

Murray McLauchlan, Poor Boys

It's a poor boy's life
In a rock n' roll band
All the money that you make
Just changes hands
If you're young enough
It doesn't grind you down
You're just poor boys
Workin' your way uptown

Workin' all night in the broken glass
To forget you were born
In the workin' class
And you shake your body
Til it shakes the ground
Just poor boys
Workin' their way uptown

Just let it roll
Through the smoke and heat
Might be a record man
In a front row seat
There's plenty of room
On the merry-go-round
For poor boys
Workin' their way uptown