Loving Pauper

Gregory Isaacs

I'm not in a position to maintain you,
The way that you're accustomed to,
Can't take you out to fancy places,
Like other fellows that I know can do,
I'm only able to romance you,
& make you tingle with delight,
Financially, I'm a pauper,
But when it comes to lovin I'm alright.
Alright alright

Don't show me what you're friends are wearing,
I really don't want to see,
Don't tell me what your friends are buying, girl
'Cause money doesn't grow on trees.
I got so many patches on my clothes, girl
A hole in the bottom of shoe
Financially, I'm a pauper,
But when it comes to lovin I'm alright.
Alright alright

You do really think I can buy you girl,
Or drive you in a GT car,
If you're hungry, girl, I can't feed you,
For my money, girl, you won't get far,
Tell me about the things that excite you,
That makes you tingle with delight,
Tell me where to hold & touch you,
So you got to tell me, I'm alright.
Alright alright

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by HIGLAND DOBBY DOBSON / JOHNSON / BROWNE
Lyrics Â© Royalty Network

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/