

Charley Pride, Poor Boy Like Me

She grew up in the backwood country found her dreams in movie magazines
Now she's gone looking for her castle what chance is there for a poor boy like me
City lights oh you took my darling and the love that she promised me
After wine and big city parties what chance is there for a poor boy like me

Sold my house to Raverend Smith last Sunday left my farm with Abraham McGee
Had to go and rescue my darling from the life like your city folks lead
I found her dressed in fancy silks and satin spending money like it grew on trees
Living high in a big white mansion what chance is there for a poor boy like me
What chance is there for a poor boy like me