Poor Me

Swingin' Utters

I'd rest on my laurels let some keen wit
And crying awful pity sustain me
But my memories leak like a sieve and fuel this fire
It's deep and heavy roar defies meLet's not talk in vain about the weather
Let's take my tired soul off of it's tetherPoor me
Poor meI can't reach the ends of this but if I didn't
It would be the end of me
I need to fen infatuation
Stoke the coals of curiosity and longingLet's not talk in vain about the weather
Let's take my tired soul of it's tetherI need the glory with lights aglow around me
My halo shining brightly in tribute to myself
No, I can't have pity on me
So tell me another story and I'll accept gladly
And thank you for the helpPoor me
Poor mePoor me
Poor mePoor me
Poor mePoor me
Poor me

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