

Mac Davis "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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