

Larry Sparks "City Folks Call Us Poor"

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Moonlight shining on the grassy meadows,
Looks like diamonds shining in the night,
Whipporwills singing in the white oaks,
Coon dogs barking in the bright moonlight.

Honeysuckle smells just like sweet perfume,
Old dogs lying over by the door,
Watermelon rhine Mama puts up in a jar,
And the city folks, they call us poor.

Singing 'Rock of Ages' on the front porch,
Watching fireflies light up and down again,
Listening to Bill Monroe singing on the Opry,
Singing something bout his Uncle Penn.
Refrain

God, He paints a picture in the evening sky,
Blue and purple, orange and shades of red,
He knows we can't afford no fancy paintings,
So we look at the real thing instead.

Refrain

Oh the city folks, they call us poor.

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