

Swingin' Utters, Poor Me

I'd rest on my laurels
let some keen wit
and crying awful pity sustain me
But my memories leak like a sieve
And fuel this fire
It's deep and heavy roar defies me

Let's not talk in vain about the weather
Let's take my tired soul off of it's tether

Poor me
Poor me

I can't reach the ends of this
But if I didn't
It would be the end of me
I need to feel infatuation
Stoke the coals
of curiosity and longing

Let's not talk in vain about the weather
Let's take my tired soul of it's tether

I need the glory
with lights aglow around me
My halo shining brightly
in tribute to myself
No, I can't have pity on me
So tell me another story
And I'll accept gladly
and thank you for the help

Poor me, Poor me