Kind friends gather round there's a dream that I had this last night there's plenty of land, soil and sea we won't have to struggle and fight It's a poor man's heaven, well how about when we won't have nothing to fear, no With real feather beds to rest those heads we'll all have one of our own It's a poor man's heaven to be free A poor man's heaven to believe It's a poor mans vision up above A poor man's heaven to be loved yeah, come on now. We'll roll up their banks, shoot their crates We won't give it up 'till we heard With the rich man's son, we'll have that fun for sticking their shovel and dirt We'll live on champagne, ride that train we'll drink it from the day until midnight If someone should dare to ask out there we'll punch and put out his lights It's a poor man's heaven to be free A poor man's heaven to believe It's a poor mans vision up above A poor man's heaven to be loved Yeah, come on now Yeah! We'll live at our ease, take all we please we won't have no-one to fend for If someone gets smart, we'll take him apart and spread him all over the floor It's a poor man's heaven, well how 'bout when we won't have nothign to fear, no with real feather beds to rest those heads, we'll all have one of our own It's a poor man's heaven to be free A poor man's heaven to believe It's a poor mans vision up above A poor man's heaven to be loved yeah, come on now yeah, it's a poor man's heaven come on now, hey! yeah, come on now, come on, it's a poor mans heaven! yeah, yeah, a poor man's heaven! x3