

# Poor Man's Son

## The Rockin' Berries

I'm up each day with the risin' sun  
I've got a job and it must be done  
I leave for work feelin' good  
'Cause you're on my mind  
Each part of you help me pass the time  
I'm a poor man's son

Push, push, and on workin' with a smile  
Just lovin' you makes it all worthwhile  
I'll get my pay like the rest  
When the week is through  
Gonna buy you something that pleases you  
I'm poor man's son

No man, rich or poor  
Could ever love you any more, woo

I work my hand nearly to the bones  
These thoughts of mine lever lets me go  
I'm workin' hard every day  
For the things we plan  
I'll love you so, 'cause you understand  
I'm a poor man's son

That's why I'm up every day with the risin' sun  
I've got this job and it will be done  
I'm a poor man's son  
I'm a poor man's son  
I'm a poor man's son

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