

Cliff Richard "Poor Boy"

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It won't work poor boy, don't you try again.
Fate took over your love and you can't win.
You can't sing the blues all to yourself.
But while your singing, she's someone else, poor boy.
While your singing, she's someone else.

Love is strange but poor boy it has to be.
In more than a hundred ways your just like me.
You and I can try to face the fault.
But we both know, they won't be back no more, a'poor
boy.
We both know, they won't be back no more.

Poor boy, I'm sorry, you're so blue.
But don't forget, there's more than one of you.
Poor boy, I'm sorry you're so sad.
But time will heal, the pain won't be so bad, poor boy.
Time will heal, the pain won't be so bad.

Let's forget poor boy, let's dry our eyes.
Bad luck can be good luck, in disguise.
Some day, your love will come to call.
Poor boy, we'll be rich men after all, a'poor boy.
Poor boy, we'll be rich men after all.

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