Poor In The USA

By John T. Wurzer

E blues – 136 bpm

Chorus:

How lucky you are to be poor in the USA

I’ve been reading about it; that’s what all the rich folks say

Getting food is a SNAP, you’re on Medicaid

And disability pay, you’ve got it made in the shade

How lucky you are to be poor in the USA

The money you make ain’t enough to pay rent

You’re living under a bridge in a secondhand tent

People jog by scream, “G0 look for work”

But you can’t shower or shave, and you’ve got no clean shirt

Or half decent shoes, or money to pay

For a cab or a bus to get on your way

To a job interview for a reasonable wage

You wake up each day feeling trapped in a cage

And trudge down the road to the corner stop light

With your cardboard sign outlining your plight

Waiting for some guy in a Lexus to roll down his window and say

“Hey! How lucky you are to be poor in the USA.

Chorus

You’re getting tax credits, in fact you paid

For children you had the last time you got laid

Missions and minions fall at your feet

Freely giving you food when you need to eat

Armies, they drown you in salvation and clothes

And dress up like Santa, ringing bells as they pose

You don’t have to worry about insurance or loss

You’ve got nothing to lose, and nobody’s your boss

Yet you sit there as if there’s no goodwill at all

Looking lost and dejected as if you’ve taken a fall

Then the light turns green and the Lexus has to be on his way

And you say “Hey! How lucky I am to be poor in the USA”

Chorus