

Poor Me

Joe Diffie

She took the keys, she took the car
Took my love and she broke my heart
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, another

Down with the blues, age old infection
Learning to live with her rejection
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, another

Yeah, once I held her in the palm of the hand
Holding this empty glass
But just like her but it, it's all gone
It don't last, you know nothing lasts

I try real hard to forget her
It ain't no use, I should know better
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, another

Yeah, once I held her in the palm of the hand
Holding this empty glass
But just like her but it, it's all gone
It don't last, you know nothing lasts

Oh, bartender fill it up
Let me drown in these tears of love
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, another

I said
Poor me, poor me
Poor me, another