

## The Story of My Life

Canned Heat

If my mother had not died and my father left this child at home  
Well, if my mother had not died and my father left this child at home

Oh well, maybe I wouldn't be so miserable people, I wouldn't be  
so all  
Alone

Oh well, I was born in a small town  
Well, I was raised down by the sea  
Oh well, I was born in a small town  
And I was raised down by the sea, oh yeah  
But no matter where I travel you know somebody trying to hurt for me

Oh well, I've never been lying dead, I sat six feet in the grave  
Yes I would, then to be lagging in this misery  
Woah, hell and misery everyday