

# Poverty

Mick Hucknall

Up every morning with the sun  
I work all day till the evening comes  
Blisters and corns all in my hands  
Lord, have mercy on a working man

I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living  
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 whose fool I am

I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living  
In poverty

Oh Lord, it's so hard but it's fair  
Everybody talks but nobody really cares, Lord

I can't save a dime, can't buy me one cent  
I pay my bills, I can't pay my rent  
The old lady's fussing and the kids are crying  
They won't let me join the welfare line

I guess I'm gonna die just like I'm living  
In poverty

They say there's one poverty  
They say it's going around now  
But all I need is people, oh Lord  
They're trying to keep you down now, oh

Poverty, that's where I'm gonna stay now  
Oh Lord, it seems that's where I'm gonna stay