

Poor Me

Shania Twain

Found it in his closet
Right behind the lies
I wish I never saw it
The secret in his eyes

Poor, poor me

He never told me how long
I'd been living in the dark
No one turned the light on
I fell and broke my heart

Poor, poor me
Po-or me

Poor me this
Poor me that
Why do I keep looking back?
Poor me this
Poor me that
It's not white, it's not black

Grey's the colour that I see
Still can't believe he'd leave me
To love her

Pour, pour me
Another

Tried to face it
But so far down inside
I just can't shake it
My stupid pride

Poor, poor me
Po-or me

Poor me this
Poor me that
Why do I keep looking back?
Poor me this
Poor me that
It's not white, it's not black

Grey's the colour that I see
Still can't believe he'd leave me
To love her

Pour, pour me
Another

I know it should get better
Oh, but it never does
I wish he'd never met her
Then everything would be the way it was

Poor me this

Poor me that

Poor me this

Poor me that

Poor me this

Poor me that

Why do I keep looking back?

Poor me this

Poor me that

It's not white, it's not black

Grey's the colour that I see

I still can't believe that he'd leave me

To love her

Poor, poor me

Pour, pour me

Another