

# Dwight Yoakam, Population Me

This place will tell you lies  
With each passing shadow  
That goes by  
But there's only one or two  
At most just three  
More likely none  
That I still believe

They'll say you're not alone  
But don't listen to them  
Tell that very long  
I did then find out  
Through misery  
That the true population's me

I used to look for days around  
But no trace of her love  
Could be found  
I'd holler, cry out, beg,  
And scream  
Throw myself down,  
Then start to plead  
Searched for her heart,  
Til mine would bleed  
Offered it up,  
But there wasn't any need  
Too late to care  
She's no longer here  
The population's me

Solo

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