Poor Man

He’s an asphalt man just like his daddy

Ten hour days of rolling tar buys a double wide

Down an old dirt road outside the city

On the edge of a muddy creek and the county line

Oh Maggie, keep an eye on the water line

The car won’t start and the money never comes in on time

Oh Maggie, keep an eye on the water line

I feel it moving

They’ve got a baby on the way but his wife still feels empty

Says it’s hard to feel pretty when their always counting dimes

He sits up nights in the kitchen in the dark when it’s raining

He can’t sleep for the sound pounding in his mind

Oh Maggie, keep an eye on the water line

The car won’t start and the money never comes in on time

Oh Maggie, keep an eye on the water line

I feel it moving

I’m not a bad man, I’m a poor man

I’m not a bad man, I’m a poor man

I’m not a bad man, I’m a poor man sinking