

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 newsMama may have and Papa may have
God bless the child
That's got his own will
That's got his ownAnd the strong seem to get more
While the weak one's fade
Empty pockets don't
Ever make the gradeAs Mama may have
And Papa may have
God bless the child
That's got his own
That's got his ownAnd when you got money
You got a lots of friends
They're crowdin' 'round your doorWhen the money's gone
And all you're spendin' ends
They won't be 'round any more
No, no, no moreAnd rich relations may give you
A crust of bread and such
You can help yourself
But don't take too muchMama may have
And Papa may have
But God bless the child
That's got his own
That's got his ownAnd 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 moreAnd rich relations may give you
A crust of bread and such
You can help yourself
But don't take too muchMama may have
And Papa may have
But God bless the child
Who can stand up and say
I've got my ownEvery child's got to have his own wealth

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