

The Weavers

"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

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