

Poor Boy Blues

Carl Perkins

One more time
Just a little thing they call they poor man blues
I've been a working in a cotton field way down south
Choppin' and a pickin' lord and followin' the plow
Tryin' to make a livin' on the poor hard ground
I asked for a loan but the boss turned me down
But I'll keep on a workin' cause a can't get down
Another load of Cotton' gotta take into town
I'll take my little money and buy a new par' shoes
I got a woman sittin' home humming the poor boy blues
She goes ahumm ahumm Poor old soul she goes ahumm mm mm
Just a little thing they call the poor boys blues

I got in debt to the bank and now I can't move on
I'll stay in the field til the last bo's gone
I got one old mule, that I recon' is my own
They might keep me down but I'll keep humming my song
I'll go amm ahumm mm
One more time amm mm aumm mm
Just a little thing they call the poor boys blues

Ah they say the great society goin' a change a few things
A farmer like me I wonder what it's goin' a bring
I don't pay taxes I say it with a smile
Cause I ain't never made enough in my life to file
But I'll keep on a workin' til the lord calls me home
That's when I'll know if I've done wrong
I keep on a humming let everybody sue
The Poor national anthem called the Poor blues
I go amm amm mm
One more time amm amm
Just a little thing they call the poor boys blues
Amm mm amm
One more time mm fade out