

God Bless the Child

Mary Black

Them that's got shall get
Them that's not shall lose
So the Bible said but it still is news
Mama may have, Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own
Rich relations give
Crust of bread and such
You can help yourself
But don't take too much
Mama may have, Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own
Money, you've got lots of friends
Crowding round the door
When you're gone, spending ends
They don't come no more
Yes, the strong gets more
While the weak ones fade
Empty pockets don't ever make the grade
Mama may have, Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own
Money, you've got lots of friends
Crowding round the door
Money's gone, and spending ends
They don't come no more
Mama may have, Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

Songwriters

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