Poor Me

Joe Crookston

She took the keys, she took the car
Took my love and she broke my heart
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, anotherDown with the blues, age old infection
Learning to live with her rejection
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, anotherYeah, once I held her in the palm of the hand
Holding this empty glass
But just like her but it, its all gone
It dont last, you know nothing lastsI try real hard to forget her
It aint no use, I should know better
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, anotherYeah, once I held her in the palm of the hand
Holding this empty glass
But just like her but it, its all gone
It dont last, you know nothing lastsOh, bartender fill it up
Let me drown in these tears of love
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, anotherI said
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, another

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/