They ne- ver tell you
And if you ask me

it's gon- na hurt,
I'll tell you sure
no- bo- dy loves you

worth poor
I swear if they could

So you go out there,
seek fortune and fame

how much you're
when you're dirt

they'd steal your shirt

when you're

they'd steal your shirt

when you're dirt

they'd steal your shirt
it costs you dearly when you hit
dirt
now you've got money but you're still the same

The pretty ladies they come and they go and all their

loving is just for show no they don't care for

you why should they? They want your cold hard
cash then they're on their way

ritard.