

## The Standells

### "Why Pick On Me"

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WHY PICK ON ME  
The Standells

Puzzled (?) lips dipped (?) in wine,  
Out to get this heart of mine.  
Candy kisses don't mean a thing,  
If only lies those kisses bring.

Platinum hair, black at the roots,  
Short, short skirts and dirty boots.  
Having an act is surely a try (?)  
To try to make my poor heart cry.

chorus:  
Why pick on me?  
Why pick on me?  
Do you get your kicks when you see men cry?

Why pick on me?  
Why pick on me?  
Is this the way I'll have to get your heart?

If you choose to play the field,  
Then you choose to know how it feels.  
When somebody messes you up,  
When he thinks that you've had enough.

(chorus)

Long hair up against my skin,  
But never once have you given in.  
To any one of my wants or needs,  
No matter how my poor heart bleeds.

(chorus) Miller

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