

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 am I 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 am I'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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