

Rich Man's Daughter

Women: All my life I've been a poor man's daughter
All my life I've had a poor girl's hand
'Til the day came that I was promised
For my beauty to a rich young man
Days they passed and nights they followed
'Til the day came that I should go
Off in my ragged skirts for the last time
To my wedding down in Mexico

Women: All my life I've been a poor man's daughter
Never have I known a day of rest
On my journey to my rich young bridegroom
How my heart beat in my breast
I was born a poor man's daughter
I've been a raggamuffin all my life
Long white dresses, lace and flowers
Oh I'll be happy as a rich man's wife

Women: Fast your horses, raced with my carriage
Oh the faster beat my heart
To my lover and my marriage
Then my carriage gave a lurch and stopped
How I paced, and how I waited how I wanted to continue on
How I hated for to waste one hour
In that dirty little border town

Women: Men have said that women are fickle
Changeable as birds in flight
Men have said that women are fickle
And I think perhaps that men are right
Strong and handsome was the one who helped me
Right my carriage and get on my way
Strong and handsome, poor the stranger
I have loved ever since that day

Women: I arrive at my bridegroom's door
I pulled his hair and kicked his knee
Dirtied my face and I wore no shoes
Oh, no fine gentleman shall marry me
Now my carriage is turned around
On the Mexican border I live my life

Women: I was born a poor man's daughter
I'll be happy as a poor man's wife