

Dwight Yoakam, Population Me

This place will tell you lies
With each passing shadow
That goes by
But there's only one or two
At most just three
More likely none
That I still believe

They'll say you're not alone
But don't listen to them
Tell that very long
I did then find out
Through misery
That the true population's me

I used to look for days around
But no trace of her love
Could be found
I'd holler, cry out, beg,
And scream
Throw myself down,
Then start to plead
Searched for her heart,
Til mine would bleed
Offered it up,
But there wasn't any need
Too late to care
She's no longer here
The population's me

Solo

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