

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 ?