

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.