

Johnny Poverty

Paul Davis

In the middle of the city where the wind blows icy cold
Standing on the corner in his raggedy summer clothes
He's little for his age but he's almost six years old
Playing in the street when the traffic gets kinda slow

His momma's been dead and his daddy's still unemployed
Can you tell me what lies ahead
For this little bitty baby boy
Now tell me

Whatcha gonna be
Johnny Poverty
Will you grow to be a mighty mighty man
Up in Washington, D.C.

Where you gonna go
I wanna know your destiny
Johnny Poverty

Now you gotta stay alive and I know it's hard to do
'Cause I used to be a little boy just like you
You wanna run away but you got nowhere to go
So you have to stick around where the hookers and the pushers f
low

Can't you see what I am, Johnny?
I'm not much of a man, Johnny
You better be the best that you can than be a bum like me
So tell me

Whatcha gonna be
Johnny Poverty
Will you grow to be a mighty mighty man
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Johnny
Johnny
Johnny
Johnny