

Son of a Poor Man

REO Speedwagon

Hometown lady, leavin' for the city
Bags in hand, she's boardin' the train
Her last look through the window, I saw her eyes were as red as
mine
I waved goodbye but I can't believe she's leaving.

But a woman can't be high-class
In a lonely farmer's town
And the son of a poor man
Ain't gonna turn your head around
But if you ever get lonely
Just pick up the telephone
And the son of a poor man will bring you home.

Maybe soon I'll see her on some television show
Painted lips and fingers singing for the world
A fashion plate for sure dancin' for your plastic world
Call me up if you can but if not well I'll understand

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