

Supertramp, Poor Boy

Can you believe me when I say, there's nothing I like better,
Than just to sit here and talk with you.
Although I'll rant and I'll rave about one thing and another
The beauty of it is so pure to me, though,
I'm a poor boy,
I can still be happy,
As long as I can feel free.

So many people I know, get old way too early
(Well are you feelin' kind of weary)
Just to impress you with the money they've made
(You better, you better change your theory)
One drop of rain, they complain, it's the same about the ways they're earning.

Well, that is not the way I'm gonna be,
Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, don't mind nothin'
If I know,
You will be right here with me
-We'll let her stay, don't mind a point of view,
How can we all afford to live like you;
This life is simply not enough,
We have no grievances, we must be tough-

-Poor Boy-
If that's the way it's gonna be
-Poor Boy-
It's you for you and me for me
-Poor Boy-

(RD+RH)
I've tried all I can, understanding, all the fools and all their money,
When half of what they've got, you know they never will use,
Enough to get by, suits me fine, I don't care if they think I'm funny.
I'm never gonna change my point of view,
Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, don't mind nothing, if I know
You will be right here with me, all the way.
Na-na-na
Don't mind the rain, don't mind snow, don't mind nothing if I know
You will be right here with me , all the way.