

Seth Lakeman, Poor Man's Heaven

Kind friends, well gather round
There's a dream that I had late last night
There's plenty of land, good soil and sea
We won't have to struggle and fight
It's a poor man's heaven we'll have our way
We won't have nothing to fear, no
With real feather beds to rest their heads
We'll all have one of our own

It's a poor man's heaven to be free
A poor man's heaven to believe
It's a poor man's vision up above
A poor man's heaven to be loved

We'll run up their banks, we'll shoot their cranks
We won't give a damn who we hurt
With the rich man's son we'll have our fun
We'll stick him there shovelling dirt
We'll live on champagne and drive that train
Drink from the day until midnight
If someone should dare to ask our fare
We'll punch him and put out his lights

It's a poor man's heaven to be free
A poor man's heaven to believe
It's a poor man's vision up above
A poor man's heaven to be loved

We'll live at our ease, take all we please
We won't have no-one to fend for
If someone gets smart we'll take him apart
And spread him all over the floor
It's a poor man's heaven we'll have our way
We won't have nothing to fear, no
With real feather beds to rest our heads
We'll all have one of our own

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