## **Poverty**

## Bobby "Blue" Bland

Up every morning with the sun I work all day 'til the evening comes Busters and corns all in my hands Lord, have mercy on a working man I guess I'm gonna die, just like I live in poverty

My pay goes down and my tax goes up I drink my tea from a broken cup Between my woman and uncle Sam I can't figure out just what I am I guess I'm gonna die, just like I live in poverty

Oh Lord, it's so hard