

**I am poor, I am poor, always leaves me wanting more**  
**Lord I'm poor, I am poor, I am poor**

GGCG   GGDG
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If only I was rich, oh could you imagine if  
I was rich, how I wish I was rich  
I'd buy a dozen fancy cars and I'd name all of the stars  
I'd own every damn guitar in the store

But the federal inflation has taken my vocation  
How I used to love this nation, now I'm poor  
Have you seen the latest numbers, man, this country's going under  
I don't even need to wonder why I'm poor

**I am poor, I am poor, I don't even know what for**  
**Lord I'm poor, I am poor, I am poor**

Last week I had a dollar, now I sit right here and holler  
Cause my paychecks getting smaller, Lord I'm poor  
I even sold my big grey truck, cause the times are getting tough  
Now I take the main street bus cause I'm poor

Now I don't need no ribeye steaks or no fancy gold keepsakes  
Cause I'm living on rice cakes off the floor  
All the boys up on the hill, where they're drafting up them bills  
Yeah, you know they get their fill with every war

**I am poor, I am poor, I don't even know what for**  
**Lord I'm poor, I am poor, I am poor**

I work 'til I can't stand, got blisters on my hands  
Still, I just can't understand why I'm poor  
They're coming for my candy (money) and my barrel aged brandy  
But I keep my rifle handy at the door

I might go and build a house in the forest like a mouse  
Where I can sit all day and shout how I'm poor  
And you can join me too if you're feeling low and blue  
We'll just sing this lonesome tune if you're poor

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