

Farmer's Boys, I Lack Concentration

Fast life, always moving
I get exhausted
No sleep, time to eat
I'm emaciated
I try but I just don't
Want to go to work today
I lack concentration
I'm in a disarray

Walk in the country
I find the scenery helps me

Relax, put your feet up
I'll make a cup of tea
I could make many things
If you'll stay right here with me
My room's not too tidy
Can't stop to clean the mess
I just throw my things down
On the floor when I undress

What is the meaning
Of this latent spring cleaning?
[It's really nice!]

My mind is in a turmoil
My head is in a state
My body tries to tell me
But it just can't relate
Too bad I've used emotions
Under a false pretence
I lack concentration
I lack common sense

Don't come on stronger
I might not last much longer