

## Dallas Frazier

# "I Just Got Tired Of Being Poor"

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My life of trouble goes back to the candy  
That I stole from Jesse Walker's country store  
A penny seperated me from chosen sights with honesty  
I just got tired of being poor.

I remember Willie Jackson laughing  
And talking bout the ragged clothes I wore  
That's when Willie gotta taste of all my nuckles in his  
face  
I just got tired of being poor.

Some folks eat their supper of the silver  
And the only world they ever know is wealth  
But I can't blame the rich folks for these big tall walls  
This prison is the doin's of myself.

Freedom ran away from me at twenty-three  
I broke the lock on one too many doors  
My hungry hands would not behate  
When they got close to things they create  
I just got tired of being poor.

Some folks eat their supper of the silver  
And the only world they ever know is wealth  
But I can't blame the rich folks for these big tall walls  
This prison is the doin's of myself.

I just got tired of being poor...

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