

## 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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