

Poor Boy Blues

Wayne Hancock

Worn out suit, worn shoes
I got no money to pay my dues
Yodal-lay-ee oh lord I got the poor boy blues
There's soda pop over that hill
But I got no car or a dollar bill
Yodal-lay-ee oh lord I got the poor boy blues

Well I got no money and I got no home
Just my draft pick shoes and the world to roam
A ridin' the rails and seein' the sites
Sleepin' all day and stayin' up nights
Well I got no ride, but that's alright
I'll jump a freight train later on tonight
Yodal-lay-ee oh lord I got the poor boy blues

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Just my draft pick shoes and the world to roam
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Well I got no money to pay my rent
Just a pocket full of change worth fifteen cents
Yodal-lay-ee oh lord I got the poor boy blues
Yodal-lay-ee oh lord I got the poor boy blues