

Poor Jenny

Rockpile

I took my little Jenny to a party last night
At ten o'clock it ended in a heckuva fight
When someone hit my Jenny she went out like a light
Poor Jenny

And then some joker went and called the cops on the phone
So everybody scattered out for places unknown
I couldn't carry Jenny so I left her alone
Poor Jenny

Well Jenny had her picture in the paper this mornin'
She made it with a bang
Accordin' to the story in the paper this mornin'
Jenny is the leader of a teenage gang

Jenny has a brother and he's hot on my trail
Her daddy wants to ride me out of town on a rail
I hope I'll be around when Jenny gets out of jail
Poor Jenny

I went downtown to see her, she was locked in a cell
She wasn't very glad to see me, that I could tell
In fact, to tell the truth, she wasn't lookin' too well
Poor Jenny

Her eye was black, her face was red, her hair was a fright
She looked as though she'd been a'cryin' half of the night
I told her I was sorry, she said "Get out of sight"
Poor Jenny

It seems a shame that Jenny had to go get apprehended, a heckuva fate
This party was the first one she ever had attended
It had to happen on our very first date

Jenny has a brother and he's hot on my trail
Her daddy wants to ride me out of town on a rail
I hope I'll be around when Jenny gets out of jail
Poor Jenny

written by BOUDLEAUX BRYANT, FELICE BRYANT
Lyrics Â© HOUSE OF BRYANT PUBLICATIONS

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>