

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