

Poor Boy Like Me

Charley Pride

She grew up in the backwood country found her dreams in movie magazines

Now she's gone looking for her castle what chance is there for a poor boy like me

City lights oh you took my darling and the love that she promised me

After wine and big city parties what chance is there for a poor boy like me

Sold my house to Reverend Smith last Sunday left my farm with Abraham McGee

Had to go and rescue my darling from the life like your city folks lead

I found her dressed in fancy silks and satin spending money like it grew on trees

Living high in a big white mansion what chance is there for a poor boy like me

What chance is there for a poor boy like me