

Warren Zevon, Poor, Poor Pitiful Me

(Warren Zevon)

I'd lay my head on the railroad tracks
And wait for the Double "E"
But the railroad don't run no more
Poor, poor pitiful me

Poor, poor pitiful me
Poor, poor pitiful me
These young girls won't let me be
Lord have mercy on me
Woe is me

Well, I met a girl in West Hollywood
I ain't naming names
She really worked me over good
She was just like Jesse James
She really worked me over good
She was a credit to her gender
She put me through some changes, Lord
Sort of like a Waring blender

Poor, poor pitiful me
Poor, poor pitiful me
These young girls won't let me be
Lord have mercy on me
Woe is me

Well, I met a girl at the Rainbow bar
She asked me if I'd beat her
She took me back to the Hyatt House
I don't want to talk about it

Poor, poor pitiful me
Poor, poor pitiful me
These young girls won't let me be
Lord have mercy on me
Woe is me

(Well, I met a girl from the Vieux Carre`
Down in Yokahama
She picked me up and she throwed me down
I said, "Please don't hurt me, Mama")