

The Trews, Poor Ol' Broken Harted Me

There's no sight she'd rather see
Than poor old broken hearted me
I never been the kind of man to let a woman changes my plan
But all of that was history when she sho' nuff did this to me
Her lies they won me over quick
She ruled my mind, my heart, my dick
I took the line, the hook, the bait
And now I'm sick from what I ate and
There's no sight she'd rather see
Than poor old broken hearted me
Her mission is my misery
Poor old broken hearted me
The force of her magnetic pull was cruel and unusual
When she calls I wag my tail I'm harder than a coffin nail
A pilgrim on my bended knees
I'd cross the desert if it please you
Baby treat me as you will
Yours to bless, yours to kill
There's no sight she'd rather see
Than poor old broken hearted me
So happy when I'm on my knees
Poor old broken hearted
She'll get bored of me one day or I'll resolve to walk away
With good intent my road is paved but I'm not sure I want to be saved
There's no sight she'd rather see
Than poor old broken hearted me
Her mission is my misery
Poor old broken hearted
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So happy when I'm on my knees
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Poor old broken hearted me
Her mission is mission is mission is my misery
Poor old broken hearted me