

## **Weavers, The**

### **"Poor Liza"**

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Poor Liza, poor girl, oh Liza Jane

Poor Liza, poor girl, she died on the train

You go down the new cut road

I'll go down the lane

You can hug an old fence post

I'll hug Liza Jane

Poor Liza, poor girl, oh Liza Jane

Poor Liza, poor girl, she died on the train

Poor Liza, poor girl, oh Liza Jane

Poor Liza, poor girl, she died on the train

Somebody stole my old bull dog

And I'd wish they'd bring him back

He run the big hogs over the fence

And the little one through the crack

Poor Liza, poor girl, oh Liza Jane

Poor Liza, poor girl, she died on the train

Somebody stole my old blue hen

And I'd wish they'd let it be

She laid two eggs everyday

And suddenly she laid three

Poor Liza, poor girl, oh Liza Jane

Poor Liza, poor girl, she died on the train

Poor Liza, poor girl, oh Liza Jane

Poor Liza, poor girl, she died on the train

I'm gonna get me sticks and mud

To build my chimney higher

To get that goddam Worton cat

For putting out my fire

Poor Liza, poor girl, oh Liza Jane

Poor Liza, poor girl, she died on the train

Poor Liza, poor girl, oh Liza Jane

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