

Poor Man Blues

Jamey Johnson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Rich man's got his picture
On the cover of a magazine
Leads a pampered life with a trophy wife
And his long black limousines He's got all the money in the whole wide world
And toys he'll never use
But he don't know a damn thing
'Bout when a poor man gets the blues Rich man thinks his shoes were made
To walk wherever he wants
From the top of all them high-rise buildings
To the bottom of the honky-tonks He used [Incomprehensible] everything in between
But he won't walk a mile in my shoes
And he don't know a damn thing
'Bout when a poor man gets the blues He thinks his money rules the world
And he don't give a damn
'Bout a low class backward country boy
From deep South Alabama He uses folks like me
Just to keep his sorry ass amused
But son, you'd better watch your back
When a poor man gets the blues A rich man waltzed right into her life
Swept her off her feet
For all his fame and his fortune
Lord knows I couldn't compete When he took her love away from me
I had nothing else to lose
So I taught that rich man just what happens
When a poor man gets the blues He thinks his money rules the world
And he don't give a damn
'Bout a low class backward country boy
From deep South Alabama He uses folks like me
Just to keep his sorry ass amused
Well son, you'd better watch your back
When a poor man gets the blues

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