

The Story of My Life

Canned Heat

If my mother had not died and my father left this child at home
Well, if my mother had not died and my father left this child at home
Oh well, maybe I wouldn't be so miserable people, I wouldn't be
so all
Alone

Oh well, I was born in a small town
Well, I was raised down by the sea
Oh well, I was born in a small town
And I was raised down by the sea, oh yeah
But no matter where I travel you know somebody trying to hurt for me

Oh well, I've never been lying dead, I sat six feet in the grave
Yes I would, then to be lagging in this misery
Woah, hell and misery everyday