

Poor Old Man

Status Quo

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?