

Thompson Richard Linda

"The Sun Never Shines On The Poor"

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The urchins are writhing around in the mud

Like eels playing tag in a barrel

The old Sally Army sound mournful and sweet

As they play an old Christmassy carol

The world is as dark as a black night in hell

What kind of a place can this be?

All people, like hermit crabs, run into doorways

Fearing to say, "Do you feel as downtrodden as me?"

(Chorus)

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling

The devil he leans on your bell

The future looks black as before

And the sun never shines

The sun never shines on the poor

The rich man he dreams of his gold and his plate

And his house and his car and his women

The poor man he dreams of his one-roomed estate

And his wage packet's short by one shilling

The last penny falls through a hole in your jeans

Now ain't that the way when you're down?

Just walking in circles for the rest of your life

And feeling so low that your chin scrapes along on the ground

(Chorus)

Now some of the people they're poor in the purse

They don't have the cash at their ready

And some of the people are crippled and lame

They can never stand up true and steady

And some of the people they're poor in the head

Like the simpleton fools that you see

But most of the people are poor in the heart

It's the worst kind of poor, it's the worst kind of poor
you can be

(Chorus)

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