

Old Crow Medicine Show "Poor Man"

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Hush up honey, don't you cry
Things are going to get better in the by-
And-by
And there ain't a thing for a poor man

In this world

Work through the winter, work through the
Spring
Yeah plant my corn and taters and then
It wouldn't rain
And there ain't a thing for a poor man

In this world

Now I got down on my knees
Lord I thought I'd pray
Along come a great big flood
Washed everything away
And there ain't a thing for a poor man

In this world

Work through the winter, Lord, work
Through this fall
All I got for Christmas was a pair of
Overalls
And there ain't a thing for a poor man

In this world

Well I got down on my knees
Looked up to the sky
All I can think of is to ask the good Lord
Why
And there ain't a thing for a poor man

In this world

Well hush up, honey, Lord don't get
Down
You know that I love you every way

Around
And there ain't a thing for a poor man

In this world

And there ain't a thing for a poor man

In this world

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