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## Mick Hucknall "Poverty"

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Up every morning with the sun I work all day til the evening comes Blisters and corns all in my hands Lord, have mercy on a working man

I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living In poverty

My pay goes down and my tax goes up I drink my tea from a broken cup Between my woman and Uncle Sam I can't figure out whose fool I am

I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living In poverty

Oh, Lord, it's so hard But it's fair Everybody talks but Nobody really cares Lord!

I can't save a dime, can't buy me one cent I pay my bills, I can't pay my rent The old lady's fussing and the kids are crying They won't let me join the welfare line

I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living In poverty They say there's one poverty They say it's going around now But all I need is people Oh Lord They're trying to keep you down now Oh!

Poverty That's where I'm gonna stay now Oh Lord! It seems that's where I'm gonna stay

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