She don't dream of spring in Paris
Jettin off to Singapore
She just needs a quarter tank
To get her to the grocery store
She don't buy filet mignon
She just wants some extra pork in her beans

It may not sound like much
But that's the stuff that makes up a poor girls dream

She's tired of haulin baskets

Down to the laundry mat

Dealin with the weirdos

And the stress of all of that

She'd rather put her dollar somewhere other than a washin machine

Well it may not sound like much
But that's the stuff that makes up a poor girls dream
If you've got a million you want two
If you ain't got nothin any little thing will do

She works on the clock
Punchin in & out for years
She'd like to take that double shift
And shift it down a gear
Go home and light a candle
Paint her toes a different color and just breathe

Well it may not sound like much
But that's the stuff that makes up a poor girls dream
If you've got a million you want two
If you ain't got nothin any little thing will do

A little piece of mind
Just a taste of what could be
It may not sound like much
But that's the stuff that makes up poor girls dream

Yeah it may not sound like much
But that's the stuff that makes up poor girls dream
A poor girls dream