

# Warren Zevon, Finishing Touches

(Warren Zevon)

I'm getting tired of you  
You're getting tired of me  
And it's the final act  
Of our little tragedy  
So don't feign indignation  
It's a fait accompli  
You can screw everybody I've ever known  
But I still won't talk to you on the phone  
It's a hopeless cause--there's no use crying  
And I can die, you can die  
We can die trying  
Thanks anyway, no use hangin' around  
You try to put the finishing touches on me

You say it's all my fault  
Who's keeping score?  
Some people like to be punished  
They keep coming back for more  
But I'm sick & tired  
And my cock is sore  
You can screw everybody  
I've ever known  
But I still won't talk to you on the phone  
It's a hopeless cause--there's no use crying  
And I can die, you can die  
We can die trying  
Thanks anyway, no use hangin' around  
You try to put the finishing touches on me

Thanks anyway  
No use hangin' around  
You try to put the finishing touches on me  
Thanks anyway . . .  
Finishing touches, finishing touches on me