

Poor Heart

Fred

You won't steal my poor heart again
You won't steal my poor heart again
You won't steal my tape recorder
I'll call the Lord and He'll put you in the pen
You won't steal that thing again I didn't even know your name or what was your game
But stealin' things has sure brought you to fame
I wanna know if you stole mine
It was one of a kind and I'm sayin' if you're to blame
Your life will never be the same You won't steal my poor heart again
You won't steal my poor heart again
You won't steal my tape recorder
I'll call the Lord and He'll put you in the pen
You won't steal that thing again I can't track you anymore
Detective work has sure become a bore
So tell me what you did with it
And stop this shit, give up yourself
Before they come knockin' at your door You won't steal my poor heart again
You won't steal my poor heart again
When I feel the blade of that cupid sword
I'll call the Lord and He'll put you in the pen
You won't steal that thing again You won't steal my poor heart again

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