

# Poor, Poor Pitiful Me

Linda Ronstadt

Well, I lay my head on the railroad track  
Waiting on the double E  
But the train don't run by 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  
Now I ain't naming names  
Well 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  
Sort of 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 Yokohama  
He picked me up and he threw me down  
He said, "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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