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REO Speedwagon "Son of a Poor Man"

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Hometown lady, leavin' for the city Bags in hand, she's boardin' the train Her last look through the window, I saw her eyes were as red as mine

I waved goodbye but I can't believe she's leaving

But a woman can't be high-class in a lonely farmer's town

And the son of a poor man ain't gonna turn your head around

But if you ever get lonely you just pick up the telephone And the son of a poor man will bring you home

Maybe soon I'll see her on some television show Painted lips and fingers singing for the world A fashion plate for sure dancin' for your plastic world Call me up if you can but if not well I'll understand

But a woman can't be high-class in a lonely farmer's town

And the son of a poor man ain't gonna turn your head around

But if you ever get lonely just pick up the telephone And the son of a poor man will bring you home

Hometown lady, leavin' for the city Bags in hand, she's boardin' the train Her last look through the window, I saw her eyes were as red as mine

I waved goodbye but I can't believe she's leaving

But a woman can't be high-class in a lonely farmer's town

And the son of a poor man ain't gonna turn your head around

But if you ever get lonely you just pick up the telephone And the son of a poor man, and the son of a poor man will bring you

And the son of a poor man will bring you down

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