

64

Seymour:

Poor! All my life— I've al - ways been poor! I keep ask -

67

- ing God— what I'm for And he tells— me "Gee— I'm not

70

sure... Sweep— that floor,— kid" Oh!

73

I start-ed life as an or - phan, a child of the street— Here on Skid

76

(Seymour)

Row He took me in, gave me shel - ter, a bed, crust of bread and a job

80

Treats me like dirt. Calls me a slob, which I am! So I live...

84

Slower $\text{♩} = 99$

(Seymour)

That's your home address,— you live When your life's a mess— you live

88

Where de - press-ion's jes'— sta-tus quo— Down on Skid

81

Row