

Reflections "Poor Man's Son"

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I'm up each day with the risin' sun
I got a job and it must be done
I leave for work feeling good 'cause you're on my mind
These thoughts of you help me pass the time
I'm a poor man's son

Push push and on workin' with a smile
Just lovin' you makes it all worth while
I'll get my pay like the rest when the week is through
Gonna buy you something that pleases you
I'm a poor man's son

No man, rich or poor
Could ever love any more than me
I work my hands nearly to the bones
These thoughts of mine never let me alone
Working hard every day for the things we plan
I'll love you so don't you understand
I'm a poor man's son

That's why I'm up ever day with the rising sun
I've got this job and it will be done
I'm a poor man's son
I'm a poor man's son
I'm a poor man's son
I'm a poor man's son

[FADE]

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