

Poor Boy

Nadia Reid

Never sing for my supper
I never help my neighbour
Never do what is proper
For my fair share of labour

I'm a poor boy
I'm a rover
Count your coins and throw them over my shoulder
I may grow older

Nobody knows how cold it grows
Nobody sees how shaky my knees
Nobody cares how steep my stairs
And nobody smiles if I cross their stiles

Oh, poor boy
So sorry for himself
Oh, poor boy
So worried for his health
You may say every day
Where will he stay tonight?

Never know what I came for
Seems that I've forgotten
Never ask what I came for
Or how I was begotten

I'm a poor boy
I'm a ranger
Things I say may seem stranger than Sunday changing to Monday

Nobody knows how cold it flows
And nobody feels the worn-down heels
Nobody's eyes make the skies
And nobody spreads their aching heads

Oh, poor boy
So worried for his life
Oh, poor boy
So keen to take a wife
He's a mess, but he'll say yes
If you just dress in white

Oh, poor boy
So sorry for himself
Oh, poor boy
So worried for his health

Oh, poor boy
So worried for his life
Oh, poor boy
So keen to take a wife