

## Princess In Rags

Gene Pitney

There's a girl who lives down the track  
In a little shack made of timber wood  
And her clothes are all hand-me-downs  
From the folks in town who treat her so good

Though she hasn't got a dime  
I'm so proud that she's all mine  
'cause to me she's a princess in rags

Now her dad, he's a worn-out man  
Prayin' if he can make enough to eat  
And her mom cleans for everyone  
Till the day is done just to make ends meet

All her wealth is in her charms  
And the sweetness of her arms  
How I love my poor princess in rags

I know some day I'll find a way  
To take her out of this old place  
I'll work and slave, scrimp and save  
To change her rags to silk and lace

Though it hurts and my body aches  
From the pain it takes just to set things right  
But for now I must be content  
With each moment spent in her arms each night

She's the only girl for me  
And some day it's gotta be  
Just me and my princess in rags

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