

The Rockin' Berries

"Poor Man's Son"

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I'm up each day with the risin' sun
I've got a job and it must be done
I leave for work feelin' good,
'Cause you're on my mind
Each part of you help me pass the time
I'm a poor man's son

Push, push, and on workin' with a smile
Just lovin' you makes it all worthwhile
I'll get my pay like the rest
When the week is through
Gonna buy you something that pleases you
I'm poor man's son

No man, rich or poor
Could ever love you any more, woo

I work my hand nearly to the bones
These thoughts of mine lever lets me go
I'm workin' hard every day,
For the things we plan
I'll love you so, 'cause you understand
I'm a poor man's son

That's why I'm up every day with the risin' sun
I've got this job and it will be done
I'm a poor man's son
I'm a poor man's son
I'm a poor man's son

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