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 whoâ€™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.

Thunderâ€™ll roll and lightningâ€™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,
Itâ€™s a poor boyâ€™s lot â€˜cause of what he ainâ€™t got,
To look like heâ€™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
Theyâ€™ll lock me up insane
If I canâ€™t find me one pretty little girl who wants to take my name.

Thunderâ€™ll roll and lightningâ€™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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