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 sonWe 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 eyeI was a young man when
I went down the same road as my old man
I was younger thenNow 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

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