## **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 that Poor me this Poor me that Poor me that Why do I keep looking back? 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