

Duets

"God Bless the Child"

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Them that's got shall get
Them that's not shall lose
So the Bible said and it still is news
Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child
The child that's got his own

So the strong gets more
While the weak ones fade
Empty pockets don't ever make the grade
Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child
The child that's got his own

Money, you've got lots of friends
Crowding 'round the door
And when you're gone, spending ends
They don't come no more
Rich relations give
Crust of bread and such
You can help yourself
But don't take too much
Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child
The child that's got his own

Yes, Jesus loves me
Yes, Jesus loves me
Yes, Jesus loves me
The Bible tells me so

Money, you've got lots of friends
Crowding 'round the door
When you're gone, spending ends
They don't come, they don't come no more
Rich relations give
Crust of bread and such
You can help yourself

But don't take too much
Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child
The child that's got his own
God bless the child that's got his own

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