

## Let a Poor Man Be

Clutch

I'm gonna move to the outskirts of town  
Where none of your friends are hanging around  
That's right, I'm gonna move to the other side of town  
Where none of your business is hanging around

Woman, please let a poor man be. Let a poor man be  
Columbia, girl, please let a poor man be. Let a poor man  
be

I'm gonna build a castle out of Goodyear tires,  
Cinderblock and busted doors; that's where I'll retire.  
Gonna dig a mote. Fill it up with ale.  
Not much of a defense, I know, but the supply never  
fails.

When you come knocking all in tears wringing hands and  
genuflecting,  
You'll understand that I am a busy man and my subjects  
demand my attention.  
These walls don't build themselves and I am running out  
of time.  
So if you desire anything else, you had better get in  
line.