

2 Poor Kids

Ruth B.

I don't want no time on the big screen
I'm ok with me and my ripped jeans
and you, and you
Messy hair, that's what he likes on me
I don't care as long as we're happy
And free to be just you and me
And free to be just you and me They think it's a shame that the world will never know our names
But I think that's ok
Cause love gets ruined by money and power and fame, and we're just
Two poor kids from a really rich city
My, oh my, what a pity
Cause we've got a love story unlike the rest
No fancy suit and no fancy dress
Just us, just us
Just love, just love
Just us, just us
Just love, just love He picks her up in a Benz but
My lover comes by himself and a dozen roses
He probably stole 'em
He's got a smudge of mud on his eye
It makes me burst into smiles Cause it drives them mad
Oh it drives them mad Cause they think that it's a shame
That the world will never know our names
But I think that's ok
Cause love get's ruined by money and power and fame and we're just
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No fancy suit and no fancy dress
Just us, just us
Just love, just love
Just us, just us
Just love, just love Dollar signs all around us
We sneak onto the city bus
Too blinded by what we have
To notice your mean old laughs Dollar signs all around us
We sneak onto the city bus
Too blinded by what we have
To notice your mean old laughs And they think it's a shame
That the world will never know our names
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Just love, just love
Love
Love

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