

## Poor Me

Swingin' Utters

I'd rest on my laurels  
let some keen wit  
and crying awful pity sustain me  
But my memories leak like a sieve  
And fuel this fire  
It's deep and heavy roar defies me

Let's not talk in vain about the weather  
Let's take my tired soul off of it's tether

Poor me  
Poor me

I can't reach the ends of this  
But if I didn't  
It would be the end of me  
I need to feel infatuation  
Stoke the coals  
of curiosity and longing

Let's not talk in vain about the weather  
Let's take my tired soul of it's tether

I need the glory  
with lights aglow around me  
My halo shining brightly  
in tribute to myself  
No, I can't have pity on me  
So tell me another story  
And I'll accept gladly  
and thank you for the help

Poor me, Poor me