

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

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