

Old Crow Medicine Show, Poor Man

Hush up, honey, don't you cry
Things are gonna get better in the by-and-by
And there ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world

Work through the winter, work through the spring
Yeah plant my corn and taters and then it wouldn't rain
And there ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world

Now I got down on my knees
Lord I thought I'd pray
Along come a great big flood
Washed everything away
And there ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world

Work through the winter, Lord, work through this fall
All I got for Christmas was a pair of overalls
And there ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world

Well I got down on my knees
Looked up to the sky
All I can think of is to ask the good Lord why
And there ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world

Well hush up, honey, Lord don't get down
You know that I love you every way around
And there ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world

And there ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world