Poor

Meaghan Smith

baby don't weep no more
cuz if i'm going down
the pig may be at our door
we'll get by somehow
I don't need no fancy clothes
to make me feel fine
it don't matter what I own
so long as you're mine

Rest your weary head
we ain't beaten yet

baby we ain't poor
baby we ain't poor
baby we ain't poor

I don't need no mansion home
to get lost inside
there's no room to feel all alone
with you by my side
let's go the self same road
in a dump of a car
and when it gives up the ghost
I'll be where you are

rest your tired eyes
with the daybreak closely we'll be fine

baby we ain't poor
baby we ain't poor
baby we ain't poor

la da da da da

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