

Metallica, Poor Twisted Me

(Hetfield / Ulrich)

Oh, poor twisted me
Oh, poor twisted me
I feast on sympathy
I chew on suffer
I chew on agony

Swallow whole the pain
Oh, it's too good to be
That all this misery
Is just for, oh, poor twisted me
Poor twisted me

Poor mistreated me
Poor mistreated me
I drown without a sea
Lungs fill with sorrow
Lungs fill with misery

Inhaling the deep, dark blue
Oh, woe is me
Such a burden to be
The poor mistreated me

To finally reach the shore, survive the storm
Now you're bare and cold, the sea was warm
So warm, you bathe your soul again

Baby, again and again and again

You finally reached the shore, survived the storm
Now you're bare and cold, the sea was warm
So warm, you bathe your soul again

Good to feel my friend
Oh, woe is me
Such a burden to be
Oh, poor twisted me
Yo, poor twisted me