

Poor Girl

Savoy Brown

This is a story 'bout a poor girl, a story that you ought to know
She lived all alone in a one room flat on a street where the lights are low
Every night about the same time she'd go and put her glad rags on
Go to the place where everyone goes to Boogaloo all night long
She's a poor girl

Born and raised in the country she got tired of pushing a plow
She take my train to the city and mother you should look at her now
With her rattlesnake boots, elephant bag, genuine crocodile hat
Around her neck to top it off she even wears a persian cat
She's a poor girl

That was the story of the poor girl but now she uses her head
She's back home working on the land instead of playing in bed
The fast life she was living took her as it's prey
Now she's back in the country she's getting fatter every day
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