

Poor Man's Son

Survivor

Baby if you really love me
You had better understand
That the silver in your pocket
Ain't no measure of a man

And though the fortunes of our fathers
We aspire to rise above
When you're born into a breed
You're signed in blood

I'm a poor mans son
Workin' all night long
Got a bad guitar
And a simple song
You're a rich mans daughter
Look at what you've done
You went and fell in love
With a poor mans son

Baby you were born in splendor
To a house of wealth and fame
Your mother was a spender
And you grew up on a stage

And girl you coulda loved for money
Coulda fooled around for fame
You went and took a chance
On the real thing

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