

Poor Man

Exxplorer

Man, I don't know where
The money's going to come from
I haven't figured out

How I'm going to heat my house
If Jesus saves, maybe I could get a loan
Maybe I should just give up,
And let the angels take me home

When the sunrise cries, she calls my name
She laughs at me and calls me slave
She spits right in my face

I survive on the charity of my family
I survive with some help from my friends
I've learned to lie and cheat my government
That only makes me as guilty as them

When the sunrise cries, she calls my name
She laughs at me and calls me slave
She spits right in my face

Save me please, I'm a poor, poor man
See my purse, I'm a poor, poor man
I don't know, I've got no gold nor precious stones,
Nor any land to call my own, I can't go on this way