**THAT POOR BOY’S GONE TO TOWN**

He Gave Us For Town And Women

Why Did He Leave Us On The Farm

Bright Lights And Whiskey Swimming

Hokey Touching Ain’t No Harm

Sat By The Fire And Read The Bible

Ever Morning Fed The Stocks

Now The Sunrise Sees Him Stumble

Home With Closing That’s Sweet Locks

Don’t Let Your Boys Hear The Sin

Taste The Fruit Of Drink And Sin

Or You’ll Only Have The Memories

Before The Songs Begin

Cause Music That’s The Demon

Those Precious Notes And Strums

Weave A Web For Poor Young Farmers

Sprawl And Trap

A Noose Of Ribs

What Has That Son Become

*PHILLIP PAUL. 02/15/2003*

*Rabbit Creek.*

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