

Poor Boy's Lot

Rita Hosking

Gonna look across the ocean,
Search all over this land,
Gonna leave this town and settle down,
With a girl who'll take my hand

Gonna treat her like a sunrise,
The likes you never have seen,
And every day in every way,
Gonna treat her like my queen.

Thunder'll roll and lightning'll flash
And blessings will fall like rain
When I do find me one pretty little girl who wants to take my name.

Love can be fickle,
Love can be in vain,
It's a poor boy's lot 'cause of what he ain't got,
To look like he's losing the game

So you patch up your pockets,
Set aside the fears,
But the family name can bring you shame
In a place untouched by years

One more time, I get pushed out of line
They'll lock me up insane
If I can't find me one pretty little girl who wants to take my name.

Thunder'll roll and lightning'll flash
And blessings will fall like rain
When I do find me one pretty little girl who wants to take my name.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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