

I'd lay my head on the railroad track and wait for the Double-E  
But the railroad don't run no more, poor, poor pitiful me

Poor, poor pitiful me... poor-poor pitiful me  
These young girls won't let me be  
Lord have mercy on me  
Woe... woe is me

And I met a girl in Vieux Carré  
Down in Yokohama  
She picked me up and she threw me down  
I said please don't hurt me momma

Poor, poor pitiful me... poor-poor pitiful me  
These young girls won't let me be  
Lord have mercy on me  
Woe... woe is me

[Solo 1]

Well I met a girl in West Hollywood, I ain't naming names  
But she really worked me over good, she was just like Jesse James  
She really worked me over good, she was a credit to her gender  
She put me through some changes Lord, sort of like a Waring blender

Poor, poor pitiful me... poor-poor pitiful me  
These young girls won't let me be  
Lord have mercy on me  
Woe... woe is me

[Break]

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