

Bobby Bland

"Poverty"

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Up every morning
With the sun
I work all day
Til the evening comes

Blisters and corns
All in my hands
Lord, have mercy
On a working man

I guess I'm gonna die
Just like I live
In poverty

My pay goes down
And my tax goes up
I drink my tea
From a broken cup

Between my woman
And Uncle Sam
I can't figure out
Who's fool I am

I guess I'm gonna die
Just like I'm living
In poverty

Oh, Lord, it's so hard
But it's fair
Everybody talk but
Nobody really care

Lord, I can't save a dime
Can't borrow one cent
If I pay my bills
I can't pay my rent

The old lady's fussing
And the kids are crying
They won't let me join
The welfare line

I guess I'm gonna die
Just like I'm living
In poverty

There's a war on poverty
They say it's going around
But all that means, people
They're trying hard
To keep you down

Oh, oh, oh, Lord, poverty
That's where I'm gonna stay now

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