

Gene Pitney, Princess In Rags

There's a girl who lives down the track
In a little shack made of timber wood
And her clothes are all hand-me-downs
From the folks in town who treat her so good

Though she hasn't got a dime
I'm so proud that she's all mine
'cause to me she's a princess in rags

Now her dad, he's a worn-out man
Prayin' if he can make enough to eat
And her mom cleans for everyone
Till the day is done just to make ends meet

All her wealth is in her charms
And the sweetness of her arms
How I love my poor princess in rags

I know some day I'll find a way
To take her out of this old place
I'll work and slave, scrimp and save
To change her rags to silk and lace

Though it hurts and my body aches
From the pain it takes just to set things right
But for now I must be content
With each moment spent in her arms each night

She's the only girl for me
And some day it's gotta be
Just me and my princess in rags

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