

## Poor You

Daniel Johnston

Every morning he got up dreading each moment he had to  
be awake  
He'd look at the floor and scribble on gum wrappers  
He never found a better way to joke around  
The clock would tick, time was slow  
There wasn't anywhere that he wouldn't go to avoid  
Having to see anyone  
He'd sit in a chair and lean against the wall  
He just didn't seem to matter much at all  
But late at night, he had a savior  
In his sleep, in his dreams  
She came to him and she said  
Poor you, poor you  
No one understands you  
Poor you, poor you  
And every word that everyone would say  
Got mumbled up in his head  
Like mumblejumble and everywhere he went  
It seemed everyone was saying to him  
Blah Blah Blah  
But late at night, he had a mistress  
In his dreams, in his sleep,  
And she would say  
Poor you, poor you  
No one understands you  
Poor you, poor you  
This story, though not well told, is not that old  
It's not that funny, it's not that great  
But I know it to be true  
Because late at night, I have an angel  
In my dreams, in my sleep  
And as she runs her fingers through my hair  
As I lay on her lap and she says  
Poor you, poor you  
No one understands you  
Poor you, poor you