

# God Bless The Child

Rosemary Clooney

Them that's got, shall get  
Them that's not, shall lose  
So the bible said, and it still is news

Mama may have  
Papa may have  
But God bless the child that's got his own  
That's got his own

Yes the strong gets more  
While the weak ones fade  
Empty pockets don't ever make the grade

Mama may have  
Papa may have  
But God bless the child that's got his own  
That's got his own

Money, you got lots of friends  
Hanging 'round your door  
But when your gone and spendin' ends  
Then they don't come back no more

Rich relations give  
Crusts of bread and such  
You can help yourself,  
But don't take too much

Mama may have  
Papa may have  
But God bless the child that's got his own  
That's got his own

Money, you got lots of friends  
Crowding 'round your door  
But when your gone and spendin' ends  
Then they don't come back no more  
No more

Rich relations give  
Crusts of bread and such  
You can help yourself,  
But don't take too much

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But God bless the child that's got his own  
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