

S.G. Swain

"Poor Baby"

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How many hearts have you broken, not counting mine?
There must have been a thousand guys before me
and a thousand left behind.
But finally your turn has come
and baby you're the victim this time.
You're wondering just where you went wrong --
well it's your turn to cry.

Poor Baby -- it's your turn to cry
Poor Baby -- don't stop and wonder why
Poor Baby -- drink your bottle dry
Poor Baby -- Poor Baby

You've lost all those lovers you once had
and that's quite a few.
And you're feeling things you never felt before,
and pains you never knew.
You come to me with your head in your hands --
is that really you?
Well here's a shoulder you can cry on,
it's the best that I can do.

Poor Baby -- it's your turn to cry
Poor Baby -- don't stop and wonder why
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