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The Gift of Gab "Richman, Poorman"

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He wanders and roams through the streets and resides in an abandoned home

Panhandles for dough standin in the chow line with a stench on his clothes

And he travels in a boxcar

Used to dream about livin like a rock star

And he carries no pass

Where he jots art down to a piece time

passin $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{IM}}$ as his thoughts form

But he smiles as he strolls

He appreciates the sunlight shinin $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$

The glow of the moon

Every breath that he takes is a gift

Takin $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ in every place that he roams as anew

Wait to see where his freedom lies

Funny thing you can see freedom in his eyes

Give him shelter, food, clothing

And he feels like he $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s rich

Cuz he knows it $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s a blessing just to be alive

(We are the one to enter light)?

(Please we all don $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t argue this life)?

 $\text{He}\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}$ [™] s got everything in life

Any man could want, could buy

Anything in sight

He takes trips with his wife

Far away destinations

To cities that he likes

He owns buildings and property

Expensive cars

And he ain $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ t about modesty

Designer suits and the diamonds on his watches be

Shinin $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ so bright they be blindin $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$

the eyes if you see $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg \tilde{A}$ < \hat{A} œem

But not everything you spot

Is as it seems to be

Inside there $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s a dark side

When he screams and he shouts

And his wife wears her shades

To hide away her dark eyes

And he hardly ever smiles

And $he\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{M}}$ s so cold Read his pupils You would swear he has no soul All his friends Are the dead presidents And $he\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{M}}$ s dead like them Cuz his spirit is corroding

(We are the one to enter light)? (Please we all don $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{m}}$ t argue this life)?

I guess everyone would ride in a Benz Rather than a bucket Anyone reside In a crib nestled in the hill and just to get by In a studio apartment And live a better live

But $\operatorname{don} \tilde{A} f \hat{A} \Leftrightarrow \hat{A}, \neg \hat{A}^{\mathsf{TM}} t$ all cars get you there? And $\operatorname{don} \tilde{A} f \hat{A} \Leftrightarrow \hat{A}, \neg \hat{A}^{\mathsf{TM}} t$ all shelter keep the rain from in your hair? And $\operatorname{ain} \tilde{A} f \hat{A} \Leftrightarrow \hat{A}, \neg \hat{A}^{\mathsf{TM}} t$ lobster and tuna both protein? And is the price of your shoe a protection fee? And aint it all just for the next man to see And can you take it all with you when your spirit leaves And when youre gone Will the people all remember what you had Rather than who you were when youre mentioned see?

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