shall get  
Them that's not, shall lose  
So the Bible said  
And it still is news  
Mama may have and Papa may have  
God bless the child  
That's got his own will  
That's got his own  
And the strong seem to get more  
While the weak one's fade  
Empty pockets don't  
Ever make the grade  
As Mama may have  
And Papa may have  
God bless the child  
That's got his own  
That's got his own  
And when you got money  
You got a lots of friends  
They're crowdin' 'round your door  
When the money's gone  
And all you're spendin' ends  
They won't be 'round any more  
No, no, no more  
And rich relations may give you  
A crust of bread and such  
You can help yourself  
But don't take too much  
Mama may have  
And Papa may have  
But God bless the child  
That's got his own  
That's got his own  
And when you got money  
You got a lots of friends  
They're crowdin' 'round your door  
But wait a minute [Incomprehensible]  
When the money's gone  
And all you're spendin' ends  
They won't be 'round any more  
No, no, no more  
And rich relations may give you  
A crust of bread and such  
You can help yourself  
But don't take too much  
Mama may have  
And Papa may have  
But God bless the child  
Who can stand up and say  
I've got my own  
Every child's got to have his own wealth

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