Diana Ross, God Bless The Child

(B. Holiday/A. Herzog, Jr.)

Them that's god shall get
Them that's not shall lose
So the bible says
And it still is news

Momma may have
Poppa may have
But God bless the child
That's got his own
That's got his own

Yeah, the strong gets more
While the weak ones fade
Empty pockets don't
Ever make the grade

Momma may have
Poppa may have
But God bless the child
That's got his own
That's got his own

Money, you've got lots of friends
Crowdin' round the door
When it's gone and
Spendin' ends
They don't come no more

Rich realations give
A crust of bread and such
You can help yourself
But don't take too much

Momma may have
Poppa may have
But God bless the child
That's got his own
That's got his own