

Poor Man's Blues

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Ain't got two dimes to rub together
And the bills keep coming in
Wolves are howling at the front door
Sometimes they go away,
But always come back again

Working two jobs to raise a family
Burning my candle at both ends
Trying to come up for air,
and being pulled back under,
I've growing weary of this game of sink or swim
But what's a poor man to do?
Such are a poor man's blues

I feel it's a sin to work on Sunday
That I should to be praying in the house of the Lord
But trying to make ends meet
Here in the promise land and
needing things I just can't afford
Ah, to give it all up and follow Jesus,
Like the disciples in Galilee
But I got a family with hungry mouths to feed
And a man don't turn his back on his family

So with the kids still in bed
I kiss them and whisper
"Pray for daddy in Sunday school"
And on my break today
I bowed my head to pray
Crying Lord please give me the strength to make it through
Oh Lord help me lose these poor man's blues

The more you have, the more you want, they say
But I just want to live my life
Without worrying how the bills are gonna get paid
Spending time being a hero to my kids and my wife

So you see it's, one step forward and one step backward
Another dollar, and another day
Another compromise in this game of life
Yet another day spent toiling my life away
But what's a poor man to do
Lord won't you tell me please
Help me lose these poor man's blues
Such are a poor man's blues

As recorded on:

Takin' Flight

The C-Denny Band

<http://www.cdennymusic.ca>