

Loving Pauper

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I'm not in a position to maintain you
The way that you're accustomed to
Can't take you out to fancy places
Like other fellows that I know can do
I'm only able to romance you
And make you tingle with delight

Financially, I'm a pauper
But when it comes to lovin', I'm alright
Alright, alright

Don't show me what you're friends are wearing
I really don't want to see
Don't tell me what your friends are buying, girl
'Cause money doesn't grow on trees
I got so many patches on my clothes, girl
A hole in the bottom of my shoe

Financially, I'm a pauper
But when it comes to lovin', I'm alright
Alright, alright

You do really think, I can buy you girl
Or drive you in a GT car
If you're hungry, girl, I can't feed you
For my money, girl, you won't get far
Tell me 'bout the things, that excite you
That makes you tingle with delight
Tell me where to hold and touch you
So you got to tell me, I'm alright
Alright, alright