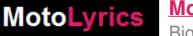
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Mac ''Poor Man's Gold''

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It's the feeling I get looking down at my brand new baby,

Holding on to Daddy's thumb just as tightly as he can hold;

And it's hearing people say he looks alot like his daddy,

These things are a poor man's gold.

It's the twinkle in the eyes of the gray haired old man we call Grandpa,

Telling tales to the kids that get taller every time they're told;

And it's knowing that for awhile he's no longer lonely, These things are a poor man's gold.

It's the smell of honeysuckle in the springtime, It's the silence of a freshly fallen snow; It's the sound of children laughing in the sunshine, It's a crisp Autumn night with a million stars all aglow.

It's the sweet, sleepy sound of your warm and gentle breathing,

As you cling to me in the night to keep away the cold; And it's the softness of your body there in the darkness,

These things are a poor man's gold.

Honey, these precious things are a poor man's gold.

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