

Catatonia, 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 or where we fall
North, south, east where's best?
If I head left, it turns out directionless
And needle point 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 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, I 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