

# Mac Davis, Poor Man's Gold

It's the feeling I get looking down at my brand new baby,  
Holding on to Daddy's thumb just as tightly as he can hold;  
And it's hearing people say he looks alot like his daddy,  
These things are a poor man's gold.

It's the twinkle in the eyes of the gray haired old man we call Grandpa,  
Telling tales to the kids that get taller every time they're told;  
And it's knowing that for awhile he's no longer lonely,  
These things are a poor man's gold.

It's the smell of honeysuckle in the springtime,  
It's the silence of a freshly fallen snow;  
It's the sound of children laughing in the sunshine,  
It's a crisp Autumn night with a million stars all aglow.

It's the sweet, sleepy sound of your warm and gentle breathing,  
As you cling to me in the night to keep away the cold;  
And it's the softness of your body there in the darkness,  
These things are a poor man's gold.

Honey, these precious things are a poor man's gold.