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Blood Sweat & Tears "God Bless' The Child"

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Them that's got, shall get Them that's not, shall lose So the Bible said And it still is news

Mama may have and Papa may have God bless the child That's got his own will That's got his own

And the strong seem to get more While the weak one's fade Empty pockets don't Ever make the grade

As Mama may have And Papa may have God bless the child That's got his own That's got his own

And when you got money You got a lots of friends They're crowdin' 'round your door

When the money's gone And all you're spendin' ends They won't be 'round any more No, no, no more

And rich relations may give you A crust of bread and such You can help yourself But don't take too much

Mama may have And Papa may have But God bless the child That's got his own That's got his own

And when you got money

You got a lots of friends
They're crowdin' 'round your door
But wait a minute [Incomprehensible]

When the money's gone And all you're spendin' ends They won't be 'round any more No, no, no more

And rich relations may give you A crust of bread and such You can help yourself But don't take too much

Mama may have
And Papa may have
But God bless the child
Who can stand up and say
I've got my own

Every child's got to have his own wealth

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