

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