

# Poor, Poor Pitiful Me

Terri Clark

(Written by Warren Zevon) Well, I lay my head on the railroad track  
Waitin' on the "double e"

But the train don't run through here no more

Poor, poor pitiful me! Chorus:

Poor, poor pitiful me!

Poor, poor pitiful me!

Oh, these boys won't let me be

Lord have mercy on me!

Woe, woe is me! Well, I met a man out in Hollywood

And I ain't namin' names

But he really worked me over good

Just like Jesse James.

Yes, he really worked me over good

He was a credit to his gender

He put me through some changes

Lord, sorta like a waring blender. Chorus:

Poor, poor pitiful me!

Poor, poor pitiful me!

Oh, these boys won't let me be

Lord have mercy on me!

Woe, woe is me! Well, I met a boy in the Vieux-Carres

Down in Yokahoma

He picked me up and he threw me down

Sayin', "Please don't hurt me, mama."

Chorus:

Poor, poor pitiful me!

Poor, poor pitiful me!

Oh, these boys won't let me be

Lord have mercy on me!

Woe, woe is me! Poor, poor pitiful me!

Poor, poor pitiful me...

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