

# David Lindley, How Can A Poor Man Face Such Times

(Alfred Reed)

I remember a time when every thing was cheap  
Now prices nearly puts a man to sleep  
Well, when we get our grocery bill  
We feel like making our will  
Tell me, how can a poor man stand such times and live ?  
Tell me, how can a poor man stand such times and live ?

Well, the doctor comes around with his face all bright  
And he says, "In a little while you'll be all right!"  
Well, all he gives is a humbug pill  
Dose of dope and a great big bill  
Tell me, how can a poor man stand such times and live ?  
Tell me, how can a poor man stand such times and live ?

Most preachers, well, they preach for gold and not for soul  
Well, that's what keeps us poor folks always in a hole  
Now, we can hardly get our breath  
Taxed and schooled and preached to death  
Tell me, how can a poor man stand such times and live ?  
Tell me, how can a poor man stand such times and live ?