

Poor You

Daniel Johnston

Every morning he got up dreading each moment he had to
be awake
He'd look at the floor and scribble on gum wrappers
He never found a better way to joke around
The clock would tick, time was slow
There wasn't anywhere that he wouldn't go to avoid
Having to see anyone
He'd sit in a chair and lean against the wall
He just didn't seem to matter much at all
But late at night, he had a savior
In his sleep, in his dreams
She came to him and she said
Poor you, poor you
No one understands you
Poor you, poor you
And every word that everyone would say
Got mumbled up in his head
Like mumblejumble and everywhere he went
It seemed everyone was saying to him
Blah Blah Blah
But late at night, he had a mistress
In his dreams, in his sleep,
And she would say
Poor you, poor you
No one understands you
Poor you, poor you
This story, though not well told, is not that old
It's not that funny, it's not that great
But I know it to be true
Because late at night, I have an angel
In my dreams, in my sleep
And as she runs her fingers through my hair
As I lay on her lap and she says
Poor you, poor you
No one understands you
Poor you, poor you