

George Huff

"I Just Got Tired Of Being Poor"

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My life with trouble goes back to the candy
That I stole from Jessie Walker's country store
A penny seperated me from choosing sides with
honesty
And I just got tired of being poor.

Some folks eat their supper off of silver
And the only world they'll ever know is wealth
But I can't blame the rich folks for these big stone walls
This prison is the doings of myself.

Freedom ran away from me at twenty-three
I broke the lock on one to many doors
My hungry hands would not behave
When they got close to things they crave
I just got tired of bein' poor.

--- Instrumental ---

I remember Willie Jack who laughed at me
And the talking about the ragged clothes I wore
That's when Willie got a taste of all knuckles in his face
I just got tired of bein' poor.

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And the only world they'll ever know is wealth
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This prison is the doings of myself.

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