

# Status Quo, Poor Old Man

(Rossi/Parfitt)

He is in his room, men will be there soon  
They come to smash the heaven he has known  
Now he's sure to know soon that he must go  
This backstreet dream he has to leave behind  
Oh, what a shame, oh what a shame

He's a poor old man, poor old man  
Poor old man, can we help you?

Things are at their worst, what should he do first?  
He must wonder, no one wants to know  
He must spread his wings, pack away his things  
A sack is all he needs for all he owns  
Tears they blind his eyes, tears blind his eyes

He's a poor old man, poor old man  
Poor old man, can we help you at all?

Poor old man, poor old man  
Poor old man, can we help you at all?

Poor old man, poor old man  
Poor old man, can we help you at all?