

# Metallica, Poor Twisted Me

(Hetfield / Ulrich)

Oh, poor twisted me  
Oh, poor twisted me  
I feast on sympathy  
I chew on suffer  
I chew on agony

Swallow whole the pain  
Oh, it's too good to be  
That all this misery  
Is just for, oh, poor twisted me  
Poor twisted me

Poor mistreated me  
Poor mistreated me  
I drown without a sea  
Lungs fill with sorrow  
Lungs fill with misery

Inhaling the deep, dark blue  
Oh, woe is me  
Such a burden to be  
The poor mistreated me

To finally reach the shore, survive the storm  
Now you're bare and cold, the sea was warm  
So warm, you bathe your soul again

Baby, again and again and again

You finally reached the shore, survived the storm  
Now you're bare and cold, the sea was warm  
So warm, you bathe your soul again

Good to feel my friend  
Oh, woe is me  
Such a burden to be  
Oh, poor twisted me  
Yo, poor twisted me