

## Poor Poor Pitiful Me

Terri Clark

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!

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

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"

Poor, poor pitiful me!  
Poor, poor pitiful me...