

# 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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