

Poor Thing

Joe Jackson

Just think of the millions and millions of people
Who could have existed, but didn't exist
Yet here we are
And the millions and millions of planets and stars
Never listed on anyone's list
And here we are

But oh... what a life it is
Oh... what can we do
With you

Poor thing, everything's tragic today
And your life's a mess
Poor thing, maybe you like it that way
That could make sense I guess

Just think of the millions and millions of horrible things
That can happen, that happen each day
But on we go
There must still be a few million chances
That just a few things could still turn out okay
So on we go

Poor thing, everything's tragic today
And your life's a mess
Poor thing, maybe you like it that way
That could make sense I guess