

## 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

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.