

# Marty Robbins, Rich Man Rich Man

Rich man, rich man got all the good land  
Ain't nothin' left but bad land for the poor man  
Rich man's money, rich man's school  
Did they make the poor man, rich man's fool

Rich man, rich man never have dirty hands  
Never hold a plow that's turnin' his land  
Poor man holds it day by day  
Did they make the poor man, rich man's slave

I work the field come rain or shine  
What else can I do  
I have nothing nor has mine  
Are we rich man's fools

Poor man, poor man always be a poor man  
Sit at the end of day then I'm a tired man  
Rich man's money, rich man's school  
Did they make the poor man, rich man's fool

Rich man worried 'bout all the money spent  
Worried 'bout taxes, he owes the government  
Then on payday poor man shines  
They can't tax just one thin dime

God loves both of us rich and poor alike  
Loves us both the same, equal within his sight  
Has no favourites, this I know  
For the good book tells me so

Wealth can't buy a home on high  
Not all the worldly gold  
Faith, on bended knees, can buy  
A home in saviour's soul

Rich and poor the same, no good without the flame  
I mean the flame of love, sent down from God above  
If our Faith in Him we lose  
Rich or poor, we're both a fool