

The Beautiful South, God Bless The Child

(B. Holiday / A. Herzog)

Those that's got shall get
Those that's not shall lose
So the bible said and it still is true

Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

Well the strong seem to get more
While the weak ones fade
Empty pockets don't ever make the grade

Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

And when you got money
You got lots of friends
Crawling round your door
When the money's gone
And all your spending ends
They won't be around no more

Rich relations may give you
A crust of bread and such
You can help yourself but don't take too much

'Cos Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own
That's got his own

When you got money
You got lots of friends
Crawling round your door
When the money's gone
And all your spending ends
They won't be around no more

Rich relations may give you
A crust of bread and such
You can help yourself but don't take too much

Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child who can turn round and say
I've got my own