

Haircut 100, So Tired

Scent on a postcard
A memory left behind
Warm hand, cool look but no time...
Winsome lose some
Hung up on old flame
My heart depends on fire
So who am I to make demands on love?
"...Relax and walk on by"
So tired
So tired
Beaten like a drum
So tired
Living life alone
So tired
Beaten like a drum
Kiss the right faces
And tap the party line
Short measure of cheap skate pleasure
Easier said than done
Sip the night water
But not too drunk to say
Well just who am I to ever hope to love you?
I'd turn and shy away
So tired
So tired
Beaten like a drum
So tired
Living life alone
So tired
Beaten like a drum
Once upon a bed
You said you loved me
Once upon a bed
Those eyes of blue
Now what am I supposed to do?
So tired -
So tired
Beaten like a drum
So tired
Live my life alone, so alone
Once upon a bed
You said you loved me
Once upon a bed
Those eyes of blue
And what am I to rhyme with 'you'?

Now I lie alone and so defenceless
Dream of love in sunny daze with you
So tired...