

## Surrogate

### "Poor Man's Son"

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Baby if you really love me  
You had better understand  
That the silver in your pocket  
Ain't no measure of a man  
\*and though the fortunes of our fathers  
We aspire to rise above  
When you're born into a breed  
You're signed in blood\*

\*\*i'm a poor mans son  
Workin' all night long  
Got a bad guitar  
And a simple song  
You're a rich mans daughter  
Look at what you've done  
You went and fell in love  
With a poor mans son\*\*

Baby you were born in splendor  
To a house of wealth and fame  
Your mother was a spender  
And you grew up on a stage

And girl you coulda loved for money  
Coulda fooled around for fame  
You went and took a chance  
On the real thing

( \* repeat )

( \*\* repeat )

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