

Catherine Britt "Poor Man's Pride"

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Daddy had a chance to go
Take a factory jon in Ohio
The offered him a decent dime
To leave Kentucky far behind

Well, I cussed him when he turned em down
Standing farm, tobacco ground
Tobacco growing ain't no life
For seven kids and a poor man's wife

Money does not mean a thing
When you dream a farmer's dream
He could not toe that bottom line
Sometimes I cursed that poor man's pride
Cursed that poor man's pride

Now Daddy was a gambling man
He gambled on tobacco land
Bet your life every spring

To see what harvest time would bring

Could be drought, could be flood
Rolling dice was in his blood
No matter how it all went down
He's just as stubborn as that ground

Money does not mean a thing
When you dream a farmer's dream
He could not toe that bottom line
Sometimes I cursed that poor man's pride
Cursed that poor man's pride

Well, it finally drove him in the ground
Broke his back and put him down
Poor and proud is how he died
Sometimes I miss that poor man's pride

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