

Son Of A Poor Man

Reo Speedwagon

Hometown lady, leavin' for the city
Bags in hand, she's boardin' the train
Her last look through the window, I saw her eyes were as red as mine
I waved goodbye but I can't believe she's leaving
But a woman can't be high-class in a lonely farmer's town
And the son of a poor man ain't gonna turn your head around
But if you ever get lonely you just pick up the telephone
And the son of a poor man will bring you home
Maybe soon I'll see her on some television show
Painted lips and fingers singing for the world
A fashion plate for sure dancin' for your plastic world
Call me up if you can but if not well I'll understand
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And the son of a poor man ain't gonna turn your head around
But if you ever get lonely you just pick up the telephone
And the son of a poor man, and the son of a poor man will bring you
And the son of a poor man will bring you down

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