

Cantatonia, Goldfish And Paracetamol

A dead loss, no songs
No fun just glum
Lying next to someone

So don't mention the war
Don't question where we stand
Know where we fall

North, south, east, where's best?
If head left
It turns out directionless

And needlepoint aside
I always find
Embroidery leaves me blind

Cause I'm too weary to rest
Since I noticed - coming second best is close to ideal

What fools boredom breeds
So much to do
So many goldfish to feed

And paracetamol
I'll take them all
They line my stomach wall

Cause I'm too weary to rest
Since I noticed - coming second best is close to ideal

With customary thirst
I search a water glass
But gin hits first

Oh don't believe the hype
Expectancy
Will always spoil a party

It's tourniquet by crochet
My waters break
Don't drive for pity's sake

Cause I'm too weary to rest
Since I noticed - coming second best is close to ideal