

Poor Boy

Mat Kearney

Like a breath of fresh air and the wind at my back
Toe to heel with strong strides taking miles off the map
In this journey called life where I've walked so far
Under the heat of your sun and the shine of your stars
Step by step I've crept, I've crawled, and I've run
Felt the palm of your hand and the barrel of death's gun
I ran for my life stood strong through strife
From a miscarried life to waiting for my wife like
I heard it sung a thousand strong all night long
Heard heaven's bell going something long, it's like
I've been there in total despair
Now I've tasted and I've touched
A breath of fresh air

'Cause I do live and I hope and pray
For something better and brighter today
For something there for something there

'Cause I was just a poor boy living in a poor world
But you gave me more love that set me free
'Cause I was just a poor boy living in a poor world
But you have gave me more love that set me free

Like road trips on open roads
Windows down sun setting and fresh new clothes
Shoes off so you can stop reflect on all these paths unfolding
With these staffs that are pulling in this world so controlling
It's not always best to take the interstate
Sometimes the most is on the windy coast way
'Cause wide is the path pulling astray
Narrow is the truth in these days
But all the while I hear a still small voice say
You climbed the cliffs rocked the desert on your very own
Swam the seas, sang the songs with the sweetest tones
The beaches you've combed, moons you've roamed the love you've
shown
But all the while a voice calls you home

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For something there for something there