

# Poor Fool

**Justin Townes Earle**

I am my father's son  
I've never known when to shut up  
I ain't fooling no one  
I am my father's son We don't see eye to eye  
And I'll be the first to admit I've never tried  
It sure hurts me, it should hurt sometime  
We don't see eye to eye I was a young man when  
I went down the same road as my old man  
I was younger then Now it's three am and I'm standing in the kitchen  
Holding my last cigarette  
Strike a match and I see my reflection  
In the mirror in the hall And I say to myself, I've got my mama's eyes  
Her long thin frame and her smile  
And I still see wrong from right  
'Cause I've got my mama's eyes  
Yeah, I've got my mama's eyes

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