

Poverty State  
by Steve Gibson

This is my home        C  
This is my town        Am  
This is my country     F  
Even if I'm way down   G

And I love it  
Land of plenty they say  
But I missed that dream  
And hope's slipping away

I might be somebody  
Whose job was down-sized  
Or maybe it's illness  
Drugs can't wholly disguise

I might be a veteran  
Who's been wounded and beat  
Or maybe my daddy  
Threw me out on the street

But I was somebody's baby  
Had a mom and a dad  
They might have been good,  
But sometimes they're bad

Now I sleep by the river  
Under a bridge  
It's a cold, hard reality  
And ain't no way to live

This is my home  
This is my town  
This is my country  
Even if I'm way down

I'm trying to survive    C  
A life come undone     Am  
So I live in the shadows   F  
That society shuns     G C

Break C Am F G

If you stood before your God  
This very day

And he asked about me  
Tell me what would you say?

Did you feed the hungry?  
Did you clothe the poor?  
Or did "but for the grace of God"  
Release you to ignore

I don't have a future  
Wanna forget my past  
I've only got moments  
And they're sliding by fast

But this is my country  
And this is my home  
Even though it's just me  
Even though I'm so alone

This is my home  
This is my town  
This is my country  
Even if I'm way down

I don't want your pity  
Don't deserve your hate  
Just see me as a person  
In a poverty state        G C

Outro: C Am F G C