

Barclay James Harvest, Poor Boy Blues

It's easy to see a poor boy's blues
When he's working every day
It's harder to be there in his shoes
He was born to be that way
If I tell you tomorrow I'm leaving
Would you understand the reason why?
A poor boy works hard for his living
But a rich man he plays to pass the time

So goodbye, pleased to know you
We had some laughs along the way
But I have to be leaving
And there's nothing you can do to make me stay

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