

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

GGCG GGDG

If only I was rich, oh could you imagine if
I was rich, how I wish I was rich
I'd buy me a fancy car and I'd name all of the single stars
I'd own every last guitar in the store

But the federal inflation has taken my vocation
How I used to love this nation, long before
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 in squaller
Cause my paychecks getting smaller, more and more
I even sold my big grey truck, cause the times are getting tough
Now I take the main street bus, number four

I don't need no ribeye steaks don't need 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

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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
I can sit all day and shout how I'm poor
And you can join me too if you're feeling down and blue
We'll just sing this lonesome tune 'til we're sore

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