Poor Born

Dead Moon

I was poor born out in tin town
I'd sing along with jerry lee records
Trying to get my moves down
I was skinny, I was big-nosed
The only thing I had on my mind
Was trying to do the "please don't"
I'm pissed off, pissed off, pissed off
It's just the way I amI was wasted, I was dumb-struck
I'd wake up in the bottom of something
Being loaded in a dump truck
I was so gone, I was dead-eyed
I've been screaming at the top of my lungs
Since 1965
I'm pissed off, pissed off, pissed off
It's just the way I amI've been rocked out, I can't cool down
I've got a woman who still makes me crazy
With the shake of her nightgown
I'm still nervous, I ain't been broken
I'm still churning and burning inside
And I can't stop smokin'
I'm pissed off, pissed off, pissed off
It's just the way I am

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