

Poor Heart

Phish

you wont steal my poor heart again
you wont steal my poor heart again
when you steal my tape record
i will call the lord and put you in the pen
you wont steal that thing again

YOUR GOING TO JAIL!

i didn't know your name or what was your game
but stealing things sure brought you to fame
i don't know if you stole mine
its one of a kind i'm sakin' if your to blame
your life will never be the same

you wont steal my poor heart again
you wont steal my poor heart again
when i feel the blade of that cupid sword
i will call the lord and he'll put you in the pen
you wont steal that thing again

i cant track you anymore
detective work is sure become a bore
so tell me what you did with it
stop this shit, give up yourself before
they come knockin' at your door

you wont steal my poor heart again
you wont steal my poor heart again
you wont steal my tape record
or ill call the lord and he'll put you in the pen
you wont steal that thing again

you wont steal my poor heart again

Lyrics submitted by jerry.

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