

## 2 Poor Kids

Ruth B.

I don't want no time on the big screen.  
I'm okay with me and my ripped jeans and you, and you.

Messy hair, that's what he likes on me.  
I don't care as long as we're happy and free  
To be just you and me, and free to be just you and me.

They think it's a shame  
That the world will never know our names,  
But I think that's okay,  
'Cause love gets ruined by money and power and fame,

And we're just 2 poor kids from a really rich city.  
My oh my, what a pity.  
'Cause we've got a love story unlike the rest,  
No fancy suit and no fancy dress.  
Just us, just us, just love, just love  
Just us, just us, just love, just love

He picks her up in a Benz,  
But my lover comes by himself and a dozen roses,  
He probably stole 'em.  
He's got a smudge of mud on his eye  
Here to makes me break into smile,  
'Cause he drives them mad, oh, he drives them mad.

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We sneak onto the city bus.  
Too blinded by what we have to notice  
Your mean old laughs.

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