

Poor Little Me

The Presidents Of The United States Of America

My little lumberjack
You don't watch your back
In fact I never want you to leave
My heart was falling and you didn't try to catch it
Behind your back and you were holding a hatchet
Stop your talking and help me rake up leaves
Oh oh oh oh

Poor little me
Poor poor poor so poor because of she
Carved her name into my living tree
Climbed up to the top so she could see
Poor little me
Poor little me
Poor little me

I had a heart attack
You made a cordwood stack
Stacked up so high I can't see
My heart was broken and you kept on stakin'
Grab that ax and keep on wackin'
Quit your splittin' and sweep up my debris
Oh oh oh oh

Poor little me
Tied a mood swing on my loving tree
Way too heavy the branch is getting weak
I tried to swing and I skinned my little knee
Poor little me
Poor little me
Poor little me

Poor little me
Pushing and shoving all around my loving tree
You put on your kiss off boots
Walked all over my deep emotional roots
Poor little me (poor me)
Poor little me (little me)
Poor little me

Poor little me
Poor little me
Poor little me
Poor little me