Population Me

[Dwight Yoakam](#)

This place will tell you lies
With each passing shadow that goes by
But there's only one or two, at most just three
More likely none that I still believeThey'll say you're not alone
But don't listen to them
Tell that very long I did then find out through misery
That the true population's meI used to look for days around
But no trace of her love could be found
I'd holler, cry out, beg and scream
Throw myself down, then start to pleadSearched for her heart 'til mine would bleed
Offered it up but there wasn't any need
Too late to care, she's no longer here
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