

## Poor Boy

Steve Forbert

He's always alone, wrapped up in his plight  
With his hands in his pockets he's walkin' in the night  
With his dark eyes lookin', he's a poor boy  
His dark eyes lookin', he's a poor boy

He can't seem to keep any buttons on his clothes  
And the shoes on his feet are pinching on his toes  
And his hair wants a cuttin', he's a poor boy  
His hair wants a cuttin', he's a poor boy

Hey (now, now) poor boy  
What's it all about?  
Hey, poor boy  
Can you hear me when I shout?

Well, he's workin' ev'ry day, slavin' for his pay  
And all the pretty women they love to swish and sway  
And they always overlook him, he's a poor boy  
They always overlook him, he's a poor boy

Well, May turns into June, walking through the park  
And way off in his world he's a-dreamin' in the dark  
With his mind on fire, he's a poor boy  
His mind on fire, he's a poor boy

Hey (now, now) poor boy  
What's it all about?  
Hey, poor boy  
Can you hear me when I shout?

Well, the streets are alive, ev'ry body laughs  
People come and go and they're snappin' photographs  
And he's over by the river, he's a poor boy  
He's over by the river, he's a poor boy

Well, spring has come and gone now  
And how much time you got?  
Time's a-flyin' by, yes, an' summer's gettin' hot an' he's  
Lis'nin' to the thunder, he's a poor boy  
He's lis'nin' to the thunder, he's a poor boy

Hey (now, now) poor boy  
What's it all about?  
Hey, poor boy  
Can you hear me when I shout?