

# 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