Poor, Poor Pitiful Me

Terri Clark

Well, I lay my head on the railroad track
Waitin' on the 'Double E'
But the train don't run through here no more
Poor, poor pitiful me
Poor, poor pitiful me, poor, poor pitiful me
Oh, these boys won't let me be
Lord have mercy on me
Woe, woe is me
Well, I met a man out in Hollywood
And I ain't namin' names
But he really worked me over good
Just like Jesse James
Yes, he really worked me over good
He was a credit to his gender
Put me through some changes
Lord, sorta like a waring blender
Poor, poor pitiful me, poor, poor pitiful me
Oh, these boys won't let me be
Lord have mercy on me
Woe, woe is me
Well, I met a boy in the Vieux-Carres
Down in Yokahoma
Picked me up and he threw me down
Sayin', "Please don't hurt me, mama"
Poor, poor pitiful me, poor, poor pitiful me
Oh, these boys won't let me be
Lord have mercy on me
Woe, woe is me
Poor, poor, poor me, poor, poor pitiful me
Poor, poor, poor me, poor, poor pitiful me
Poor, poor, poor me, poor, poor pitiful me

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