

God Bless The Child

Blood, Sweat & Tears

Them that's got, shall get
Them that's not, shall lose
So the Bible says
And it still is news

Mama may have
And papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own will
That's got his own

And the strong seem to get more
While the weak ones fade
Empty pockets don't
Ever make the grade
Cause mama may have
And papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

And when you got money
You got lots of friends
Their crowding round your door
When the money's gone
And all you're spending ends
They won't be round anymore, no, no, no

And rich relations may give you
A crust of bread and such
You can help yourself
But don't take too much
Mama may have
And papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

And when you got money
You got lots of friends
Their crowding round your door
But wait a minute children
When the money's gone
And all you're spending ends
They won't be round anymore, no, no

And rich relations may give you
A crust of bread and such
You can help yourself
But don't take too much
Mama may have
And papa may have
But God bless the child who can
Stand up and say
I got my own

Every child's got to have his own bell