

God Damned Me

Those Poor Bastards

Alright.

If you wanna see a man with a lot of bad luck
Honey, just look over at me
And if you wanna see a man who the good lord damned
Look at my face, you'll see
God damned
God damned
God damned me
God damned
God damned
God damned me
When I was born, I come out and sat down
And I've never been turned around
I've been wonderin' this town, but everyone I meet
Is sick and alone on a dead end street
God damned
God damned
God damned me
God damned
God damned
God damned me
I got no job
I got no wealth
I got nothin but myself
And I got nothin to write home about, my friend
I'm just another guy on the losin' end
God damned
God damned
God damned me
God damned
God damned
God damned me
But that ol' Jesus better make it up to me
Up to me
Up to me
I said, o' Jesus better make it up to me
When I go and die