POOR MAN’S HOUSE

You know you've done enough when every bone is sore

You know you've prayed enough when you don't ask any more

You know you're coming to some kind of understanding

When every dream you've dreamed has passed and you're still standing

Mama says God tends to every little skinny sheep

So count your ribs and say your prayers and get to sleep

Nothing is louder to God's ears than a poor man’s sorrow

Daddy is poor today and he will be poor tomorrow

Hey that's the poor man's house

Everybody get a look at the poor man's house

Everywhere they went before must have turned them out

And now they're living in a poor man's house

There's nothing like poverty to get you into heaven

They got a lot of wine and fish up there and the bread's unleavened

They got a lot of ears that heard a whip go crack

Lots of missing toes and fingers and scars upon their backs

Daddy's been working too much for days and days and doesn't eat

He never says much but I think this time it's got him beat

It isn't that he isn't strong or kind or clever

Your daddy's poor today and he will be poor forever

Hey that's the poor man's house

Those kids are living in a poor man's house

They walk to school with the soles of their shoes worn out

And come home in the evening to the poor man's house

What are you chopping that wood for why are you growing that corn

Mama's sewing a brand new shirt and you're wearing the one that's torn

I guess it's for some one else’s kid who wasn't born

In a poor man's house, a poor man’s house

Hey take a look at your house

Everybody we're living in a poor man's house

Seems like everywhere we go we find that out

That we're all living in a poor man's house