

## Phish "Poor Heart"

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You won't steal my poor heart again  
You won't steal my poor heart again  
You won't steal my tape recorder  
I'll call the Lord and He'll put you in the pen  
You won't steal that thing again

I didn't even know your name or what was your game  
But stealin' things has sure brought you to fame  
I wanna know if you stole mine  
It was one of a kind and I'm sayin' if you're to blame  
Your life will never be the same

You won't steal my poor heart again  
You won't steal my poor heart again  
You won't steal my tape recorder  
I'll call the Lord and He'll put you in the pen  
You won't steal that thing again

I can't track you anymore  
Detective work has sure become a bore  
So tell me what you did with it  
And stop this shit, give up yourself  
Before they come knockin' at your door

You won't steal my poor heart again  
You won't steal my poor heart again  
When I feel the blade of that cupid sword  
I'll call the Lord and He'll put you in the pen  
You won't steal that thing again

You won't steal my poor heart again

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