

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...